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GREECE

AND

THE LEVANT;

OR,

DIARY OF A SUMMER'S EXCURSION

IN 1834:

WITH

Epistolary Supplements.

BY

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84074

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMAN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1835.

914.95
Bur/G.C.
84074

ref 915.6

00084074

LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

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GREECE

AND

THE LEVANT.

LETTER I.

To the Rev. John Hartley, at Geneva.

Syra, 4th July, 1834.

WHEN I consider the active part you have already taken, and the interest you continue to take, in the diffusion of Christian knowledge in Greece and the Levant, I do not hesitate to address any communication I may have to make upon that subject to the author of "Researches in Greece," &c.; and more especially because I have frequently had occasion to observe that your labours have not been in vain, and that your name is remembered with gratitude by many to whom you opened the Book of Life. If there be no greater joy for a minister of Christ than to hear that his children walk in the truth, the joy

which comes next is to hear that they are impressed with the truths which were delivered unto them ; and this rejoicing, in many instances, I may say, belongs to you.

Yesterday morning, at eight o'clock, I entered the harbour of Syra, which I found crowded with merchant vessels from various parts of the world. This place, previous to the Greek revolution, was, as you know, but a village ; it chiefly consisted of inhabitants professing to belong to the Latin Church, and these still retain their caste in the upper part of the city. The island afforded a convenient refuge for the Greeks, who flocked to it in great numbers. Houses were made around the port, and at length a new city called Hermopolis arose, and is daily increasing. More than 20,000 inhabitants are now domiciled on this rocky isle, which does not produce enough of itself to feed as many hundreds. An English Consul has assumed his functions as Consul for the Cyclades ; and the American, as well the English missionaries, find it the most convenient station for prosecuting their interesting labours.

After passing the formalities of landing, which a British subject finds easy, I sought the house of our friend and brother, Leeves. The buildings of Hermopolis are so much improved since your time that he has at length obtained a comfortable though not a commodious dwelling, and his brother missionaries are not worse lodged than many

curates in England. They have all, with one consent, chosen this island as the centre of their labours. It recommends itself by the convenience it affords of prompt communication with the Cyclades and the Levant; and it secures to Mr. Leeves the important aid of Professor Bamba in the translation of the Scriptures into Greco-Turkish, which he is now far advanced in.

Under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Robertson, the American missionary, a printing-press is constantly kept in action: many of the best works of English Divines have been abridged or extracted, and printed and circulated in Greece and Asia Minor. Mr. Hildner, the agent of the Church Missionary Society, conducts his school with great success; he has upwards of five hundred children daily taught the pure word of God, in a house belonging to the Society. The authorities have given their sanction to this institution in the person of the king, who visited it recently. It is truly refreshing to the Christian, and flattering to an Englishman, to witness the benevolent exertions which are here made to promote the best interests of mankind; nor are these views confined to Greece. You are aware that the Asiatic Greeks make use of the Turkish language, but they cannot read it unless it be printed in Greek characters. The work, therefore, which is now in progress, is to print and circulate the Scriptures in Asia Minor, in this Greco-Turkish

language; and there is every reason to expect a revival of true Christianity in those regions where it first flourished, but where it has been blasted by the powers of darkness for so many generations. The greatest obstacles to this great work appear to be the partisans of the Latin Church and the Jews. Mr. Hildner has already experienced trouble from a priest, who suddenly appeared in the island and began to stir up the people against him and his flourishing school. The uproar seems to have resembled that which Demetrius caused at Ephesus, and the arguments of the priest were exactly those of the silversmith, putting the Panaghia of Tinos for the great goddess Diana:—and when the Syriotes heard these sayings they were full of wrath, and cried out, "Great is the Panaghia of Tinos!" Mr. Hildner ran some risk of personal injury, and his school for a while stood in jeopardy; but the word of truth had taken too deep root to be moved by the instruments of Satan. Some of the more reflecting of the inhabitants pronounced the accusations of the priest to be unjust, and their opinion was adopted by many more, until the tide began to turn in favour of the Missionary school, and at length the malicious priest was driven out of the island. It was subsequently discovered that he was not of the Greek, but of the Latin Church; but it has not yet been ascertained under whose authority he acted. I had the satisfaction of visiting the school, and admiring the regu-

larity with which every thing was conducted. The assistant-teachers, both male and female, are as enlightened as one would find persons of the same class and description in England. The books made use of are either the entire Scriptures, or lessons taken out of them; and it would not a little rejoice your heart to see the unity and peace which pervades the establishment. I have also seen Dr. Robertson's printing press, and I found the printers in the act of striking off a work containing extracts from Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures, with all the texts he refers to printed in full; also, some extracts from Robinson's Scripture Characters, &c. The Americans have also printed tracts and elementary books in the Island of Tinos. You are aware that Dr. Robertson had his printing-press at Athens, before he removed it to Syra, for greater convenience; but perhaps he will ultimately take it back to Athens.

The system pursued by the agents of the Missionary Societies, both of England and America, is the one most of all calculated to ensure their ultimate success. The instruction of the rising generation in the pure precepts of the Gospel, secures a higher tone of moral feeling than the Greeks have been acquainted with since the early ages of Christianity; but the Missionaries do not think it prudent to make any overt attacks upon the follies and superstition of the Greek Church. They permit the use of the sign

of the cross in their schools, and they pass over in silence the worship of the Panaghia, the observation of fasts, &c.; their object being, in one word, to throw light into the Greek Church as it is constituted, and leave error to fall by the force of truth alone. The present moment is highly favourable to these great objects. The ecclesiastical discipline has been remodelled, and the vast train of useless and ignorant bishops is to be reduced to a limited number. Greece being divided into ten *Nomoi*, each *Nomos* is finally to be content with one bishop; perhaps too few, more especially when it is considered that five of them are required to be present at the seat of government, to regulate in form of a synod the supreme affairs of the church. Favourable as this is to a complete reformation, it will probably be found insufficient as a supply of spiritual headship. The Patriarch of Constantinople is thus dispensed with, and the consciences of the Greeks appear to sit very easy upon this deposition of their spiritual head. Whilst, however, they are not reluctant to receive the instruction and gifts of the reformed churches, they stoutly refuse all communications with the Romish Church. They subscribe to the proposition that the Holy Scripture is the only standard of faith. "The Gospel," says the Bishop of Athens, "is the basis of the true faith. This is the foundation, — this is the firm rock, according as it is written, 'Thou art

Peter, and upon this rock,'" &c.* Upon these principles the Greek Church finds a bond of union with the reformed Episcopal Churches. Every effort which is made to bring about this fellowship must be right, and approved by every true Christian.

Mr. Leeves has lately been making efforts to get up a subscription for building a Protestant Church at Syra, under the protection of the British Consulate, intending to avail himself of certain clauses in the Consular Act, passed in the sixth year of the reign of George IV. Although he has been successful in his appeal to as many as have come within his reach, the number of British merchants established at Syra is too limited to carry the object into effect; otherwise it would have been a fine sight to have witnessed the cone-shaped city of Syra crowned by an English Episcopal Church.

There is nothing so pure in its object, and so sublime in its efforts, as the true missionary spirit. The legislature which protects the colonial slave, and unrivets the fetters which have long worn his limbs, is to be admired; the philanthropy which would extend the blessings of a rational liberty to every fellow-creature, is greatly to be venerated: but the Christianity which would render slavery impossible,

* This sentence is taken from a speech made by the Bishop of Athens, in the Church of St. George (the Temple of Theseus), in 1833, and which was printed and circulated by the Americans.

and restore peace to a troubled mind, which no civil or political liberty can impart, takes a flight above all, and reaches unto heaven itself, from whence it came down. But to feel, and be persuaded of this, a person must go into a land of spiritual darkness, and see the Missionary sitting in the midst like a radiant spirit: then will he be convinced that something more than political expediency, or even a warm-hearted benevolence, has inspired the zeal which led to such an arduous undertaking; and if he looks forward to the universal diffusion of civil and religious liberty, he will see that the Christian missionary is the instrument designed to effect it. I would fain have prolonged my stay in the society of these excellent men, who, with their families, are as lights shining in the midst of darkness; I had moreover the inducement of hearing Professor Bamba, who purposed delivering a philosophical lecture in the evening, in a room neatly fitted up with a few books — the nucleus of a reading society,— but our time was gone, and we directed our course towards Delos.

CHAPTER I.

THE ÆGEAN ISLES.

"Eternal summer gilds them yet." BYRON.

THE islands in the Ægean Sea surrounding Delos (κυκλῳ) in a circular outline were called by the ancients the Cyclades; of these Delos, which is now the most solitary and unfruitful, was considered the most sacred. The Cyclades were first brought under the power of Athens by Miltiades: soon after they revolted to the Persians, but not before they had furnished Pericles with their treasures of marbles which he used so well in embellishing Athens. They then became the prizes or the bones of contention among the powers of the Greek continent. The island of Ceos, nearest Cape Sunium, was the native country of Simonides; it is now called Zea. Nio, now Ios, is said to have contained the bones of Homer. Paros and the Mount Marpessus, with its marble quarries, are renowned in all the civilised world, especially since the discovery of the Oxford marbles. Antiparos is mentioned by Ovid and Virgil, but under the name of Olearos; at Cythnos, now Thermia, the Pseudo-Nero rose up in the

time of Galba. Naxos is the largest, and is celebrated in Grecian story for the meeting of Bacchus and Ariadne. The god of wine is said to have been suckled in that island, which still produces a wine esteemed among the inhabitants of the islands and the Levant; it is rather sweet, and of a brownish hue. There are few indeed of those islands which are not renowned for some fabulous or authentic story, and they were often used by the Romans as prisons for their exiles. They could hardly escape the ravages of the Goths and Alaric, but their history in times subsequent is involved in that of the Greek empire. At the division of that empire under the Latins, some of the islands fell to the lot of the Venetians; and then, for the first time, we hear of a Dutchy of Naxos. This comprised the greatest portion of the Archipelago. The following were conquered or obtained by the state and nobles of Venice, independent of Candia and the Ionian Isles: — Naxos, Paros, Melos, Andros, Mycone, Scyro, Zea, and Lemnos; but many of these, together with the whole of the Morea, were rescued and re-annexed to the empire, by the valour of Theodore Lascaris and some of his successors, A. D. 1204—1222. The history of the Cyclades is then divided between the Venetian republic and the Ottoman empire, until they were annexed to the new Hellenic kingdom. Their entire population does not exceed 180,000, of which near 70,000 are contained in Syra, Naxos, and Tinos.

From the edifying and rational subjects which Syra had afforded, my attention was soon diverted to the overgrown Church of the Panaghia, which glitters in the sun on the island of Tinos: this is the Einsieldin of the Cyclades. It is estimated that 5000 pilgrims annually resort to it, visit the shrine, and leave their offerings; many of them come even from the coast of Asia. The sailors spoke of it with great reverence, and declared its riches to be beyond all computation: it is Diana transferred from the neighbouring Delos. Tombazi first touched at Tinos on the 3d of May, 1821; it then contained 16,000 inhabitants: the majority belonged to the Greek Church, but a considerable number were Roman Catholics descended from the Latin crusaders. All day the little vessel walked slowly before the town and its venerated temple; and when the sun set in glowing red, we were fast approaching Delos.

This small island, the great altar of Grecian mythology, was suddenly evoked from the bosom of the waters by the power of Neptune, to form a couch for Latona whereon to lay the god of light and poesy: it was also the cradle of Diana. Some allegory, doubtless, lies hid beneath this fabled birth-place of the personified luminaries of day and night; but the sudden appearance of the island, which lies in a volcanic track, may be accounted for by natural causes. Whether it acquired its sanctity from any known phenomena, or from the secure situation of its harbour, may be a

question; but all the inhabitants of the surrounding islands and the continent attended the celebration of the Delia, which was held every fifth year; and so solemn were those festivals accounted at Athens, that the execution of Socrates was delayed thirty days on account of them. The island was so sacred that a dead body could not be buried in it; but the dead were carried to another small island half a mile distant, which is also called Delos now, but anciently Rhenea. At one time it appears to have been the centre of commerce *, and it was reputed a most healthy situation. It is called by Homer, Ortygia. No dogs were admitted into it, nor sick persons to remain in it. The Persians, in their general pillage of the island, respected the Temple of Apollo. His altar was esteemed one of the wonders of the world. Tournefort's description of it is most accurate, and its extensive remains still attest its former splendour.

July 5th. I landed at five o'clock upon the smaller Delos: the larger one opposite was Rhenea. All the western side of the island is covered with ruins: but only one building can be recognised in its original form; this is a theatre. The "Cavea" remains perfectly defined, and some of the seats are in their places; the ends are standing, built up of

* Cicero, pro lege Manlia, cap. 18.

blocks of white marble in the Hellenic style. Near the theatre is a cistern, divided into compartments communicating one with another by means of arches. In every direction round this theatre are small columns standing, having evidently formed votive temples or enclosures for altars; so that the whole island has presented the appearance of a sacred edifice surrounded by its votive offerings. Along the shore I traced a line of square pillars of granite, with which the island abounds; these must have formed a kind of quay or barrier, so as to render the approach to the sacred buildings more imposing. Proceeding on the coast northward, I found a vast mass of ruins, consisting of broken shafts of columns, metopes, cornices, and some fragments of prodigious size: the whole presents nothing intelligible, but a wide field of ruin upon ruin. The marble is of the purest whiteness; the sculpture is well executed; and several altars with inscriptions have been taken from hence, which are now at Ægina. There can be no doubt of this having been the Temple of Apollo; it was of the Doric order, fluted columns not deeply cut. Around the temple, I conceive altars, votive tablets, and ædiculæ to have been erected; so that the temple, with all its appendages, must have covered a wide space, and presented an imposing view to the votary approaching the sacred isle. A few goat-herds with their flocks, and some cows and pigs, are all the inhabitants of the cele-

brated Delos. I did not, however, find it unhospitable; for Apollo afforded us what neither Syra nor Attica did afford — a bottle of milk! It was taken fresh from the goats, and contributed to the luxury of a breakfast on board the caique.

I have before me the isles of Delos; and behind Mount Cynthus. Myconi, Tinos, and Andros, appear like one island. More distant I can distinguish the S. E. extremities of the Negropont: on my right lies Syra, with the white buildings of the upper town in view; a sail shines in the morning sun beneath the gray ridge; Syra falls gradually into the sea; and along the edge of the blue waves the eye runs until it reaches Serpho (Seriphos). The outlines of this island much resemble those of Syra. At an equal distance, in veering round southward, appears Syphanto (Siphos), about the same magnitude and form as Syra and Serpho; in front lie Paros, Antiparos, and Naxos, in a cluster; and beyond, the softer ridges of Ios (Nio). Naxos assumes the appearance of a barrier; on the left it stretches its long ridge from S. W. to E., and conceals from view the rest of the Greek Islands. Bearing N. E. is the Turkish island of Nicaria (Icarus), announcing the beginning of those less fortunate isles in the Icarian Sea; and, directing the eye towards the Asiatic coast: how these islands, as if by enchantment, rise from the blue Ægean! Leaning over the vessel's side, it is sweet to look upon

them: it is a new world of light and ocean; — it is a canopy under which one might for ever linger, — an emblem of the pure empyrean, where we one day hope to dwell, in light which never wanes! . .

Moving slowly over the sluggish waters, at one and a half P.M. Polycandro came into view. After coasting along the marble precipices of Paros, one is surprised to find, after turning the promontory, a spacious bay unfold itself. The encircling mountains of Paros, joined with the low land of Antiparos, form nearly three-fourths of an ample amphitheatre, where ships of heavy tonnage lie safe at anchor. In the hollow bend of the bay stands the town of Paros (Parkia); the white buildings line the shore, and rise over an arched rock, which is crowned by a new church, on which the cross is reared triumphant. Windmills are important features in the landscapes of those isles, and are generally marshalled on the heights.

Approaching Parkia, the eye is gladdened by some fresh vines and scattered fields of cultivation; some habitations are spread over the side of the mountain, so as to cover a little of its nakedness; yet Paros produces something more than enough for its own consumption. We went ashore at sunset: it was a fiery red over the island of Syra; but the outlines of Serpho were deeply purpled, and a thousand various tints fell like magic upon the hushed expanse of waters. The British consular agent, a Greek, af-

forded us a short but hospitable reception. His daughter, a young maiden of fifteen, administered the sweatmeats and coffee, according to the Hellenic custom. We were escorted to and from the vessel by half of the inhabitants of the village; for seldom do four Englishmen land at Paros. I saw a piece of a fluted column adapted for a well's mouth, and recognised the well-known Parian marble. The quarries are an hour's distance from the town, but the whole coast is marble.

After lying all night in the harbour, we proceeded before break of day to Antiparos, where we landed at five o'clock, A.M. Preparations were forthwith made for proceeding to the Stalactite grotto. Five donkeys, one of which was to be employed in carrying ropes and a ladder, were caparisoned for our service; a host of loquacious Greeks followed close on our heels; and, under the special charge of the man of office (who first administered coffee), we took our way along the coast by one of the two roads. A few fig trees first give signs of vegetable life. We passed through some cornfields and scanty pasturage, where goats and a few cows were feeding. In one hour and forty minutes we reached the cave. The access is guarded by two stalagmites, like two immense columns of nature's own moulding. An overshadowing rock first admits the approach; cords are lashed round the pillars at the mouth of the cave; and, by the help of these, the curious stranger must descend,

— no easy task. We proceeded by this path of cordage to a considerable depth, occasionally getting down slippery steeps, where the cords are not wanted, until a depth of precipice occurs sufficient to require the ladder, which has been brought for the purpose. Having descended this, we are in the bowels of the island, and amidst the fairy halls which Nature has formed for herself. The compartments are more varied, and the depths appear more mysterious, than in any other grotto of the same kind I ever saw. The stalactites are of the most transparent whiteness, and the whole roofs of some chambers shine, by applying the candles, like pure alabaster. The stalagmites, also, in many places preserve a crystal brilliance, and one ceases not to admire the fantastic forms into which the natural ornaments of those recesses are broken. Upon a stalagmite I found an inscription as follows: —

HIC IPSE CHRISTUS ADFVIT EJVS NATALE DIE MEDIA NOCTE CELEBRATO, 1673. (RIBERT.)

An ambassador, M. de Nointel, from the court of France, in the time of Louis XIV., on his way to Constantinople, being here at midnight on Christmas eve, caused the grotto to be illuminated with innumerable lights, and had mass performed! How little does national character change in two centuries! Hundreds of visiters have scratched their names upon the stalac-

tites: the majority appears to be French; next, the English. After ascending to the light by the road of cords, we returned to the village of Antiparos by another path, going over the tops of the hills. In a wide valley were vines, fig-trees, and corn. The soil, as in most of these islands, where there is any, is thin, but prolific; it was still more so, probably, in ancient times, and there was, doubtless, more wood upon all the isles than at present. The peasants burn the brushwood for the purpose of producing a thin crop the succeeding year; and the ground is thereby impoverished; for the soil, not being held together, is soon washed off, or carried away by wind from the rocky surface: thus, in the course of ages, have those islands become nearly barren. But an order from the present government has forbidden the burning of the wood; and perhaps the islands may yet be destined to flourish in a greener aspect for future generations.

It required four hours and a half to perform this excursion from the village of Antiparos, and an expense of three dollars for donkeys, men, and ropes; candles are not included in this estimate. Antiparos afforded a bowl of milk; and we left its shores, with a breeze, at half-past ten o'clock A.M.

Going out in a S. E. direction, between Paros and Antiparos, there comes first into view, on the right, the island of Polino, anciently Polygæos; and behind

it we distinguished the peaks of Kimoli (Cimolos). After an expanse of about fifteen miles, the long low ridge of Polycandro occurs: the little Lagusa is midway in the short distance to Sikyno (Sicinos). Nio, (Ios) appears in front; Raclia (Dorysa), in the more distant and misty horizon. We steer for Naxos, which rises at the vessel's head like a barrier that would impede our progress. A breeze, and then a calm; another breeze, and we tack about towards the extremity of Paros, in order to steer straight for Naxos. Half-past one P.M. I read divine service on the deck (being Sunday). Our sailors were not inattentive observers: I could not but witness with interest their daily attention to the religious exercises which their creed imposed: much of them consisted in abstinence from animal food. It was a season of fasting; and, although they might have partaken of our provisions, they unanimously declined our offer, alleging at once the reason. The captain had an air of reserve, which at once distinguished him from the rest, and he would frequently sit in silence for an hour or two looking over the isles. His commands were promptly obeyed, and the wants of his passengers as quickly supplied: one of the men acted as cook; another was ready to spread the table on deck; and a third took up the guitar, and, like Arion, sat at the prow and charmed the dolphins. If I had formed a good opinion of the industry of the Greek

peasantry, I received an impression not less favourable of the mariners: their skill and industry, like their religion, only want turning into their proper channels; and if, in their early days of freedom, they displayed defects of character which still weigh upon posterity, they will now, in the days of their newborn freedom, have the knowledge of the Gospel to correct and improve their national character.

The south side of Paros is more cultivated. Near the eastern extremity rises a conical peak, crowned by a white building like a fortress. Under this (west) is the town of Lefka;—a conspicuous cluster of buildings, shining white at a great distance. We slowly approached Naxos; but the sun set before we turned the cape behind which the town lies. For an hour I contemplated the mysterious light which seems to linger over the ocean long after the sun has sunk. The boundless prospect is an image of eternity, save where those dark slips of land project into the waters to tell us we are still of earth. I slept under the starry canopy; and awoke at daybreak, lying off the harbour of Naxos.

July 7th. — At half-past four A.M. the sun rose in all the glories of the east behind the picturesque peaks of this major isle: the golden light was thrown over the glassy surface, as I glided over it towards the little islet which flanks the north side of the

harbour: not a breath of air disturbed the crystal depths of those green waves: the long ridges of Naxos, stretching southward, were purpled with the morning shade: the curiously-built town of Naxia rose in steps up to a point, wearing at respectful distance a clear and bright aspect. I landed on the little isle, and ascended to the remains of the Temple of Bacchus. These consist in a portal of solid marble; an architrave or lintel, simply laid across two immense jambs, with some time-worn consols projecting, and a few traces of flutings on the surface. I estimated those jambs at five feet square, and twenty-five feet high,—a single piece. Around this solitary relic, which stands as lord of the Isle, are mouldering marbles and vestiges of foundations. The whole, though not placed so high, has had some resemblance to the Temple of Minerva Sunias — a meteor-like object for mariners to see at a distance. I descended the rock, and plunged into the glassy deep, where a shelly grotto received the waters. I went ashore, and found provisions, especially vegetables, with which this island so abounds that it can furnish Syra. The narrow lanes of this town exhibit a profusion of marble, for which this and many of the other islands are so remarkable. Naxos is the most important of the Cyclades: its population amounts to near 18,000 inhabitants, of which about 4000 are at the port. I was not a little surprised to find the men of Naxos so well acquainted with

the general posture of affairs in Europe and the East. The passage of the English fleet, and the casual junction of two or three French vessels, had afforded them ample matter for speculating upon some further encroachments of Russia: they did not doubt but the allied squadron would shortly hasten to Constantinople, and they doubted less of the result if there was to be any conflict between European and Turkish armaments: their speculations of some such conflict were chiefly grounded upon the imposing attitude which Russia assumed all over the Levant, and the number of paid agents which she has, spread around the Mediterranean.— But my politicians reasoned too fast, and leaped to alarming conclusions; for, before I left the beach, they had annexed a vast extent of Turkish territory to the new Greek kingdom; and they said that once the Greeks ruled at Constantinople! In the midst of these transports, I filled my basket with the finest cucumbers and other vegetables: I gathered up my pears, and put rice and macaroni into the hands of my attendants; an ample provision of bread, and as much lamb as could be preserved fresh until it should be eaten, — and with these I left the gay shore.

We left Naxos at half-past nine A.M., cleared the point, and saw Nicaria in the distance. Nothing can excel the beautiful forms and outlines of the N.W. side of Naxos. At half-past ten A.M. I have in view Nicaria on the right; some small intervening

isles; and then Myconi, with Delos, Tinos, and Andros, in front. Sailing nearly due north, Syra bears N.W., Paros close on the left, Naxos behind. The sun set in flaming red behind his own Delos, purpling the ridges of Tinos and Myconi. Far on the right, in hazy distance, lay Amorgo; in front, steering E., lay Icarus: (Nicaria) the intervening waters are relieved by small rocky isles, the last of the Greek dominions.

At nine o'clock in the evening, a strong breeze carried us, in four hours, opposite Icarus, and then subsided into a rocking calm: for all the succeeding day we sat rolling on the sickening waves. The whole length of Icarus lay stretched on the right. This is a long narrow island, rising from the sea, at the western extremity, like steps, until it attains its height, which runs in a uniform outline for half the length of the whole island. Another step rises to the second ridge, the Mount Prammus, which ends in the promontory of Phanar (anciently Dracanum). A huge rock, not unlike the Bass on the coast of East Lothian, appears in front of Icarus, nearly opposite the highest point of the Prammus. At the Dracanum promontory lie the Corsææ Isles, called by the French geographers les Fourmies; and behind those rises the bold Samos, the Mount Ampelos towering above all. Down towards the south, but at an almost imperceptible distance, lies Cos (Calimnos), off the

coast of Halicarnassus. At four o'clock P.M., I write this close off the Isle of Patmos.

This celebrated island runs nearly from east to west in length: and, as I now view its southern aspect, I perceive its western promontory to be the highest part of it. A bold rock rises abruptly from the blue waters; a second summit, separated from the former by a neck, is less rugged, but scarcely inferior in height, and it is crowned by a white solitary edifice: on the succeeding top stands the town itself, a cluster of habitations, with the massy walls of the monastery rising out from the midst of them. Four windmills stand on the sloping ridge, which now falls away to so low an elevation as almost to break the island into two: the other half (pursuing the outline eastward) rises for the most part precipitously from the waves in rocky walls, and then ascends to verdure, but without an habitation to be seen. The island ends in its eastern promontory like a wall, and points towards Samos and the Corsæe. As the sun sinks behind Nicaria, and illumines all the outstretched ridges of it, and the continuous "Fourmies" throwing Samos into deepest shade, we are still struggling, like the "Africus" of old, with the Icarian billows: they lift up their heads around the point of St. John's isle, and the rocky steeps begin to frown over the darkening waters.

Sunset, Tuesday, July 8th.

As the night advanced, we veered round the bold promontory, which appeared before to terminate the island at its eastern extremity: a long projecting rock evolved itself, and a brisk gale soon carried us round, and lodged us in the harbour of Patimo. It was dark, and I could only distinguish the black outline of the mountains by which the bay seemed nearly enclosed all round.

July 9th.—In the morning I went ashore, and, not without emotion, trod the ground which, in the estimation of the Christian theologian, ought to be more sacred than Delos—more renowned than Paros. About thirty or forty houses have of late years been built on the shore beneath the original town of Patimo: a few fig-trees and olives stand near those habitations, which are sheltered by a rock with a rugged top from the winds of the Ægean. The whole island on this side is curved and broken into inlets, any of which might serve as a secure harbour for ships of magnitude. In the hollow of the bend, where Patimo stands on the height, is the place which tradition has consecrated as the scene of St. John's revelations. Above it, on the ridge of the mountain, stand the town and monastery, which overlook a wide expanse of sea, and bring into full view the islands of Nicaria, Samos, les Fourmies, and some of the lesser isles near the Asiatic coast.

These are seen over and beyond the opposite bend of the ridges of Patmos, none of which are very high. There are about four thousand inhabitants in the whole island: more than half live at the port and the upper town.

The monastery is built like a fortress, with many square projecting buttresses; it has also several parapets, from whence are seen various prospects of the sea and the surrounding isles. I found it peopled by about thirty monks. The church is dedicated, like the monastery, to St. John; but St. Christodoulos has usurped his honours: it is gaudy, like most of the Greek churches, without either taste or elegance; the vestibule, as well as the interior, is painted with the semi-Chinese heads of Christ and the Apostles, and the Panaghià figures in every corner. In the first court, where the entrance to the church is, I observed an inscription bearing date 1698; and several fragments of marble are inserted in the walls and stairs. The library contains a few printed books, such as the works of Chrysostom and some of the Greek Fathers; it also contains a large portion of manuscripts: these seem to have been recently assorted with some care, and put into cases, with their titles written outside, although none of the monks present seemed to understand their value or subjects. Those of the Scriptures I examined, but found none very ancient; some were lying in disorder, and covered with dust, upon the table. In the refectory I was shown

an inscription on a slab of marble; it was a sepulchral stone, as well as some others I saw at the church of the Grotto. This monastery was founded, under the auspices of Alexius Comnenus, by St. Christodoulos *, in honour of St. John. In the beginning of the 12th century, when the success of Alexius had driven the Turks from many places whose names were dear to Christianity, the churches began to resume something of their former splendour; and not only were the waste places rebuilt, but the piety of the Comnenian race was extended to other spots, consecrated by the presence of the apostles and martyrs. The Crusaders could not be insensible to the claims of Patmos; and it was probably about that period that the Grotto, which is now covered by a chapel, was fixed upon as the place of St. John's abode. More than half way down the "Cavea" of the hill there is a mass of rock, which in several places is broken into grottos. A pile of grey buildings has taken possession of the sacred one, and a Papas is appointed to guard and light the lamps, and say long prayers over the spot: he devoutly pointed to the roof of the cave, where are some fissures and small holes a little way into the stone: "through these," he said, "came the voice from Heaven, like the sound of a trumpet rushing through

* The life and actions of Christodoulos were published at Padua, in Greek, 1755, a thin 4to volume.

those places with a great noise." A picture representing the Apostle as one dead, lying at the feet of him that spake from heaven, covers the wall of separation: behind this is the altar; the angels each holding in their hands a church, representing the seven churches of Asia. But the most important and affecting embellishment of this shrine is a simple label suspended, containing the verses relative to the Apostle's vision (Rev. chap. i. ver. 9—18.), in the original Greek: these I read aloud to the Papas, to which he listened with devout attention. If this cavern be really the scene of such an awful vision, what spot on earth was ever more effectually consecrated? — If we are accustomed to approach the house which has been dedicated to the worship of God with reverence, how should not this spot be approached with tenfold veneration, consecrated, as it was, by the celestial light which shone, as the sun in his strength, upon all around it. O! for a ray of that light to pierce the mystery in which are yet enveloped many things spoken by the Spirit to the churches!

After two hours and a half spent about the sacred cavern, I descended to the village port. A Greek (there are no Turks in this island, although it belongs to the Porte) offered for sale some medals found in Patmos. There was one of Constantine and of Diocletian, and some with symbolical signs of the ports and isles of the Ægean. I found shops furnished with rice, macaroni, split peas, olives, honey,

beans, &c. Previous to leaving the shore, I read a good portion of the Apocalypse, under that local impression which all may experience, but none can describe. But, if it has been affirmed that reading Homer on Mount Ida inspires a deeper sentiment, after its kind, than reading the same in the closet, why should not the feeling coincident ascend in reading the more sublime composition in the Isle of Patmos. Wondering, indeed, what these things might mean, I knew not how to unfold the seals and read the notes of the trumpets. I found not how to soar aloft with the voice that once fled through this pure sky, on eagle's wings, in the sight of the Apostle, crying, "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth!" Time and events appear to have clearly unfolded some of the prophetic vision; and the whole will, in due time, be made clear to the Church of Christ, according as it may stand in need of comfort or warning.

We left Patmos at eleven o'clock A.M., with a strong wind blowing nearly north, and quickly cleared the promontory of the sacred island. Steering across for Samos, and tossed upon the billows, we passed near the barren islands of Lepso (anciently Lepsia), with Nicri (Acritis), and their numerous satellites. At a greater distance, and nearer the coast, we left Gaithonisi (Hyetusa). All these islands have nearly the same aspect at a distance, — a grey burnt-up surface, sometimes relieved by a few wild shrubs. After carrying us quickly past the promon-

tory of Ampelos, the wind fell; and I had leisure to contemplate the Asiatic coast, so full of interest, and so pregnant with names, sacred and profane. The coast of Asia Minor (meaning that part of it anciently known by the names of Caria and Ionia) presents from the sea a line of mountains, varied in height, but never rising to any great elevation: in front, are those barren uninhabited isles above mentioned, which we quickly cleared, with the wind blowing hard N. a few points W. If to look upon the shores of Greece kindles our classic feelings, the coast of Ionia may not the less awaken our recollections, both of classic scenes and those of more sacred character. It has contributed a large share of genius, by which the world has been enlightened and civilised. Earlier than Greece itself it sent out its colonies to the western regions, and carried the arts to where, in future ages, they were destined to flourish. I look, then, on the mother shores of literature and art. Hardly out of view is the promontory within which was Halicarnassus: this calls to mind the father of Pagan history, and the Greek writer of the Augustan age who has illustrated for us the antiquities of the Romans. On the same shore was Priène, the native place of Bias, who is ranked among the seven sages of Greece. Still nearer is Miletus, which cannot fail to suggest another and more sacred train of thought. I can well-nigh discern the beach where the sorrowing elders of Ephesus, with the

Christian crowd, in tears, took leave of Paul, accompanying him to the ship: that ship conveyed him over those very waters straight to the island of Cos, which I can discern in the remotest distance. I trace the path of the Evangelist, St. John, from Patmos to Ephesus, after his release; indeed, I am following his track to Neapolis (Scala Nuova): and now I approach the shores of Samos, and the promontory on which stood Trogyllium, names consecrated in the pages of Holy Writ.

At about six o'clock P.M. the wind was hushed, and we neared the eastern parts of Samos in smooth water. The coast of the continent describes a vast arc, whose extremity approaches the island so near, that only a strait is left open by which "the canal" (that is, the sea between the island and the continent) is entered, and this leads into the Gulf of Scala Nuova. As the island was in a state of blockade, and occupied by Turkish troops, we were not permitted to land. I could only, therefore, espy the green tents, and gaze at respectful distance upon the fertile shores where the queen of the gods once delighted to dwell. The Heræum, or famous Temple of Juno, stood on a promontory, which is now called "Colones," from the ancient columns yet standing upon it. Of the splendour of that temple some idea may be formed, when we are told that it required four oxen to drag the *head* of the colossal statue which adorned it, and which perished in the

pillage and fire of Constantinople in 1204. Samos was the birthplace of Pythagoras, and it was even counted worthy by Vespasian of being erected into a province. In more recent times its situation, so near the Asiatic shores, has made it the theatre of war, and the important events of 1824 have linked it with the most brilliant epoch of the Greek revolution. On that occasion Khosref Pacha, with forty-two men-of-war, was forced to retire before a few Greek brûlots, and a very inferior force commanded by Sakhtouri.* The Turks, in the course of those operations, expended 5000 cannon balls, and the Greeks 1500, with very little injury on either side; but, upon the whole, not less than 60,000 combatants, upon land and water, faced each other. The Turks at length lost three fine ships, 100 pieces of cannon, and at least 1000 men. The leaders in the island were, at that time, the Bishop Lysander, and Spamati, &c. Ten years after those events, and when peace had been made between the two contending nations, Samos is again the scene of warlike operations. The inhabitants appear to carry on rather a passive resistance than an offensive war; and many are daily leaving the island altogether, sooner than submit to the dominion of the Sultan. It must, however, be confessed, that the division of the Ægean Isles

* See Colonel Gordon's History of the Greek Revolution, vol. ii. p. 147.

made between Greece and the Porte was judicious. The treaties assigned the Cyclades to King Otho, and the Sporades to the Sultan; but the Samiotes, thinking they have an equal claim to liberty with their fellow Greeks, persist in refusing the Ottoman dominion; and at the instigation of Logotheti, a chief among the villagers, they now show the front of rebellion. The government of the island was committed to Vogoridhi, Prince of Samos, who appears to have tried every means of conciliation. When those failed, the island was given up to Hassan Bey, who took military possession of it with 2000 troops; in which condition it was when I approached its borders. A speedy submission was, however, anticipated; for the banner of the Prince already floated on almost every promontory; and thirteen towns and villages had voluntarily submitted to the mild conditions of Hassan Bey and Musurus. The geographical position of Samos and the Sporades in general is such, that as long as the Sultan retains the coast of Asia, he can never consent to resign them to Greece; and if they were annexed to Greece, the inhabitants themselves would be the first to deplore the change, for it would only be for the Porte to forbid all intercourse with their neighbours on the coast of Asia, to reduce the islands to the greatest state of poverty. On the other hand, by remaining a portion of the Sultan's dominions, it

will be his interest to give them every commercial and civil advantage.

In continuing our course through the canal, we were challenged by a guard-vessel, requiring our business and destination; but hardly waiting for an answer, allowed us to pass on with Turkish apathy. We could distinguish by the pale light of the moon, the forms of human beings moving in some of the rocky inlets, and presently a watch-fire was kindled, which threw a blaze upon the rocks near which we sailed; but, as the wind was partial, and sometimes contrary, we withdrew to a creek, and passed the night hours, and I found at day-break that we were near the promontory of Posidonium.

July 10. — A gentle breeze moved us slowly past the promontory, and brought us to a vessel which a gust of wind during the night had carried against a pointed rock; and the attraction proved too powerful for the helpless master and his mate to dissolve: in such a case of emergency it was not possible to withhold our assistance. The vessel was laden with dried bread for the Turkish army at Samos; and it was necessary to transfer the greatest part of the cargo into our caique before the ponderous barge could be moved. The operation lasted three hours; and the Samiotes, perhaps, might have complained of a breach of neutrality! The most important part of the living cargo was a turbaned Turk, who gladly availed himself of the

hospitality of the Giaours; he waited the result of our exertions with enviable patience, but I found he had no interest in any part of the cargo except himself. The abstemiousness of a Turk depends upon circumstances: if food be placed before him, he is like a heifer alighting on a heap of turnips in a bare pasture; and although he may refuse to inflame himself with wine, he "will fill himself with strong drink," whenever he can obtain it. Our guest let nothing escape him, but devoured all the eggs in our store before we had time to adjust the preparations for breakfast. He then complained of some inward pains, and asked for rum or brandy: we willingly extended our hospitality; but soon found it expedient to get the temptation out of his sight, lest he might not be able to return with the bread into the hold of his own ship.

After clearing the last cape of Samos, we entered a magnificent bay, whose encircling mountains comprise a vast extent of waters, reaching from the Cape St. Maria (Trogyllium) to the Cape Bianco, which points near to Chios. The shores of Asia appear fertile on the southern side of this bay, and innumerable vineyards are seen reclining upon the hills which overhang Scala Nuova. A little more southward is the promontory on which the Panionium stood: some rocks projecting into the sea direct the eye towards it. On the left lie the sites of many places renowned in antiquity, but now no more existing, — Notium, Lebedus, Colophon. Scarce a mountain rears its head

without its incident, scarce a recess of the shore unfolds its bosom without a classic circumstance: reflections accumulate as the stranger of a colder clime approaches for the first time the shores of Asia; but the thought which soon masters all in landing at Neapolis (Scala Nuova) is — that here the Apostles must have often landed on their way to the church at Ephesus!

LETTER II.

To Richard Ingram, Esq., at Athens.

Scala Nuova, Evening of July 10th.

I AM unwilling to lose the opportunity which the return of our caique to Attica offers of complying with your request by telling you how we have fared in the Archipelago; but on account of the long quarantine with which our captain was threatened on his return to Syra, I fear you will have left Athens before this letter reaches you. Be that as it may, the evening, which I usually dedicate to writing up my Journal, shall be dedicated to you and your companions, more especially as you intend to follow my track to Scala Nuova. I have to thank you for the loan of the Maltese as far as Cape Sunium: he performed his engagement with as much zeal and fidelity as I could expect. His very figure as he sat upon his horse was a protection; and except the venial faults of having eaten all our bread at Kerratia, and spilt two bottles of brandy at the Cape, I have nothing to lay to his charge. It occupied us eight hours in travelling from Athens to Marathon, and fifteen more to reach Cape Colonna; the voyage to

Syra was performed in nine hours. Having sailed from Cape Colonna at midnight, the *Melteme* blowing hard, I awoke at sunrise on the morning of Thursday 3d July, and saw the blue waves heaving around me. The little caique proudly dashed the billows off her prow, and made good way towards the island. I saw Andros and Tinos, Myconi, Delos, and Gyaros (Ghisura); and far away on the edge of the waves were Ceos (now Zea) and Cythnos (Thermia). For three hours I watched the waves and swelling canvass, and the brisk gale carried us round the point: at about nine o'clock, P.M., the striking new city, with its harbour filled with merchants, burst on the view as soon as the seamen called out Syra.

I agreed to give my captain twenty dollars for his caique as far as Syra, and then to enter upon a fresh contract. He would not undertake to convey us to Scala Nuova, touching at the different islands I named, for less than ninety dollars, laying in his account for twenty-one days' quarantine; and although I might have been served for two-thirds of that sum, the little vessel was so clean, and the crew, which consisted of six pair of hands besides the captain, so obliging, that I agreed to the price. I spread my own bed every evening upon deck, and I do not recollect ever to have enjoyed seven days of more unmixed delight. I recommend you to supply my omissions by *landing* at the island of Tinos, and examining the tombs in Rhenea; *go up* also to the marble quarries in Paros,

and if possible spend a day in the island of Naxos. You may obtain a permission of the Turkish Admiral to land at Samos (now in a state of blockade), a circumstance I did not know until it was too late. You will be able to procure provisions at all the islands except Antiparos; but Syra and Naxos are the two great marts of the Cyclades.

We landed here to-day at two o'clock P.M., and were suddenly escorted to the house of the Vice-Consul for all Nations, by a Janissary dressed in flaming red: a turban enveloped his head in so many folds that it nearly concealed his pale, meagre countenance; his waist was oppressed with weighty arms, and over his shoulders hung a loose huzzar jacket. Thus accoutred, he strutted before us in all the majesty of office; but I observed some of the natives "making mouths" as he passed, showing that ill-suited importance is duly appreciated in this section of the globe as well as in our own. Nothing that I have observed affects men of all nations equally like the ridiculous; and whether it be Mesopotamia, Cappodocia, Pontus, or Asia, in this, we may say with poor Yorick, it is all the same. The red Janissary, who became our Cerberus for the rest of the day, will doubtless become yours, when you land at Scala Nuova, and will conduct you, as he has done us, through the lanes of the town.

The first object a stranger is expected to admire is a gaudy Greek church: our entrance seemed to

inspire devotion into many; for several followed us into the sanctuary, and whilst they surveyed our motions with eager curiosity, muttered their repetitions and crossed themselves unconsciously. Through several rough-paved dirty alleys we descended to the bazaar, which we found furnished with rice, dried and fresh fruit, and some few articles of manufacture; but the commerce here, which was considerable before the Greek revolution, is now gone, and the population is reduced to about 6000 souls. The massacre of the Greeks on 17th July, 1820, was perhaps one of the most frightful horrors which that bloody struggle produced: it took place previous to Kara Ali's attack and defeat at Samos, and that disaster did but again renew in many places of the coast the scene of butchery. From the bazaar we proceeded to a cafenet, a mere shed, situated on the beach and washed by the breakers' foam: here the Mussulmen resort in the evening to catch the cooling breezes. At a little distance is a cemetery, whose upright thin stones, surrounded by a wall, are scattered over a broken declivity reaching down to the very shore; above it are vineyards, and then a barren ridge rises over all; in the recess of land there is a mosque embosomed in trees, amidst which towers the tall cypress. The town in the other direction hangs darkly from the rock, and at this little distance is rather imposing, although it be so irregular and filthy in its interior. A little off this rock, on which

a large portion of the town is situated, there is a small island covered with fortress-walls encircling a citadel; this it would be easy to join with the main-land, and make Scala Nuova one of the finest ports on this coast. As it is, the vessels lying in the harbour are tossed by every wave which rolls in from the open gulf; but this change will never be effected unless a more mighty change is destined to affect the Levant.

The only place where you can be lodged at Scala Nuova is the Vice-Consulate; but you will be kindly received, and have the cancelleria for your drawing-room, if, "spectatum admissi," you can refrain from laughter. The Vice-Consul, Signor Fetini, is a Maltese of prodigious dimensions, extremely susceptible of heat; so that he lightly clothes his mortality with a pair of linen trowsers, surmounted by a spencer of the same material, and his head capped with cotton; the whole presenting the appearance of a meal tub. He is not only Vice-Consul of his Britannic Majesty, to which honourable office he was appointed by the great Mr. Canning, but he also officiates in the same capacity for the Russian Autocrat, and for his Imperial Majesty of Austria: from none of these great powers, however, does he receive a piaster of salary; but as he also acts as Consul for his Hellenic Majesty, his perquisites are chiefly derived from the Greek flag. Under these circumstances, it cannot be expected that Signor Fetini

should receive travellers into his house gratis, nor see a vessel enter the harbour of Scala Nuova without an additional brightness coming to his eye. A tariff suspended in his "cancelleria" sets forth the various fees to which he is entitled, and, besides these, there is something left to the generosity of the passenger: he has no objection to relieve travellers of the trouble of procuring horses for themselves to Smyrna; and, to avoid all disputes, fixes the price at thirty-five piasters per horse. If a certificate of good conduct is to be given to a servant, or the captain of a caique, he thinks it better that the signature should be legalised, and there is a proper fee for annexing the great seal. All these things bring multure to the mill, and I would never be the person to arraign the discretion of Signor Fitini; but were I a minister of state of any one of the great powers whose Consul he is, I should think the station at Scala Nuova of sufficient importance to secure his best interests in favour of my country, and which might be had for forty or fifty pounds per annum.

The Vice-Consul introduced to our acquaintance a friend of the same shape as himself, but considerably shorter; and measuring the proportions as we are accustomed to measure Greek columns, so many diameters in height, we assigned our friend to the unit order. Signor Antonio Ollo, I found, was a Neapolitan by birth, but had had the good fortune

in his early years to be sent to England, which happy island he left at eighteen, but has preserved the most vivid recollection of its superiority, and besides has retained in some degree of perfection its language. Returning to the Ionian Isles at a more mature age, he ended by fixing himself at Arta as a Frank merchant, and seems to have conducted his affairs in that country with success, which often denotes integrity. In this state of prosperity he was living, when about two years ago the Klefti came down upon Arta in great numbers, committed great ravages in the city, and among other depredations burnt the house of Antonio Ollo; the short man was in consequence obliged to gather up the remains of his fortune, and with these he departed far from the scene of his disasters, and came to the Asiatic coast. With sufficient left out of the wreck of his fortunes to recommence speculations, and his wife and family being snugly lodged at Zante, — he has become contractor and purveyor to the Pacha of the district. His census enables him to keep one horse for himself, and another on which he mounts a Turco-Greek in the capacity of a servant, with the portentous name of Abdallah. He spoke of his country house at three hours' distance from "Scala Nuova," and of a horse which he had received as a present from the Pacha himself. I observed the Neapolitan wink whilst I was in the midst of a bargain for a Turkish conductor; but the wink was in my favour, and was

accompanied by some honest and judicious remarks. This agreeable friend has become our informant on all things connected with Ottoman politics, and the statistics of the country around us. He says that the soil in the Pachalick is for the most part let upon the old European feudal plan. Large proprietors allot lands to their retainers, furnish them with cattle and instruments for tillage, and relinquish a portion of the produce to repay the labour; but the thinness of the population, that is, the scarcity of labour, brings only a portion of those immense territories into cultivation. Thus is a fair quarter of the globe blasted as effectually as if locusts covered the face of it: to these observations, it may be added, that there are several small proprietors; and they, tilling their own land, redeem a little of the universal waste, but this happens chiefly about the towns and villages.

Signor Otto, delighted with this European intercourse, volunteered his company to go with us to Ephesus; and with this prospect before us, we are now about to retire, and sleep in the "Cancelleria" under the protection of the great seal — "Honi soit qui mal y pense!" Remember us kindly to your travelling companions.

CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY FROM SCALA NUOVA TO SMYRNA BY EPHESUS.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.
MILTON.

July 11. — AT sunrise we were mounted on some of the worst horses I had as yet seen in my travels. Two Surgees, one a young Greek and the other an aged Turk, led the way. Signor Ollo, formerly a merchant of Arta, having expressed a wish to accompany us to Ephesus, appeared in the procession with his attendants, and thus swelled our train to the number of fifteen quadrupeds. We passed through the vine-roofed bazaar, and were no sooner clear of the streets than the meagre horses began to run with the baggage up the lanes; and the slow Surgees were despatched in all directions to re-adjust the train. Notwithstanding, we pursued our way to Ephesus, leaving the impediments to come up as time permitted.

We left the town by the wall of a castro, in which is inserted a mutilated lion of St. Mark. The fortress was in all probability the work of "the glorious republic;" and it gives an exalted idea of the splendour of that oligarchy to witness its trophies still existing on so distant a shore! But we have yet to add one-eighth of Constantinople. I saw no vestiges of any more remote antiquity, except a small fragment or two of columns, — perhaps vestiges of the ancient Neapolis.

The road runs first along the shore past the Turkish cemetery; and just before ascending a stony path, a full view of Scala Nuova (looking back) is obtained. At the distance of half an hour are the remains of an aqueduct, which is traced in many other places on the way to Ephesus. It appeared from the rude "opus mixtum" to be of a very low epoch of the Roman Empire; but when I saw the ruins of Ephesus, which may be of the age of Justinian, I judged it to belong to that period. Proceeding a quarter of an hour further, we met the sea again at an inlet, and continued for five minutes through the sand: ten minutes further is a caravanserai and behind it a Turkish cistern.* Some salt works

* These are the hot baths, I presume, near which Colonel Leake thinks the ancient Neapolis stood, and in that case Scala Nuova will be the ancient Marethesium. *See Tour in Asia Minor, note in page* 261. The only authority for this supposition is a passage in Strabo, which shows that Neapolis was nearer Ephesus than Marethesium. But what if

lie on the left, which gave a name to this place. Ten minutes further are more remains of the aqueduct, and then soon succeeds a sea view and a maritime plain, through which the Menander, the ancient Cayster, flows into the sea; from hence, it is three quarters of an hour to a plain in which are seen more remains of the ancient aqueduct, and a village (Karvaglia) situated under some flat-topped hills: a large-plane tree and fountain soon appeared, and then we proceeded through some rough pasturage, and entered a large plain. We caught the first view of the castle of Ajasaluk on the right, at a quarter before eight; and in half an hour more, having first approached near the banks of the Cayster, we arrived at the ruins of Ephesus; having been three hours in performing this journey from Scala Nuova.

Ephesus. — The remains of this once celebrated city occupy a portion of two hills, the narrow valley between them, and part of the marshy plain which subtends the angle formed by the inclination of those mounts. I did not begin my circuit of the ruins from Ajasaluk, as I find most travellers have done; but I struck off immediately across the plain in a direct line from the Cayster to where I espied the ruins: I had then on my right a mountain running westward towards the sea; and upon a pointed eminence stands a square tower, similar in construc-

Marethesium happen to be situated to the south of Scala Nuova?

tion to the remains of some others which appear to have occurred at intervals in the circuit of the city of Lysimachus. Their construction resembles some part of the remaining walls which are observed to run along the mountain Corissus, and also up the other mount, which is Prion; and they may be well supposed to bear an antiquity as high as the age of Alexander. These walls must, however, be carefully separated from others which are evidently of a posterior date, and those again from many of the deformed masses which often enter into the imaginary line of the city walls. It will thus appear by a just discrimination that there are three distinct periods to which the present ruins of Ephesus belong. The most remote is that of Alexander the Great (for it appears that the city of the Amazons was entirely changed * after the fire which took place at the birth of that monarch). The second period is the Roman, when temples were raised to the honour of Julius Cæsar, and some of the other emperors: and to this belong, doubtless, most of the marbles which lie scattered over the mounts, and in the valley, and at Ajasaluk. The third is the age of decline, when Ephesus, becoming the seat of three general councils, must have received the attention of the Greek emperors. Churches were, doubtless, made out of the prostrate materials which the Goths, in the reign

* Lysimachus wished to have it called Arsinoe, after the name of his wife.

of Gallienus, had thrown down; and, as an ecclesiastical city, it continued to flourish until the age of Justinian, and beyond: the ruins, therefore, are either Greek, Roman, or Christian. Of the former we cannot expect to find much, except in the original line of walls and the towers; and the two latter are often blended together, exhibiting a fine material combined with coarse execution. Behind the Mount Prion, and at the extremity of the Corissus, is a valley, which is, properly speaking, the valley of Ajasaluk. At the distance of two hours from Ephesus is a town called Kirkungee, which gives a name to the whole district. This town contains a great number of Greeks, Christians by profession, but speaking the Turkish language. The whole of this region is covered by a long mountain, expanding its concave form and rising high with cultivation: this is the Mount Pactyas: the Corissus branches out from it, first in a northerly direction, and then turns westward: it is the west portion only which sustains a part of Ephesus. The Mount Prion and the intervening valley, as has been remarked, were the site of the remainder; and this, I conceive, constituted the ancient Ephesus, except the famous temple of Diana. The town would thus be situated free from the marsh, which was chosen for the temple, only on account of its security.* This argument alone

* In solo palustri fecêre ne terræ motus sentiret, aut hiatus timeret, &c. — *Plin.* lib. xxxvi. cap. 14.

appears to me to fix the site of the temple, where now there is an immense mass of ruins rising from out of the sedges, and which were the first I examined: those ruins, like almost all the rest remaining, consist of masses of brick-work placed on foundations of stone: I could only consider them as ruins of a large church. Some buttresses, on which the arches apparently reposed, remain at their original distances; and a vast mass of stony fragments lies before them, indicating steps. The edifice has stood in a quadrangular enclosure, not unlike that which surrounded the metropolitan church at Patras.

In endeavouring to fix with greater certainty the site of the temple, we must have recourse to Strabo. The buildings which stood between Trecheia and Leprè, that is to say, in the passage between Mount Prion and Corissus, (for it can be hardly called a valley,) are said by the geographer to be ὀπισθεν της πολιος*, *behind the city*: this tells us, at once, that Ephesus lay chiefly along the north slope of Mount Prion, where we still find the greatest part of the ruins. The temple had an asylum or place of refuge, which Mithridates extended as far as an arrow could be shot from a corner of the temple: this distance is estimated by Strabo at one stadium. Mark

Colonel Leake remarks that *all* the greatest and most costly temples of Asia, except one, were built on low and marshy spots.

* See *Strabo*, tom. ii. p. 909.

Antony doubled this distance (if the expression, πλησιστανίος τέτου, may be so interpreted); and then, we find, a part of the city was comprised within the boundaries of the refuge: this was an evil, which Augustus was forced to remedy; but we learn, from the circumstance, that the temple which stood in the marshy ground was within two stadia of the city, that is, a quarter of a mile from the roots of Mount Prion. All these things answer well enough to the place where the ruins above described are situated: I, therefore, conclude that Justinian, or some of his successors, built a church upon the site of the great temple, and probably made use of the materials also. We know Justinian did erect a church at Ephesus to St. John; but it is objected against its being on the real site of the temple, that the ground was pre-occupied by a church dedicated to the Virgin, and, therefore, St. John's, that is, Justinian's church, stood behind Mount Prion, where the apostle is supposed to be buried: be it so, — this is the least difficulty; and I think the site of the temple ought to rest at the ruins which are now the most conspicuous in the low ground in front of Mount Prion.

After surveying hastily these large but unintelligible masses, I took a retrograde direction toward the Corissus, and, having gained the side of the hill, proceeded towards the valley. I passed the foundations of a temple, with broken shafts and piles of shattered steps lying on the east side: a little further up the

valley, I came to another platform, more naked, and the surrounding walls in some places standing; I could also trace the steps, showing that it had faced the west end of Mount Prion. I suppose this to be the temple which Chandler thinks might be the one erected in honour of Divus Julius. A little further is another mass of brick-work, resting upon three solid well built arches of stone; and beyond this a small quarry, evidently very ancient: behind all this is the Gymnasium, and the ruins of a church, which, by an oversight, I did not visit. The most imposing view of the ruins is from the valley between the Mounts Prion and Corissus; and here I read the the 19th chapter of the Acts. I then retraced my steps down the valley, and turned Mount Prion; having on the left a line of stones, projecting from the soil, which appears to have been a *Stoa*. There is some broken ground which conducts to the *agora*, known by some of the columns, which, perhaps, formed its surrounding arcade, and are yet standing upright: there are also ruins which may indicate a basilica adjoining, as Vitruvius directs. I now ascended to a large arch, built of spoils from other edifices, and surmounted by a heavy mass of building: this leads to the site of the theatre, of which hardly any thing remains; but from a kind of platform before it, we gain an advantageous view of the ruins of Ephesus: and, whilst I pictured to my imagination the crowd "rushing into the

theatre," I could not resist once more declaring the ruins below to occupy the site of the shrine of the goddess; and, combining these two localities, the solitude seemed almost to echo the voices, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" The stadium, which is close adjoining, is the most perfectly marked object of the whole. The vaults which supported the seats, and the elliptical end, are manifest: the arena even preserves its form. At the end runs the pavement of an ancient street, which descends by some buttresses of stone, built upon an elevated and well constructed platform. This has been supposed by some to be the Temple of Diana; but many arguments make against such a supposition: it appears rather to have been a palace, for there are partition walls standing, dividing it into compartments. After examining the vaults, (which are now, for the most part, stalls for cattle,) I took my way across the plain to Ajasaluk.

This village, which has succeeded to Ephesus, is about twenty minutes distant, and is conspicuous by its castle, occupying the whole summit of a hill, and by a grand mosque, now deserted, situated in the plain. Behind these an aqueduct runs across the valley from Mount Pactyas towards the village. In proceeding towards the Cafenèt, I passed by a few ruined houses and baths. Almost the only buildings entire are the sepulchres of the Turks; these are sometimes painted, and the spoils

of Ephesus have been employed in their construction. The storks, which are in great numbers here, were the only living creatures I saw; they were sitting quietly on the tops of the domes. There are also two or three ruined mosques, of small dimensions; one of them, near the cafenèt, has four ancient granite columns sustaining its portico. In every direction lie fragments of marble, showing that this village has been built out of the ruins of Ephesus; and so extensive are the spoils, that some travellers have been led to suppose that the city extended as far as Ajasaluk, or was originally there. We remained at the cafanèt for nearly three hours, reclining upon matting which was spread under a shed in front of the mud hut; cafè, in small cups, without sugar, was given us by the khangèe; and within, sat several swarthy travellers with their legs folded under them, smoking in imperturbable silence. It now remained for us to visit the grand mosque and castle, and observe the aqueduct.

Returning first to the mosque, I repassed the tombs, and saw some huts upon an eminence on the right. The mosque is built chiefly of marble, which has preserved its whiteness, so that the building may be said, like the Temple of Diana, "to shine like a meteor" at a distance. It occupies a space nearly a square, and consists of a large open court, in the centre of which is a fountain, now dry, the Keblè, and a compartment on either side of it.

At this fountain the Mussulman performed his various ablutions before entering the mosque. Trees now grow in the court, and afford a grateful shelter to the weary traveller. The borders of the fountain exhibit more spoils; and the steps by which were the ascents to two of the principal entrances are all of marble. Within the Keblè, which yet retains some of its embellishments, and in the two other compartments, are four fine columns of granite supporting the roof. The lofty chair, from whence the Mufti or priest did pray, is ascended to by marble steps, now partially broken down, but may still be surmounted, as I can witness. The domes which cover these compartments are yet entire, but the thin arch is broken, and glitters no more: a solitary stork was sitting on its ruins, and an unbroken silence pervaded the empty halls. Through one of the marble framed windows, looking towards the Cayster and the ruins of Ephesus, I took a survey of the country, but this was more complete when I ascended to the castle. Far in the west, through an opening in the plain, an extent of ocean is discovered: the river winds through the level ground in front of Mount Prion, defining the plain of Ephesus. I could distinguish some of the ruins at the east end of Mount Prion, and on the side where the quarries chiefly were, I could discern caverns; but the reflections which such a spot as this suggests soon divert the attention from a minute detail of the objects them-

selves. This was the city where Paul laboured "by the space of two years;" so that all the Jews and Greeks of Asia heard the words of eternal life. *There* was the theatre into which the crowd rushed, and *that* the temple which all the heathen honoured: here was planted the church to which an Epistle was addressed, containing such important illustrations of the great truths of Christianity. The voice of the "beloved" Apostle was doubtless heard also among those hills. Tychicus, the messenger from Paul at Rome, was received and welcomed by those who had been quickened from death unto life. Timothy, as tradition, not without some good foundation, bears, was once the ruler of this church, and is supposed to have been buried with St. John on the side of the Mount Prion, which I now look upon. Jerusalem contends with Ephesus for the body of the Virgin; but, if "that disciple took her to his own home," and his home was Ephesus, the palm must be given to the same Mount Prion. At the window of the mosque I read the Epistle to the Ephesians; and, finally, the Epistle addressed by St. John from Patmos; and my eyes can bear witness that the candlestick is now completely removed out of its place. The scandalous scenes which the councils of Ephesus presented; the despite which was done to the Spirit of Grace; the wandering still further from the first love, and the refusing to repent;—these are the causes why I now look from the window of a mosque over

the solitary ruins of the once favoured city. The scourge of the Almighty has appeared in the false prophet of Mecca and his successors; and look, how they have blasted the fairest portion of the East! Tamerlane was again the scourge of the infidel power, and from his mighty conquests and devastation arose this mosque and the barbarous name of Ajasaluk. Wandering about these empty halls, I thus reflected on the inscrutable ways of Providence; and trusted that the ruined mosque might be an emblem of the state of that religion which has now for twelve centuries deluded so large a portion of mankind. In ascending to the castle, we gain a good view of the mosque, and see the two principal entrances into the court, which are embellished with carving and Arabic characters well cut. I proceeded up the hill by an abrupt precipice of ruins, which I found to be part of some long walls extending from the fortress. I then arrived on a gentle slope, where some immense masses of vaults lie, probably having been a bath. The fortress walls now are near, and present an exterior of square buttresses, not ill built, though composed of incongruous materials. Within the walls is a ruined mosque, and a bath; the whole deserted and solitary. From hence we gain an advantageous view of the aqueduct (which was probably made at a low period); and also a fine view over the whole plains of Ephesus and Ajasaluk. After stumbling over stones and broken marbles, I descended by a

smoother way towards the mosque, and saw inserted in the walls, continually, inscribed fragments of marbles and pieces of sculpture; so that, considering the whole of the town, its fortress, its mosque, and its tombs, it may reasonably be deduced that a large portion of old Ephesus has been employed in constructing it; and that very little would be obtained by digging in the ancient site.

The cities of Ephesus and Smyrna, of Sardis, of Philadelphia, and Laodicea, were restored, says our historian, to the empire which Alexius enlarged from the Hellespont to the banks of the Mæander, and the rocky shores of Pamphylia [A.D. 1097—1118]. Those sacred places were rescued from the hands of the Turks, and thus they emerge from the darkness of the middle ages. About this time, Tangripanes, the Turkish pirate, was chased from Ephesus by John Ducas Vataces; and, in 1306, Roger de Flor (engaged in the service of the Greek emperor Andronicus) laid Ephesus, amongst other places, under his severe exactions: "a cruel tax was imposed on the corn of the husbandman." A year later, the duke of Romania (Roger) abandoned the province of Asia, and the sultan, Saysan, finally "removed most of the inhabitants to Tyriæum, where they were massacred." After Tamerlane had destroyed Smyrna, he came to Ajasaluk in 1402; so that it appears to have been built between 1308 and the end of the century. The names of Ajasaluk and Ephesus from

that time became synonymous; and the manner in which the conquest of Cineis is mentioned shows that the citadel was existing in 1404. It has, doubtless, been renewed, and the mosque built since that period; but it has now sunk into greater insignificance than the more ancient ruins of the original celebrated city.*

Having taken my last view from the castle of the wide plain and the windings of the Cayster, and contemplated once more the solitude of Ephesus, amidst the ruins of which I only saw one human being travelling on an ass, I pursued the valley which is spread along the banks of the river; and, after half an hour's march, crossed it by a bridge. From this may be seen the castle of Ajasaluk, and the square tower on the peak of the Corissus; and this is the first view which travellers gain of Ephesus and its environs in arriving from Smyrna. The Corissus, however, may be distinguished at a still greater distance: the Mount Pactyas is not lost sight of until the path reaches the rocks of the Galessus. We continue under those singular but magnificent rocks, having the Cayster on our right. The inhabitants of those inaccessible heights are eagles only; there they "put their nests," and soar in great numbers far above the highest. I passed one sitting

* For these things read *Pachymer*, lib. xi. and xii.

tranquilly on the banks of the river, at a distance not more than fifty yards; but he asserted his independence by never moving from his place. In some parts those rocks ascend in fearful precipices to the height of several hundred feet in perpendicular. At the end of three hours' march, we begin to turn north, round the base of a mountain, on the top of which is a large castle, called Gezelhissar, or the Castle of the Goats. The river Cayster runs up the valley, which we leave on our right, to the "Cilbiana Juga," where Pliny says it has its source. The ancient Tyria or Tyriæum is situated near its banks, about five hours up the stream from the place where we parted company with it. At a quarter past six o'clock we came to the Cafenèt hut of Gelat; and, instead of proceeding two hours further, as originally intended, were content to pitch our tent near a fountain, on a level piece of ground, by the banks of a slow-flowing river. We had passed through a valley, having the last branches of the Galessus on our left, where the village of Oschbanar is situated. I now felt that I was in the East: the costume of the Khangee, and the wild looks of the peasants; an occasional Arab appearing with his naked swarthy limbs, and every strolling female throwing a white veil before her face to conceal it from the gaze of men. A soft and balmy air by moonlight breathed over the expansive plains, and

the beams broke gently through the foliage of a plane tree, under which lay stretched some weary travellers.

Tent. Evening, 11th July.

July 12th. — At a quarter before four o'clock, I discovered I had been sleeping close by the banks of a stream, which is supposed to be the Phyrites mentioned by Pliny. It flows from an immense marsh, which must be the "Stagnum Pegasæum," if the river be the Phyrites. This, however, is not ascertained, since there are streams and marshes in other directions which would equally answer Pliny's too vague indication; nor would it be worth the while to investigate an object, which has no other interest belonging to it than the bare mention of it by Pliny. It was more certain that I looked over an extensive plain, N. E., over which the rising sun scattered oriental light: it was bounded at a vast distance by the chain of Mount Tmolus; and in other directions I saw ridges running far away, drawing out the imagination to grasp the vast continent of Asia. We took our departure at a quarter before six; the road running northward. At a quarter past seven, we came under Metropolis. Two long fortress-walls, ending in low square towers, on a dome-shaped hill, are the objects which direct the traveller to the site of the ancient city. The castle occupies the place of the Acropolis, of which some

original walls remain. I saw also, lower down the hill, some traces of an ancient wall: the rest of the vestiges consist merely in broken fragments; for the Turks have fetched most of the materials away, to finish their cemeteries near the villages of Frigatta and Tourbali. Metropolis, Strabo observes, was 120 stadia from Ephesus: the distance from Ephesus to Smyrna, in the direct road, was 320; so that 200 stadia remain to be reckoned from Metropolis to Smyrna. And it is odd enough, that Mr. Arundell, who gives this passage in the original, in his *Notes*, expressing his surprise, that Tournefort should not have conjectured these ruins to be Metropolis, says, "especially as its situation is marked by Strabo *just* midway between Ephesus and Smyrna:" — 120 is not half of 320!* The hill on which Metropolis stood is detached from the chain of mountains which girds it behind; below it, on the south, is the village of Jedikeuy; and on the north, a cemetery which has consumed many of the marbles of Metropolis. The more extensive village of Tourbali lies down in the plain; a number of cypresses and other trees mark its situation at about three miles distant from Metropolis.

The mountains which encircle this plain on the left are of a severe aspect; and the plain itself

* It ought to be observed that Xylander rejects the words Εις γαρ Μετροπολιν κ. τ. λ. altogether. See Strabon. Geograph. Edit. Oxon. tom. ii, p. 907.

presents the appearance, for many a league, of a forest. In a little time we passed the miserable village and cemetery of Frigatta; and at twenty minutes before eight arrived at the cafenèt, kept by an Arab: his hut, whose walls are mud, interspersed with broken marbles, is situated upon a cool stream. This we passed; and, after travelling for near an hour, came to a tumulus on the left of the road. A little beyond this are the remains of what appears, at first, to be an aqueduct; but, upon pursuing the line of ruins, it is seen that they are the remains of a fortification wall, which connected two hills, on one of which are yet some traces of an intrenchment. Beyond the northern hill is some low marshy ground, which is impassable after rain, and generally during the winter. Then succeeds the base of Mount Tmolus, on which, if there were a few "castella," the whole of this district would be defended by the aid of this judicious wall. There can be little doubt of this being the work of some Roman governor, and a slight survey of the country will suffice to show that such must have been the intent and use of those ruins. Through this marshy plain, although then dry, we continued viewing the plain of Baindir far away: on our right lay the village of Trianda, just across the marshy ground. We gained the place called Yaztepè by ten o'clock, and passed some streams which have contended for the name of Halesus. The Halesus, it appears, flowed into the sea near the

ancient Notium, and not far from Lebedus; but the stream which had been supposed by former travellers, even by Col. Leake, has been followed by Mr. Arundell, and found to enter the sea at a great distance from Notium; so that, with the consent of Col. Leake, the name Halesus has been transferred to another river, which flows past the town of Gumulderu, having its source at the roots of the ancient Mastusia, now called Tartalou. After the diligent researches of Mr. Arundell, and the valuable approbation of Col. Leake, ordinary observers may acquiesce in silence to the real "course of the waters." The inscriptions so diligently copied by the former traveller want applying for the purpose of illustrating the places or districts where he found them. Shortly after passing these streams, we arrived at a few huts situated on another stream. Our guides were desirous to halt, but I insisted upon proceeding to the next cafenèt: after three quarters of an hour we found it, — a rustic shed, formed of branches of trees, and crowded with travellers, both Arabs and Turks. After a little while, we obtained a mat and some space on the ground: those who remained surveyed us with careless curiosity, and the uncouth looking Khangèe ordered his slave to serve round the sugarless coffee. After three hours' repose, we proceeded over a wild country, sometimes softening a little into grassy plains; and in two hours arrived opposite to Sedikeu. This is a large village situ-

ated under a beautiful range of hills; it is one of the summer retreats of the Smyrnæan merchants and foreigners, and possesses the advantage of being within two hours and a half distance of the capital. We turned not aside to see it, so intent was I upon inquiries concerning the plague: alarming reports had met us at Scala Nuova; and at the last cafenèt within four hours of the city, no information could be obtained. I was encouraged by the reports of two Frenchmen whom we met nearly opposite to Bougiah; and also by a Greek, who bid us go on without fear; but it was evident that we were about to enter a city still infected. Bougiah, one of the country residences of the merchants of Smyrna, was then the retreat of numbers of families. It lies snugly under the hills branching from the broad summit of the mount on which the fortress stands. Some of the foreign consuls have their summer residences at Bougiah. A ruined aqueduct, and below it a stream, the Meles, is the last marked object on the road before ascending the hill by which to descend upon Smyrna: the gulf enclosed by the opposite mountains gradually unfolds itself first; then the masts of the vessels are seen lying in the harbour, and a part of the city of the Franks; but both are soon concealed again by the vast grove of cypresses which rise over the graves of the Turks. Through this wide field of mortality, the traveller from Ephesus must first pass;—a gloomy foreboding of a city labouring under the

scourge of pestilence. But we soon found ourselves in the midst of populated streets; the Turks sitting in groups were smoking in the faces of each other. Our road lay through the whole of the Turkish quarter; from which we passed through the Armenian district, and finally arrived at the clean house of Signora Marracini. We were not received without a parley; for our hostess had a son, and an English lodger upon whom she had imposed the restraint of quarantine law: but by a firm deportment we made our own conditions. The journey from Ephesus to Smyrna occupied us, in all, fourteen hours, without reckoning the hour which it cost to traverse Smyrna, from the Turkish burial ground to the quarter of the Franks.

CHAPTER III.

SMYRNA.

'Tis the clime of the East, 'tis the land of the Sun;
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?

BYRON.

"THE Paris of the Levant" contains a population of 150,000 inhabitants; of which something more than one half are Turks; the rest Jews, Armenians, Greeks, French, and English. The situation of this city is best observed from the Castle Hill, and thus it presented itself at sunrise, July 15th: —A triangular plain spread at the foot of the hill, along the shores, and the slopes of the hill itself compose the site of Smyrna. One side extends along the shore from W. to E. for about two miles and a half, and before it lie the ships in the harbour: the city itself also forms an isosceles triangle with the vertex pointing W., and an apex superadded, which reaches up to the large cemetery. I counted in all six burial grounds; — the one allotted to the Jews is near the ancient port. I also counted twenty-one mosques;

the chief mosque is a conspicuous object in the midst of the thick-set habitations. The two great bazaars, the barracks, and the chief mosque are the objects that first arrest the eye. Every part of the city is interspersed with shady trees, which serve as an essential covering to many of the private habitations. The Turks occupy the upper part of the city, their streets hanging down the slopes of the hill; the Armenians are in the centre of it; the Jews have two or three different places around both; the Franks spread themselves in the flat ground and close to the shore, and thus receive all the "purgamenta" of the upper city, whilst the Mussulman enjoys a purer air. Extending S. E. is a plain filled with gardens, bounded by the sandy shore and the tongue of the bay: a chain of mountains beyond closes the view, and ends in the cape or low land of Menimen; this extends far away to the N. and N.W., and thus bounds the gulf in that direction. The fortress itself encircles with its feeble walls the broad summit of a hill covered with old lava; and the whole surrounding district shows the marks of volcanic action.

The fortress was made by John Comnenus, in the thirteenth century, but has been repaired, especially its towers and turrets, by the Turks: some of those towers are octagonal, others circular. At the entrance is a marble sarcophagus, with a head of Medusa at each end, girt by a festoon: a colossal head,

I think of Juno, is inserted in the wall above. Within the fortress are some subterraneous vaults, apparently for cisterns; and in the midst, a mosque converted from a Christian church: this was originally dedicated to Polycarp, which may intimate that the "Amphitheatre," in which he suffered martyrdom, was not far from hence. The desecrated church or mosque is now, like the fortress, abandoned; and interesting names, like those of Ann and George Watkins, have taken possession of its walls.

In the southern view, from the mouldering walls on which I sat, I discerned Sedikeu, embosomed in trees at the foot of a range of mountains, which rise beautifully, and fall into the gulf, terminating in the cape where the "Castle of the Sea" guards the entrance into the harbour. At the foot of the Castle Hill runs the stream Meles, crossed by an aqueduct; and higher up again, at the μεγαλη Παραδεισος, by the picturesque arches of another. The road on which I had passed from Ephesus runs under a low hill which bounds the valley of Bougiah; and this pleasant village, the summer retreat of the wealthy Smyrnæans, I saw in a S. S. E. direction. Turning towards the east, which the sun now held in a light too effulgent, a broken line of mountains presents itself, across which is the passage to Magnesia and Sardes; a rich and fruitful plain, like a universal garden, extends from the tongue of the gulf to the village of Bournabat, and Koukouligah,—the golden

solitudes of Smyrna. How lovely was the verdure over this smiling region, contrasted with the gloomy cypresses which rise over the turbaned stones! But in turning again towards the sea, I could distinguish Vourla in a line of white buildings, under a low ridge, bearing nearly west: a brown cape projects from the Menimen; and beyond it, distant mountains limit the prospect. The ancient city of Smyrna occupied a portion of the Castle Hill; and the fort was, probably, where now the new barracks stand. It still remains to examine the antiquities of this city, which contends with six others for the honour of Homer's nativity; but it is now a stretch of the imagination to conceive the nymph Critheis giving birth to the poet on the banks of the Meles. This stream is said to have washed the walls of Smyrna, — an expression which does not prevent us from supposing those walls to have run up to the brow of the hill, where there still remains a solid fragment standing upright.

On a second visit to the Mount Pagus, I traced the ancient walls by the above-mentioned remains, and a furrow now emptied of its materials: the stones have evidently been employed, perhaps by John Angelus Comnenus in 1224, in the construction of the fort, which, doubtless, occupies the site of the ancient Acropolis. In the opposite direction, the walls must have run up a rugged hill, and then gradually descended towards the fort, including all the

side of those broken hills which overlook the modern barracks, and end with the Jews' burial ground. The tombs here are generally made out of marble fragments of columns, cornices, &c. : they attest that the ancient Smyrna reclined on the pendences of those mounts, except that portion of it which was built about the port, not reaching, I conceive, much further than the palace of the Muttzellim.

The site of a temple has been discovered by Mr. Arundell on the top of these heights, which he calls the Temple of Æsculapius. I only observed the vestiges of the Stadium; but this is an interesting object, for in all probability it was here where Polycarp suffered martyrdom. The "cavea" is discernible, but no seats are left; the arena is still marked out by the features of the ground, but it has lost much of its evenness. The remains of some vaults on which the seats were supported, are the most manifest indications of the building. Near it is to be traced the "Koilon" of the theatre, not large; some blocks of stone lying around, first direct the inquirer to the spot; but he must be satisfied with the mere shadow representing the substance.

The burial grounds here have consumed all the marbles of the old city; but slight as the vestiges are, they point out sufficiently clear the real site of it.

Smyrna successively belonged to the Ionians, Lydians, and Macedonians; it exercised the arms of

Crœsus and Alexander, and became one of the twelve cities of the Ionian confederacy: wars and earthquakes have frequently destroyed it; but its situation at the bottom of a deep gulf, adapted for commerce, has always secured its revival. We read of an earthquake in the year 180, which destroyed it entirely; but M. Aurelius rebuilt it. St. John's Epistle to the earliest Christians shows that the church had not partaken of the vices which infected the pagan population; at the same time we may discover that the professors of the new religion were of the poorest classes of the community. The persecution which followed, when Pliny was governor of Bithynia, probably accomplished the prediction of the ten days, and no fact in ecclesiastical history is more strongly attested than that St. Polycarp "was faithful unto death:" he, and all those that overcame tribulations and anguish by their faith, have received their reward; and Smyrna, like Ephesus, has long ago shown the fulfilment of prophecy. From the eleventh to the fifteenth century, Smyrna underwent the changes and miseries of war. In 1402, Tamerlane utterly destroyed, and filled up the harbour with stones. The Knights of Rhodes exerted their valour in its favour in vain; but at the final settlement of the Turks at Constantinople, it was allowed to revive and flourish in its commerce. Its figs, raisins, carpets, and precious stones have been exported by English and Dutch

companies of merchants to the less genial climes of the North; and the mercantile transactions of the French here have assumed the lofty title of "Le Commerce Français du Levant."

The three cherished retreats of the Smyrnæans, during the six months of the summer, are the towns or large villages of Sedikeu, Bougiah, and Bournabat. I went to the latter, leaving the "stairs," in a boat, at five o'clock P. M.: it required us no more than half an hour to reach the "Scala" at the end of the Minor Bay (which, I believe, the English sailors call Peg's Hole); and then, an hour more on speedy donkeys, chased by running attendants, brought us to the village. It is situated on a torrent bed, which is dry in summer, behind it some naked mountains rise. By gaining a vantage ground clear of trees and houses (a thing not easy), the prospect commands a large grove of olives, and the fertile mountains opposite. The inhabitants, thinking themselves well secured from the plague, wore less cautious countenances at our approach, than the Frank population at Smyrna. I visited, first, a Turkish cafè, where a fountain casts up its thin columns of water in the middle of an exposed room. I next visited the Roman Catholic church, which, after the Greek churches, I found to be a relief. It had, moreover, the advantage of being new and clean. I found three Franciscan friars, one of whom was a Modenese, and had not been more than a twelve-

month from Rome itself. He was aware of the tyranny of the Duke of Modena, and knew the tragic end of Minotti and his associates.

From hence, I went to visit one of the many houses which the wealthy merchants of Smyrna have at this village: every house is separate from its neighbours by a garden, walled round and shaded with trees; so that the master and his family may keep free from all communication in time of plague. Our host was a Dalmatian, or, as he called himself, an Albanian, a Roman Catholic, and a wealthy merchant. "I came," he said, "originally from the Paschalic of Scutari; my native place is not far from Durazzo. I am happy to see you at my country habitation, although a mournful case has brought me here to-day. I have buried my child, eighteen months old; but the young must die as well as the full aged, otherwise the world would be too much peopled!" This was said at several intervals of tobacco clouds issuing from his amber-tipped pipe. "It is true," I said, "the young and old are equally subject to death; but every death, and especially a domestic one, is a warning to the living to be prepared." To this he bowed with profound submission; but regretted that he had not known of our visit in time to have given us a more splendid reception. Next morning, I saw him walking through the city, fully bent on the affairs of this world.

The interior of Smyrna is a labyrinth of narrow ill-built streets, with a muddy channel as the only embellishment of each, and a Babel confusion of tongues assails the ears on every side. In the course of traversing a street, one meets with Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics; and, after escaping from the strings of camels, or the panniers of loaded asses, the galled pedestrian takes refuge on the Marina — that is, the quay in front of the English houses — where, alone, it is permitted to breathe with ease and security.

On the 3d of June, one of those destructive fires, which are so common in Oriental towns, broke out about mid-day, in the alley called Chiotica Khan: it consumed twelve or fifteen large dwellings in Frank Street; among them was the house of Messrs. Lee and Co., bankers; and the shops, lodgings, &c. of one or two hundred families were consumed. The loss was estimated at from four to ten millions of piastres. No sooner had this subsided, than the plague appeared in the Jewish and Turkish quarters, which, ever since, has kept the Franks in dread. I found the shops of the bazaar, for the most part, closed: the houses of the Greeks and other Europeans in quarantine; that is, a barrier is drawn across the doorway, and none of the inmates may go beyond it, nor touch any thing that is without: letters and papers received, are perfumed before they are handled; money is thrown into vinegar and water. When the

cautious master issues beyond his barrier, he is provided with a small stick, which intimates to every one he passes that he is not to be touched; nor will one man with such stick touch another, through fear that he may, by inadvertency, have communicated with some infected article of dress or necessity. This is accompanied with a constant fear and anxiety; alarm is pictured in men's faces; business is at a stand; and every one who has the means, or whose affairs allow, runs off to Bournabat, or some of the other villages, as if a flaming fire pursued them: this is the caution of the Frank population. The Turks, on the other hand, are reckless, and give themselves up to their destiny: they avoid not communication even with the infected and the dead; but a dead body will pass over the shoulders of two or three score Turks before it gets to its destination: they rather run into the evil than shun it, and think it almost impious to treat a visitation of Providence with such inhospitable feelings. Some of the Turks, however, of the higher orders, have begun to take precautions; and the Franks hail this as a good beginning of a new system; for they are persuaded, that if such precautions were observed, the plague would seldom make head against the population, and in time be almost annihilated. According to my observations, I should desire to pursue a system which should be something between the recklessness of the Turks, and the pusillanimity of the Christians:

for, although the Turkish fatality puts an end to all lawful means being employed; the Christian, in the diligent use of those means, is not to shake off all confidence in the divine protection. The few cases which occurred during the five days of my residence, spread a general alarm; and such was the daily anxiety of the people, that it put an end to our intercourse with them, and not even the British Consul had the courage to return our visit.

The missionary labours at Smyrna, though not very fruitful in so barren a soil, are as exemplary as at Syra. Josiah Brewer, Daniel Temple, and Mr. Homan Hallock, Americans, co-operate with the agents of the British Missionary and Bible Societies, with all that cordiality which distinguishes an enlightened Christianity. Mr. Temple has, some months ago, returned with his presses from Malta, and is employed in printing elementary books on education. Mr. Brewer and J. A. Jetter devote themselves to Greek, English, and Turkish schools; but the latter have lately been forbidden by the authorities. Mr. Brewer has recently published a semi-monthly paper, called "The Star in the East," which, though written in the true spirit of Christian benevolence, has had but a limited circulation. This excellent man has lately been on a journey to the interior of Asia Minor, and thinks he has verified the sites of Derbè and Lystra. I paid him a visit, and found him lying on a sick bed: the fatigues of

his journey appeared to have produced a fever. I received also a visit from Mr. Temple, by whose conversation I was edified, and of whose piety and extensive charity I received the best impressions. The general view which a Christian will be disposed to take of the missionaries in the Levant, is at once gloomy and cheering; — gloomy, as it evokes a ray of light to contrast with and make a world of moral darkness more visible — cheering, as it exhibits the zeal and self-denial which true Christianity is capable of inspiring. There are in all about twenty-five missionaries, of different Protestant denominations, in the Turkish dominions: Bagdad, Constantinople, and Smyrna are the principal stations. It may be said of many of those men, (as far as I know, of all,) that they count not their lives dear unto themselves; and if the Apostles John and Paul could now revisit these scenes of their labours, they might, indeed, lament the apostasy which has caused the candlestick to be removed, but they would admire the design of Almighty, in sending, from a section of the globe to them unknown, a "few names," to strengthen the things that have long been ready to die, and to shed a few beams of Gospel truth over the melancholy ruins of the seven Churches.

The Rev. W. B. Lewis, the agent of the London Jews' Society, in the absence of Mr. Arundell, officiates as chaplain to the English and Dutch congregations. This gentleman has a dispensary in his

house, maintained by voluntary subscription, and attended by a physician, to whom a salary of about 140*l.* per annum is afforded. Hither the poor of all classes resort, and receive medical advice and medicines gratis. Disinterested charity like this cannot fail to find its way in time to the hearts of this people, although they be hard. I was informed by the Dutch Consul, Mr. Vanlennep, that the Turks were more worthy of trust than either the Greeks or the Armenians. Among the latter, the Roman Catholics have gained great acquisitions, in the union of many of them to the Latin church, ever since the Russians meddled with their country: there is now an Armenian bishop, who owns the supremacy of Rome; and there is another at Constantinople. The Jews continue here to be the most despised of the human race; and they, in their turn, revenge themselves upon those who call themselves Christians, as often as the opportunity presents itself. Such opportunity there was during the late fire, when they entered the houses, and pilfered without shame. But when the plague appeared among them, a few days after, they made haste to get away with their goods; for, if the infection is known to be in a Jewish habitation, his goods are burnt, and he is reduced to beggary: many, therefore, went out of the city, and were seen, a few nights ago, crossing the bridge of the Caravans. They are now, it is said, dwelling in sheds, almost in a state of famine; "and no man gave unto"

them! If Heaven had not been been bountiful, above measure, to the indolent people of this clime, they would long ago have perished. The productions are rich and numerous: articles of cotton and silk are transported from Angora, on camels, thirty days' journey, at an incredibly small expense. The earth yields her yearly increase of grapes, figs, and melons, &c.; and these maintain the commerce of Smyrna, almost without the labour of the inhabitants. In an enervating climate, this seems a bountiful dispensation of Providence; but it is better to dwell upon the cold mountains of the North, where the sun is cheerless, and the winds howl around the dwelling, with a more elevated tone of moral feeling, and a higher sense of the dignity of man, than to have one's lot cast on those luxurious shores, where true religion and its blessings have no place.

The English appear to engross the commerce of fruit; and the French, of cotton; the Dutch trade is entirely fallen off. But Smyrna, with all its commerce, and the luxuriant soil around it, is not a less melancholy picture, in its populous streets, than Ephesus in its solitude. Nevertheless, a ray of light cheers the wanderer on his way, and some of the obstacles to improvement are now removed.

LETTER III.

To Mrs. Colyar, at Rome.

Smyrna, July 17. 1834.

You will, by this time, perhaps, have begun to think that the theme of your correspondent in the East "has died into an echo," and that you will receive no more "useful information." It is now near forty days, besides many leagues of land and water, since I addressed my last letter to you from Napoli di Romania. The time has been thus employed. — I spent thirteen days on a tour in the Morea, including two of repose at Napoli; in two days and two nights more I reached Athens, and there remained five days. My journey through Attica to Cape Colonna occupied nearly three days; and then I began my voyage of eight days, among those isles,

> "Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
> Make glad the heart that hails the sight."

The rest of the time has been consumed on the journey from Scala Nuova to Smyrna by Ephesus, and in examining this first city of the Levant. We took up

our residence at the house of Signora Marracini, remarkable for its cleanliness and its inmates. The hostess derives her origin from Italy, but, in the display of the stronger passions of our nature, is evidently a child of the East. The terror of her eye completely subjugates all the menial train about her, and sometimes renders her very guests submissive; we found an English artist from Malta, who had been kept a close prisoner for three weeks—not being permitted to pass the threshold, lest he should bring in the plague. Our presence knocked off his fetters, and he has seen the light once a day ever since: but the vision of Lady Macbeth, to whom he likens our hostess, still haunts the Anglo-Maltese. In recommending, therefore, the house, without being *struck* by the landlady, I have to add, that the apartments are fitted up in the European style, and the establishment is more of the nature of a boarding-house than an hotel. The terms are a dollar a head per diem, including board and lodging; but at the day of reckoning it approaches nearer to a dollar and half. The accommodation is worth it, compared with other and cheaper establishments of the same description at Smyrna. It is not one of the least useful pieces of information, to have a general idea of the prices of the most ordinary articles of consumption; but in that case, it is necessary to know first the relative values of coin and weights. At Napoli and Athens I received about twenty-seven drachmas in exchange

for a pound sterling; and at Smyrna, ninety-seven Turkish piastres and three-quarters. The average value of a drachma therefore is eightpence three farthings; and of a piastre, twopence three farthings. The Greek drachma, which is a handsome silver coin, is divided, like the French franc, into centimes, called lefta; and these circulate mostly in copper coins of five lefta each, analogous to the French sol. There is also the Hellenic dollar of five drachmas. The piastre was originally equal in value to the Spanish dollar; but the Sultans have so debased the coin, that it now seldom reaches the value of threepence in exchange. It is divided into forty parahs; and the parah is not an imaginary, but a real coin, stamped like the five piastre piece: but it is of no intrinsic value whatever; nor is any other coin issued by the Sultan, except the gold pieces of twenty piastres each; and these are, perhaps, worth about half. I must leave political economists and currency questionists to draw their conclusions from this state of things in Turkey. The Spanish dollar is current both in Greece and all over the Levant; in Greece it has a constant value of about six drachmas. In Turkey it varies according to time and place. At Smyrna it is worth twenty-one piastres and a half at present; but at Constantinople and at Broussa it is not allowed by the monopolising agents of the Porte to rise in value above twenty piastres.

The weight by which every thing is regulated is the

oke, equivalent to two pounds and three quarters. Eggs, the great resource of European travellers after fruit, are bought for four or six parahs each; milk, at thirty parahs the oke; a small loaf of bread costs six or eight parahs; melons, at twenty parahs; grapes, at thirty-two parahs the oke; pears, at thirty; mutton, two piastres ten parahs the oke; beef, not much more than half that price; I have, however, purchased a whole lamb in Albania for fifteen piastres. These prices do not apply to Constantinople, where, I understand, travelling Franks, especially English, must not expect to live at a less rate than at Paris or Naples. Having made certain provisions of *luxuries* for our journey through Asia Minor, you will see, by the grocer's bill, how these things stand at Smyrna.

Gentlemen English. Bought of George Mitchell & Son.

16th July, 1834.

	Piastres.	*Paras.*
Three okes of loaf sugar	21	0
Half oke of brown do.	2	10
Half oke of tea	29	0
Two wax candles	3	10
Half oke of rice	1	20
Three bottles of porter	15	0
Three do. of Marsala	18	0
Two do. of brandy	14	0
One bottle of mustard	7	0
Four okes of potatoes (these from Malta)	4	0
One tea-pot,	21	20
One cheese, one oke and a half	9	0
	P. 145	20

Or about 1*l.* 10*s.*

They generally count the price of washing by the dozen; for nine dozen and a half pieces of linen, at eight piastres per dozen, seventy-six piastres (at Smyrna). British commerce, if I may judge from the present state of the harbour, is by far the most considerable. There are now thirty vessels under cargo, of which more than one half are bound for Great Britain and Ireland; viz. three for Falmouth, two for Liverpool, five for London, and the rest for Ireland. The plague, which now slightly infests the city, puts a stop to social as well as commercial intercourse; and the Frank merchants, as many as can leave their establishments, have retired to the villages of Bournabat, Bougiah, and Sedikeu. It does not, however, put a stop to the strife and riot which have always characterised the Asiatic Greeks. A few evenings ago, at the village of Koukloudgia, where a fête was held, a quarrel arose between the Greeks of the village, and some others who had gone from Smyrna to drown all thoughts of the plague in draughts of wine: a female, having gone into the church — may we hope, to pray — was insulted by the Smyrnæans: the villagers immediately fled to their knives; and before the Aga could appease the tumult, several individuals were mortally wounded. It is an anomaly yet to be accounted for; and, however accounted for, is humiliating to our nature; that the awful visitations of Providence should, in general,

have the effect of rendering both Christians and Pagans more desperately wicked!

The Sultan's desire of imitating the European governments has lately led him to attempt the passport system. The firman issued upon this subject, requires that persons of every nation and language established in the dominions of the Sultan, who are desirous of travelling in the interior of the empire, must produce two bondsmen, before the local authorities can deliver a passport, or Teskeri. As the Greeks have their bishops and primates always at hand, the Armenians and Jews their communities, the Turks their friends or acquaintances, the whole weight of this inconvenience falls upon the Europeans, wherever they may happen to be, where there are no consuls or established merchants; it is therefore in contemplation to make an appeal to the Porte in behalf of the Europeans; and perhaps the strongest argument that could be used, would be to state the fact, that there are no Teskeris in England. But that no inconvenience might be sustained by us in the mean time, we have not only provided ourselves with a Teskeri, but with a Bouyourdee of the governor, which, I believe, entitles us to exercise authority even over the police! We are now nearly ready for proceeding towards Constantinople, after driving a hard bargain with the Hadjee Schereff. I have procured horses at the rate of twenty piastres per diem; already they begin to approach caparisoned, and followed by a host of at-

tendants. The excitement in the house of Signora Marracini is indescribable! Our cavalcade blocks up the street, and drives the pestiferous Turks against the threshold. A piece of cotton, which the wind has carried into the passage, has produced shrieks and clapping of hands, as if there were no more hope of safety. Farewell.

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEY FROM SMYRNA TO THYATIRA, BY SARDIS.

While, blasted by his Crescent's dreadful glare,
The bloom of Science and of Genius dies.

MAURICE.

OUR retinue consisted of five baggage horses, two Surgees, a Tartar guide, two servants, and four masters: we were escorted by the Hadjee Schereff, or Post-master, as far as the bridge of the Caravans, where we found Armenians smoking under the shade of the trees which grew by the water-side. The road passes between the villages of Bournabat and Oujah, situated on the mountain. To the right, the country wears the richest appearance, abounding in all manner of fruits. By the light of the moon, I could distinguish the trees and habitations of another village before us, on a plain which leads to the mountains of Tepuli-Dag; leaving Boudag on the right: the road to Magnesia branches off to the left: but we took the road to Casaba and Sardis.

Travelling by moonlight, with the fresh breeze of

evening, was truly delightful; and the outlines of the mountains were seen, in varied degrees of darkness, for an immense distance. After six hours, we came to a cafenèt, at no great distance from the village of Vimfi, where we halted.

July 18. — In the early light, I distinguished Vimfi under a rocky mountain, embosomed in wood: the fortress walls run up on the edge of the rock, above the village; a river, the Nimphtchi, runs east, which is frequently crossed and re-crossed in going towards Casaba. The most splendid view of a majestic plain, sweeping at immeasurable distance along the foot of those beautiful mountains, enchants the wandering eye of the stranger; and such is the lavish bounty of nature, that, at a distance, you might imagine they were cultivated with the greatest care, and that vines and corn-fields were spread over the vast surface: but in approaching, you find green copse, stunted oaks, and various shrubs, where the hand of tillage never comes. At an hour's distance from the cafenèt, I observed the remains of a Roman bridge over the Nimphtchi; there are three arches, and the foundations of the piers are easily separated from the Turkish reparations. In three hours more, making in all ten from Smyrna, we arrived at Casaba.

This town contains two handsome mosques, some dirty streets, and a bazaar. In the streets, you stumble over pears and water melons, for which

Casaba is renowned; these, and a great quantity of cotton, are the principal exports. There are about one hundred Jewish families settled in this place, and they had just received an addition of fifty more come from Smyrna to escape the plague: not so much from dread of losing life, "as losing that by which they live." One young man, who spoke English fluently, presented himself at the khan, to offer his services as our guide or dragoman, either at Casaba, or in the journey to Brossa. He was soon followed by an Italian doctor, who gave us much advice gratis upon the mode of travelling, and upon the dangers to be avoided from a free exposuae of the chest to the air. A large audience was quickly collected to hear the strange accents of the Franks; and whilst we sought repose under the shade of a wooden gallery, the number of spectators increased: but there was nothing more marked in their demeanour, than a semibarbarous curiosity and astonishment; and when we had stretched our limbs upon the matting, they gradually dispersed, and appeared no more until the hour of our departure.

Previous, however, to leaving Casaba, I found it expedient to establish my authority over my Turkish attendants. The Hadjee absented himself without leave, and left us to "devour impatience" for two hours, which made us resolve to make him "eat dust." Furnished with the firman of the governor of Smyrna, I repaired to the house of the Aga,—a

wide-spreading construction of mud walls, bricks, and wooden galleries, with two or three attendants posted at different turns. I found the man of brief authority reclining alone, and in silence. A grey beard hung from a collection of withered features, amidst which twinkled a pair of grey eyes: his bare legs and slippered feet were drawn up on a red carpet, spread near a window; and he invited me to sit down and relate my story. The result of the interview was a reprimand to the Hadjee and Surgees; and an understanding, that for the rest of the journey I was to be obeyed, in naming the hours of departure and repose. At an hour's distance from Casaba, I came to a burial ground filled with ancient columns and other fragments, showing that here, or in the vicinity, had stood an ancient town. On my right lay a wide plain; and on my left a range of mountains, whose outlines appeared, as if fortresses and castles occurred at every moment: but these were the broken summits and rocks which some strong convulsions of nature, doubtless earthquakes, have produced. Near sunset, the sky began to lower in the east, and presently became so black with clouds as to threaten a deluge: the result to us was the finest spectacle I had ever seen exhibited in the elements of light, lightning, and moonshine! The sun appeared like a globe of flaming fire descending from the clouds just past a promontory shaped like a semidome; the whole of the western sky was

illumined with a golden light, richer than "the cold in clime" ever conceived, and far surpassing any I had seen in Italy. The reflexion alighted upon the opposite angry clouds, and produced a lurid blaze amidst the blackness and tempest. As the light of day decreased, forked lightning broke from the host of clouds so vivid and so bright, that at every moment we had a light which rivalled the sun of northern climes. The rain, which we found had fallen copiously near Sardis, we just escaped; and to the lightning storm succeeded the light of the moon. At about half-past nine it broke out of the dark sky, and shone so bright, that we were enabled to erect our tent at midnight, fixing in screws, and doing all things as by day. It occupied us six hours in going from Casaba to the ruins of Sardis, making in all from Smyrna sixteen hours.

July 19. — Our tent was pitched nearly due north of the Acropolis, on the Pactolus, on the left bank, opposite some ruins, — the crumbling remains of a comparatively modern fortress; a little down the stream (for the famous Pactolus cannot be called a river) there is a wooden bridge, not wanted, in summer, by any one who may wish to step over the brook: near this are two burial grounds; at a few paces distant is a mill, owned by a Greek; and, due west, rises a perpendicular sandy mountain, whose conical top, like that of the Acropolis, is covered with brushwood; its broken de-

clivities are curious, though not so fancifully diversified as the Acropolis Hill. Ascending by the banks of the Pactolus, in a S. W. direction, we came, after twenty minutes' walk, to the remains of the Temple of Cybele: two columns are only now standing, and no architrave rests upon them; the capital of one is also somewhat displaced — but, as all the metal is now gone, perhaps the stone, having resisted the pillage, will be let alone for the future. The shafts of these columns are in many pieces; the marble is coarse. They are half interred, but the capitals, as specimens of the pure Ionic order, are justly regarded as the finest in existence. Around the two solitary, half-buried columns, lie scattered the fragments of many others, together with friezes, architraves, &c. A classical architect has estimated that there were seventeen columns on each side, and a double row of eight in the front. The two now standing, belong to the "interior order of the east front;" but I cannot conclude, with Mr. Cockerell, that, *because* the capitals only are fluted, the building was not finished. The fluting of the shafts can never have been intended, otherwise the flutings of the capitals would have shown some tendency to continue downwards; whereas they are closed and perfected.* Two unveiled females followed our in-

* For a sketch of the plan of this temple, and some architectural observations made by Mr. Cockerell, see Leake's Tour in Asia Minor, p. 345., additional note, 265.

spection of these ruins, with wondering eyes; and a peasant brought us a round pebble, taken, as I conceived, from the bed of the Pactolus. The peasants here seem to know in what the former renown of this stream consisted, although now it brings down no gold. Having quitted these venerable remains, which may be estimated at an age of 2400 years (and are, indeed, all, except some vestiges of walls on the Acropolis, that time and war have spared of the ancient Sardis), we returned in an easterly direction over the green hillocks which lie under the precipitous steeps of the Acropolis Hill: amongst these I traced the features of a stadium, which I estimated to be 600 yards long, and 120 broad; but I could not discover any evident traces of a theatre. It was on the side of the theatre where Antiochus scaled the Acropolis.

Turning south, I soon came within view of the great masses of ruins, which indicate the less ancient edifices of Sardis: these lie principally S. W. and S. of the Acropolis. The most conspicuous of them belong to a period of comparatively little interest, and they appear to have been, for the most part, places of defence, and are composed of the broken materials of the former city. The abrupt precipices of the Acropolis Hill, in its lower parts, are substructed with walls of a better kind: they may reach as far back as the age of Julian; and we may suppose Chrysan-

thius to have had a share in their construction. I continued my circuit of the Acropolis as far as the remains of the two churches, which stand near a mill, and on each side of a stream which runs S. E. to join the Pactolus. These ruins appear to be of the same age, because they are both constructed by the same rule as to materials. The one nearest the Acropolis is said — upon what authority I know not — to have been dedicated to the Panaghia; the other, to St. John. Of the former, remain four skeletons of buttresses standing at right angles with one another; and they must have formed part of a nef in sustaining the vaults: the lower parts are of blocks of stone and marble, the spoils or remnants of other edifices; and so copiously have the materials been employed, that it seems more than probable this building was made after the destruction of pagan worship: the reign of Theodosius, or even Justinian, would not be too modern a date. The fragments, however, exhibit a coarse kind of sculpture, such as the two first centuries of the Roman Empire would disown.

The remains of the other church are more compact in construction, and, like the former, have the lower parts of stone or marble, and the upper of brick "ad emplecton." The ruin, moreover, is more perfect; and there are vestiges of a wall which has enclosed a square space, no doubt consecrated.

The ground appeared to me to be marshy, and, I should imagine, unwholesome at certain seasons. It was, however, one of the few spots which lay under cultivation: a mill adjoining, and a few huts, untenanted, were all the human habitations I saw on this side the Acropolis. I did not think it expedient to ascend the rugged hill, but contented myself with observing its varied features; and I gained an advantageous view of the plain and the Hermus, from several of the mounds which lie under the sandy precipices.

From the ruins of the church of St. John, I directed my steps, following the stream, towards the Pactolus, to the extensive ruins called the Gerusia, or House of Crœsus. This edifice has been solidly reared upon a regular plan, which may yet, in a great measure, be traced; the walls are massive, and the brickwork evidently Roman, of no late period: perhaps from the earthquake, in the reign of Tiberius, it may date its origin. The western side is entirely ruined; but a square court, or room of communication, which appeared to me to be the centre of the whole, leads into two rooms (one on each side) having circular ends. A long compartment beyond, runs the whole length of the two rooms and the court; and it is difficult to assign any other use for the whole than baths: and as the construction is Roman, like the "Thermæ" in Italy, they would, doubtless, contain a gymnasium as well as other

places of exercise and public resort. After examining this ruin, I returned to my tent at half-past eight A. M., and remained at Sardis till five o'clock P. M.

The Mount Tmolus rises behind the hill of the Acropolis; and the part of it which is turned towards the Tmolus is so precipitously steep, that Crœsus thought not of guarding that part, when Cyrus laid siege to his capital. The hill, at a distance, presents a triangular form: the vertex almost ends in a point. Like the whole range extending westward, it is curiously broken, insomuch that it is difficult to pursue any one path which conducts to the top. The interest which the first book of Herodotus has thrown over this city, the celebrity of its rich dynasties of kings, the alluvial gold of the Pactolus, the achievements of Cyrus and of Alexander, suggest so many classical remembrances, that a day was not too long to ponder on those great events of antiquity. But Christian Sardis has a still greater interest; and I read, with the scene before me, the epistle which St. John addressed to the church of Sardis. Three Christians by profession are now the representatives of that church; the miller, his wife, and son. The threatenings of the Judge have been executed upon Sardis, who refused to repent; and as a thief in the night have the just judgments descended upon the ungodly, whilst the few names unpolluted have long ago received their reward. I could not but feel an interest in the solitary family which

now preserves at Sardis the name of Christ. We took refuge, during a sudden storm, in their rude habitation; and if they abound not in goods, either spiritual or temporal, they have at least the blessing of contentment. Their means of grace are none; but perhaps, on that account, the inward and spiritual grace may be more singly felt — for if "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," how much more the darkness to the feeble light which dwells in "one of those little ones." The nearest neighbours of the Christian family are some Turcomans, who have erected their tents, or a few mud huts, on the Pactolus, and about the site of the Stadium. And it appeared to me, that for an individual to maintain inviolate, even the profession of the name of Christ, under such circumstances, he must have other strength than his own, and be alive to the honour of his Saviour: and so it was; for when I asked the poor miller if he held fast the profession of his faith without wavering, he answered that he was a Christian: and you do well, I added, to cleave unto Christ, for he is the only Saviour: upon which, he rejoined with much fervour, laying his hand upon his breast, and looking up to Heaven, Μονος μονος Σωτηρ; "the only Saviour." Who, therefore, shall say that there are not a few names still left, even at Sardis, monuments at once of the goodness and severity of the Lord?

The good man of the mill assisted me to adjust

a dispute which had taken place between our Surgees and the Turcomans. All our horses were seized for having invaded the beans and corn of some of those dwellers in the mud huts, not far from the Stadium: as soon as I was informed of this, I delivered my Bouyourdee to be carried to the Bey of the district, to enforce the restitution of the horses for our journey; but it afterwards occurred to me, that I might be promoting injustice, seeing that if the crops had really been injured, some reparation ought to be made. The Bey lived at two hours' distance; and, in due time, the Hadgee returned in triumph, with a positive order from the Bey to release the horses. I then explained to the Hadgee, that I had not obtained the firman of the governor of Smyrna for the purpose of committing injustice; and I proposed that the peasants should be called, and recompensed for the injury sustained, offering, at the same time, to make such recompence myself: but the Hadjee thought enough had been paid in procuring the Bey's order, and in the trouble of a four hours' ride. It was also alleged, that these murmuring husbandmen made a practice of seizing the horses of travellers, upon pretext of their crops being injured; but, in fact, to extort money; and that this time they had failed, because of the firman. This statement was confirmed by the Greek miller, which allowed me to depart from Sardis with a clear conscience. Had it not been for this transaction, however, I should

not have known that either beans or a Bey grew about the deserted Sardis.

The tumuli, in every direction, are innumerable. The mouldering walls which were opposite to our tent belong to the history of Turks and Tartars — the instruments of divine anger which the head of the church employed against the apostate Christians of Asia.

I left Sardis amidst the loud crashes of thunder, which appeared to rock the very Acropolis; and they rolled in distant peals over Mount Tmolus. For a moment the rain fell in torrents, whilst we took the same road by which we had approached Sardis. This soon struck off among the marshes which extend along the Hermus; and it was necessary to inquire frequently for the direction of the path. We passed a number of black booths of Turcomans scattered about the marshes, which only so far redeemed the depopulation of this wide district. After about an hour and a half we crossed the Hermus, now called Cadischay, or Sarabat, and quickly ascended to a village of mud huts — the winter habitation of those we had just seen dwelling in tents. Pursuing a N. W. direction, we came to a line of tumuli, situated on a range of hills overlooking part of the Gygæan lake. We passed near the largest, which is generally supposed to be that of Alyattes, the father of Crœsus: it was six stadia in perimeter at the base, and derives peculiar interest from having

been visited and described by the father of profane history. We arrived near the end of the Gygæan Lake as the moon broke over its waters. It lies under a low chain of mountains which bound it on the east. The opposite shores are low, and seldom rise higher than the range on which the tombs of the Lydian kings are. We arrived at Marmora at ten o'clock, having been five hours in performing the journey from Sardis.

At Marmora we slept in a cafenèt, which I had reason to repent of. The noise of dogs, the filth, and thin-voiced mosquitoes "took away sleep." This town is situated under a cliff, has two mosques, and a great number of mud houses; many of which are at present in a state of *dilutidation*. The host of the cafenèt, who was a Greek, said that twenty-five families were now settled at the place, but formerly there were more; and that the Turkish houses had diminished from one thousand to one hundred, which I thought could not be true; for taking into consideration that part of the town which runs up the hill at the southern extremity, I could not form my estimate of houses at less than three hundred. On the plain side, fig trees, pomegranates, and vines abound. Some travellers think this may be the site of the ancient Exusta: it is certainly the site of an ancient town; for both in the burial ground, and in the streets, are seen, constantly, fragments of columns and other vestiges. The road to Ek-hissar now lies

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in a level country, in which even fields are cultivated occasionally.

July 20.—At two hours' distance from Marmora are some copious springs, which send forth the most pellucid streams: half an hour beyond these, there is a burial ground near a stream, and a fountain, and a few inhabitants: this I take to be the village of Kenesh. Some inscriptions copied here, and published by Mr. Arundell, show that we are near an ancient town named Terentium. After one hour, I came to another burial ground, where many "frusta" of columns are employed in the tombs. I traced the vestiges of an ancient temple close by, which had evidently furnished the spoils: its columns (which had, doubtless, formed the flanks of the Cella), were precisely like those of the Temple of Bassæ, in the same relative situation. From here I discovered the cypress trees, which rose thick from the cemeteries of Ek-hissar: and I soon arrived at a burial ground without a tree, which I found was the Armenian. Here were employed innumerable fragments of antiquity, although the mournful spot seemed to be deserted even by the dead. The Turkish cemetery soon appeared, with many a witness of the plunder committed upon the ancient Thyatira. I arrived at a Khan just at the entrance of the town; but a much more splendid one stands in the interior, with Kiosques running up the sides of the prodigious gallery.

CHAPTER V.

THYATIRA, AND THE JOURNEY TO BROUSSA.

All they which dwelt in Asia heard the word. — Acts.

Ek-hissar, the ancient Thyatira, is situated in a fertile plain, which is bounded by mountains on the west and the north, — the mountainous ridge which Strabo describes as the barrier between the plains of the Hebrus and those of Pergamos. This plain once exhibited the assembled armies of Antiochus; and the same Lucius Cornelius Scipio, whose sepulchre has been discovered on the Via Appia at Rome, was the victorious Roman who decided the fate of the Syrian king. The town is said to contain one thousand Turkish houses, three or four hundred Greek, and thirty (I should think more) Armenian. The streets, like all the towns in Turkey I have yet seen, are narrow, ill paved, and traversed by a stream of filthy water. The Bazaar is, as usual, the most gloomy of resorts; and being Sunday, all the shops of the Greeks and

Armenians were closed, which rendered it still more dolesome. The merchandise exposed for sale in the Turks' shops is of a very inferior quality. The principal article of export is cotton; and there are still some "sellers of purple." The fruit-shops were stocked with melons, plums, some grapes and pears; the latter much inferior to our own. Near the principal mosque are six ancient columns standing in a line, all in their original positions; they are interred up to within four feet of their capitals, and may have about twelve feet in the ground. Upon them rest some modern arches of brick; forming, as far as they they go, an arcade, which is, perhaps, not very dissimilar from the original construction. Dr. Smith judged these columns — I think, rightly — to have belonged to an "Agora." The width of their intercolumniations determines the arcade, and not the portico. But the learned traveller might have observed several other columns of the same material and dimensions in the vicinity of the six: within the court of the adjacent mosque are two, and an Ionic capital belonging to the same family. In several other parts of the town, the sheds are made to repose upon truncated columns: and all these, being added to the remains which may be yet traced in the burial grounds, will give some idea of the vanished splendour of Thyatira. At a little distance from the six columns, the Armenians were laying the foundation of a new church; and, in digging, had turned up a quantity of

marbles, some of them inscribed both with Greek and Armenian characters. The ground had been used for Christian sepulchres from time immemorial; and some of the more recent coverings were inscribed with dates as early as 1640. The church, which had just been taken down to make room for the new foundations, was probably built in the interval between the ravages of Tamerlane and the fall of the Byzantine empire: but it had only succeeded to another of more remote antiquity; as appears from the remains, which I was fortunate enough to see. A section of a wall was discovered at some depth below the actual surface: it was of an elliptical form, and of considerable thickness: the brickwork was far superior to any I had seen either at Ephesus or Sardis, and of a character decidedly Roman. Close by it was dug up a marble cross, cut out in relief upon a small tablet. The labourers had respected this relic, and carefully set it up upon the wall: the lower part of the tablet was fractured, and a piece of one of the arms of the cross broken off; but even supposing the broken piece to be very small, it would, if added, form a Latin, and not a Greek cross. The "tribune" of the new church will, I fear, conceal those remains; but from the care I observed, in putting aside all the bricks found, and the value set upon the cross, I should not despair of the old wall being at least preserved. Finding a Roman wall, therefore, thus characterised as the remains of a

church, and upon a spot which tradition has rendered sacred, I concluded that these were genuine vestiges of, perhaps, the first church that was ever erected at Thyatira. Neither the remains at Sardis, nor those at Pergamos (said to be of the ancient churches), have so much evidence of their authenticity as the vestiges in question: and I considered it a remarkable circumstance, that four English travellers should arrive just at the nick of time, to rescue the interesting remains from total oblivion. From the contemplation of what those Greek Christians might be, who laid the foundations of this primitive edifice, I turned to witness an instance of the oppression which has fallen in judgment upon their degenerate posterity. It was Sunday; and the Asiatic Greeks, whatever else they may neglect, have a religious veneration for their festivals: this generally ends, indeed, in excess; but it mostly begins in devotion. The proprietor of the khan at which we reposed was constructing his side galleries, which were to be covered with tiles: none but Greeks could be employed to any purpose in a work of that nature: the poor men were reluctant to apply themselves, alleging that, being Sunday, they ought to be allowed to have that day, at least, for devotion and repose. A domineering inspector, with a large stick in his hand, soon appeared, and drove them upon the roof; and waited, like an Egyptian task-master, until they had given the "full tale of bricks." They laboured

hard; and I am convinced that fifty Turks could not have accomplished, in twice the time, what those eight or ten Greeks did in two hours.

Whilst we reclined on the carpet beds spread on the platform in front of the cafenèt, we were obliged to listen to the sound of two crazy stringed instruments, to which a little wretched boy was made to dance: the dance consisted in a succession of contortions of the body, sometimes representing a warrior, but often degenerating into indecent gestures: but the greater novelty of seeing our cook boil some potatoes, drew away the spectators.

Thyatira was the fourth of the seven churches of Asia, whose shade had now passed before my eyes. Pergamos is at a distance of about twelve hours from Ek-hissar: it has nearly retained its ancient name, being still called Bergamo. The plague having made its appearance there, and said to be at that time in vigour, deterred us, in a great measure, from attempting the journey. Philadelphia is estimated at nine hours distance: it is now called Allah Sher. Laodicea, if its site be truly ascertained, is about fourteen hours from Philadelphia, in a S. E. direction. [The present state of these, as well as of the other churches, has lately been illustrated by the Rev. Mr. Arundell, to whose works, and Col. Leake's researches, I refer.]

The seven Apocalyptic Epistles to the Churches have exercised the genius and pious speculations of ancient

and modern writers; but, to the man who has ruminated amidst their solitude, and handled the painful reflection that the religion of Jesus has been supplanted, in its own native soil, by the delusion of the Prophet of Mecca, there is but one explanation — "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out." The epistles, taken in order, are supposed by some to represent seven distinct periods of the church; and those are characterised by the mystic names of each. Ephesus, which signifies complacent desire, or mutual appeal, represents the favour of God, first shown to the Gentiles during a period extending from the origin of Christianity to the commencement of Nero's persecution, A. D. 64. Smyrna — myrrh, spices, or incense — represents the faithful testimony and prayers of the saints during the period in which the church was purified by trial at the hands of the Romans, until the accession of Constantine, in 324. Pergamos signifies secure exaltation, and points out the interval between the elevation of Constantine and the commencement of the 1260 prophetic years — (Rev. xi. 3.); but the period of that commencement is variously conjectured. — Thyatira signifies sacrifice, or sweet savour of contrition, or toil; and figures the testimony of the church in the wilderness during the 1260 years; and this applies to the History of the Reformation Church. Sardis—a gem, or precious stone—indicates the state of the church from the end of the 1260

years, when she becomes again precious from her comparative purity; and this period is supposed to reach until the preparation for Christ's coming. Philadelphia, or love of the brotherhood, expresses the period of that preparation, until the Lord come in the air, to be met by his saints risen and changed; in which period we now are supposed to be living. But Laodicea, or righteousness of the people, represents the church which is yet to come, and is the monitor concerning the history of the church during the intervening period of tribulation, until Christ finally establishes his personal reign on earth! Such are the fancies of those who contemplate at a distance the ruins of the seven churches; but, to one who, having left the church of Corinth in desolation, reads the epistles in the solitude of Ephesus and Sardis, there is a more simple explanation — or else, why not have included Corinth, Philippi, Thessalonica, and others in the mystical history. All that St. John was commissioned to write to the seven churches, regarded them alone; and now, every prophetic warning, and every promise, have been realised in their destruction or apostasy. The epistles now have no other meaning or reference; but they stand for our admonition whenever we are under any of the seven conditions therein described. These conditions comprise every state of prosperity or defection into which a Christian church can come,— a subject this, which will easily admit of an extensive

developement and useful application, and if the number seven will either facilitate or enhance the value of the inquiry, it will be found in the four churches of antiquity, and the three of modern times*, which comprise all others; and, perhaps, the epistle to Thyatira may best apply to our own.

I left the earthly scenes of the early favour of God with some gloomy thoughts, because, of the seven churches, not one was spared to perpetuate the light which once shined in darkness. That light will only be restored, when the word of truth again reaches Asia from the regions to which it was banished.

We recommenced our journey from Ek-hissar to Broussa at five o'clock P. M. Issuing from the narrow streets, I soon found myself surrounded by smiling nature, having a range of fertile mountains on my right, and a wide intervening plain more fertile: vines are cultivated to a great extent; and the road, for a good way, fenced with hedges. The large village of Eisoni and Eisolekka (I write the name as it sounded in my ears) are situated upon the sides of the mountain, right and left; and the well-clad soil comes down from them into the plain with the luxuriance of the concave sweep, which always describes the fruitful region. At the distance

* The four great churches of antiquity are, the Roman, Greek, Armenian, and Abyssinian: the three sprung from the Reformation are, the Lutheran, the Calvinian or Presbyterian, and the Anglican.

of an hour and a half from Ek-hissar we came to a delicious spring, and there crossed a river, running in a direction towards Ek-hissar. A little further, the villages of Heirlah and Tchiflich appeared conspicuous on the mountain side, right; and the face of the country appeared to me more lovely at every step. The moon rose like the eruption of a burning mountain, and soon lighted up the stony path which led us through a defile into a plain. It occupied us, in all, five hours and a half to arrive at Galimba, although half an hour was lost by one of our horses falling sick.

At this village, whose burial ground extends over more surface than that occupied by the living, we took possession of two sheds, and slept in the open street; and on the 21st of July in the morning, performed our lavations at a fountain which was close at hand. I counted here three mosques; and, in leaving the town, observed cultivated fields to some extent, and a chalk mountain on the left. We proceeded for an hour and a half among hills spotted with bushes, amidst which large herds of goats were browsing. In an hour and a quarter more, a cafenèt: a wild country, and nothing to see, save strings of laden camels moving the melancholy step, and an occasional Arab hut. After passing those unpeopled mountains, we gained a view of a plain situated among ranges of mountains, like a hollow wave in the midst of heaving billows. South of this, anothe

plain of equal beauty and greater extent, the eye is arrested by the shed-like houses of the village of Goltschuk, where, after five hours' march, we reposed.

I had seldom seen such activity in the fields of Asia, as I observed at this village—the produce being chiefly corn and grapes. It was the time of reaping. The process of gathering in the corn is simple and primitive. Having cut it, they bind it up in small shocks, and pile these up into the form of one of our ordinary haycocks; it is then fetched away to the threshing floor in carts, whose creeking may be heard at a mile distant: on the threshing floor it is laid in immense heaps: the shocks being unbound, a pair of oxen is brought yoked to a flat kind of sledge, on which a man stands upright, aided by a heavy stone for more pressure, and revolves round the strewed mass; thus the ox only performs a part of the treading, and might justly be muzzled eight hours out of the twelve. The straw is chopped for forage, which both horses and all other cattle must be content with; for I never saw so refreshing a sight as a hay-field in all my journey in Asia. At this village I saw two unbiassed specimens of Turkish manners. We were forbid (but not prevented) to go on the north side of our cafenèt, lest we should meet or see the women. Before the gallery of the cafenèt was a fountain: at the hour of prayer, the men came and performed their ablutions, and then stood up to pray: our host prayed in his own house, with his face in the door-

way, looking, as he and I thought, towards Mecca; others mounted a platform behind the fountain. They first pray standing, with their hands crossed in front like the statues of the Dacian captives at Rome: they then fall on their knees and touch the ground with their forehead, rise up quickly; and then repeat the operation a great number of times, holding a string of beads. The number, I apprehend, depends on the quantum of voluntary devotion. A tall travelling Turk here made his appearance, and kept up with us as far as Sousougerlich.

Quitting this village, I was delighted for a while with the civilised aspect of the country, which also presented many fine landscapes: we passed through volumes of smoke, which proceeded from the burning of the copse along the side of the mountain: this is practised when the inhabitants wish to bring the land unto a condition for planting vineyards. For an hour and a quarter we passed through similar green copse, and then a plain. The village of Boaditch appeared on the right. Over the same kind of mountains the path continues for three hours, and then cuts through the narrow cleft of a calcareous mountain, and descends upon corn fields at the village of Tchagousch, situated at the beginning of a fine plain: here are two or three Greeks, and but a small population of Turks.

July 22. — Having struck our tent at five o'clock in the morning, we proceeded amidst corn plains in a

northerly direction, and soon met a tribe of Turcomans conveying their furniture upon the backs of about fifty camels: they were emigrating to the village we had left, for the purpose of settling a short time there, to gather the figs. Their invariable question to us was, — Have you come from Ismirda (Smyrna), and what news there?

After travelling a little further, we discovered, far in the plain, a vast horde moving; their camels and company reached for two or three miles. The first thing which struck me, in seeing this people, was their resemblance to the descriptions we have of wandering Scythians, and the early inhabitants of Attica.

In two hours and twenty minutes we crossed a scanty river, the ancient Caicus, and came to the miserable village of Mandahori, or Mandoria. We were shortly joined by the travelling Turk, whom we discovered to be a merchant; and this accounted for the "nil admirari," or indifference, with which he viewed our European manners. He was soon followed by a female seated, as males are wont to be, on a horse, and enveloped like a bale of cotton; four black female slaves attended her, carrying carpets, slippers, and additional clothing: the Egyptian women were unveiled, and they did not dismount from their horses until preparations were made in the house for their reception. Part of this ceremony consists in putting out of the way the faces of men, and setting in the way coffee and chi-

bouques; for the women smoke as well as the men. Having witnessed this specimen of female travelling in the East, we turned our attention to our own *Yaourt* and *Carpous*.

A poor Greek was lying near us in his hut, sick of a fever; and, having heard that some Christians had arrived, expressed a desire to be visited. I entered his wretched abode, and found him lying on the hard ground, having been six days in that condition; he said he was alone, and could hope for no assistance of any kind from the surrounding Turks; and he appeared to have already resigned himself to his coming fate. His first wish expressed was to be blooded; but, finding that he had an intermittent fever, I had recourse to our medicine chest and our practical directions in such cases, and I administered the remedy which appeared most fitting. He received my medical gifts with much gratitude, and made the sign of the cross. I exhorted him to put his trust in Him who was crucified, and he would find help more valuable than any the Turks could bestow. Hope began to beam upon the poor Greek; and I would not have foregone the gratification of seeing that cheerful ray on his desponding countenance, if I had even purchased it with catching his fever.

The journey from this village to a cafenèt situated near the issue of a valley through which we had travelled took us nearly four hours; the scenery exhibits

mountains covered with copse, with occasional pasturage, occupied by the Turcomans. We passed a tribe watering their camels, an operation which the women performed whilst the men looked on: these men were all armed, and their attention to us was drawn by our pistols, which they examined with great curiosity. The Turcomans do not differ more from the Osmanlee in harshness of feature, than the rustic population of any country differs from the inhabitants of the towns and cities. Their wandering mode of life lends a wildness to their eyes; but the nature of their occupations secures them from many of the vices with which the Turks (living in cities) are affected. Like the Scythians of old, they carry all their possessions along with them; and they are the only people who rescue the vast plains of Asia from utter desolation. The riches of a tribe consist chiefly in the number of camels, which enables them to transport their industry from one place to another with greater advantage. They are at liberty to move from one end of Asia Minor to the other, and, by the payment of a slight tribute, to occupy any common pasturage or uncultivated ground; but, in the parts of Asia nearest the coast, they can sell their labour to greater advantage than in rearing their own crops. They are the only persons who can be employed with effect in gathering in the fruits, and reaping the harvests, of the proprietors living near towns: their wages are, consequently, comparatively high.

With their profits they provide themselves with articles of dress and ornaments, according to their rude fancy, and with these they retire again into the wilderness. The women display their tinsel in great profusion; metallic fringes surround their not ungraceful jackets, and broad glittering clasps secure the girdle and the bracelets. Among the females employed in watering the camels, there was one of singular beauty; and, with that penetration which belongs to her sex, she soon observed that she was an object of attention. She ran to and from the well, and the camels' trough, with a graceful rather than a hurried step, but with an air as modest as the primrose which grew near the fountain. It was impossible to conceive a more faithful representation of Rebekah at the well of Nahor, when "she made the camels drink also;" "she hasted and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water." But I soon discovered a more intent observer of the female's employment than ourselves; this was one of the young Turcomans who had so much admired our small artillery. His eyes followed the steps of the damsel, and then returned for a moment to join in the admiration which he saw had caught the cold Franks. The damsel's attention to the camels became too severe to be genuine, and the pitcher returned to the fountain with a step too hurried to be diligent; and, whilst I wondered whether this might be love, the pitcher fell, and the

damsel's eyes alighted quickly upon the young Turcoman. This might be accident; but a crimson hue suffused the cheek, and decided the question. Had I seen nothing but this, I should have been convinced that the Turcomans were the most moral subjects which the sultan has in his dominions.

The word Turk signifies a wanderer, and is rejected as an appellation by the followers of Othman, who call themselves Osmanlee. The first emigration of the Turks, or Turcomans, from the East may be dated from the tenth century: they were numerous and powerful enough to conquer Persia, and establish a dynasty of shepherd kings, who held the dominion of Asia until the period of the Crusades. Their capital, Nice, was then taken, and the seat of government removed to Iconium. Until the middle of the thirteenth century, they continued to break down the power of the eastern empire, and influence the fate of Asia. From a subject of the sultan of Iconium, who governed 400 families, living in tents on the Sangar, descended a line of monarchs, whose glory and conquests threw the remnants of the Seljukian monarchy into oblivion; but the distinction between the descendants of that monarchy and those of the followers of Othman is still maintained, known to the Europeans by the respective names of Turcomans and Turks. The former may be called the agricultural population of Asia, the latter the inhabitants of the cities.

At the distance of one hour from the cafenèt, and five from Mandoria, I saw on the right the village of Omerluki, prettily situated in a snug vale. In two hours and a half I came within view of the river *Sousougerlich*, which I take to be the ancient Macestus *; and in an hour more arrived at the large village of that name: but, to ascertain that it is large, a person must go off to the right, and see the houses situated in a hollow ground. Its appearance is altogether mean. The river runs past it in a wide sandy bed. The produce of the country around is chiefly corn: the surrounding hills still covered with stunted bushes.

July 23d. — We left *Sousougerlich* and its river (after a contest with our Surgees) at half past six, and proceeded in a N. W. direction. In two hours we came opposite a village under a pretty hill, and the plain becomes wider: in one hour more, we alighted at a pleasant cafenèt, and reclined under a shade of four trees, placed at right angles to one another. Here I found some vestiges of antiquity, consisting in marble fragments. Our route now lay across a vast plain, chiefly turf, most tempting to the equestrian to start off at full speed. After travelling for nearly three hours, we came to a fountain, over which was reared a tall conical tower, not unlike the chimney of a glass manufactory. There was a staircase inside,

* Strabo, Geograph. lib. xii. tom. ii. p. 833. Edit. Oxonæ, 1807.

leading, I supposed, to the top. In looking over the plain, towards a large town situated on the declivity of the hills which terminated it towards the north, I observed several other towers of the same kind. The town is Mokalizza, or Mokalitsch; and the towers mark the course of an aqueduct, which a Bey intended to carry to the town, from the source springing at the first tower above mentioned: but it appears the Bey was not fated to wear his head long enough to accomplish his good intentions towards the inhabitants of Mokalizza.

We now proceeded over the plain, turning in a more easterly direction, having a view of Mount Olympus rising out of the waves of lesser mountains. A strange pile of building soon appears at a distance, which, upon drawing near, turns out to be an immense fortress. On the side I approached, its situation resembles that of Mantineia; but on the east side, I found, it occupied the slightly elevated bank of a large river: here we were to rest for the night, and in a high wind erected our tent.

The village, if such it might be called, was inhabited by about ten Greek families, whose miserable huts were placed within the still erect bulwarks of the fortress. There is, also, a monastery called St. Honorius; and a solitary papas is the guardian and representative of a once large monkish community. The place is called by the Greeks, Lupathion, or Lupath, which comes very near to its ancient name, Lapadium.

The Turks attempt a name which sounds something like it, — Oulabat. In the cloister of the monastery I found some fragments of antiquity, and a small sarcophagus, with an inscription: the word ΑφΡΟΔΕΙΣΙΑ was easily deciphered. This monastery, as well as another at or near Apollonia, called of St. Constantine, depends upon a head at the distance of six hours from Lupathion, where, it is said, are two or three hundred Caloyers. After reclining under the arcade of the cloister for a short time, I made half the circuit of the walls; the following morning I completed it: the whole is the work of the Genoese. The towers are alternately round and pointed, and the curtains such as were usually built before the use of gunpowder: in the walls, but specially in the towers, are immense spoils of the ancient town, — pieces of columns inserted in the foundations, fragments of cornices projecting from the heterogeneous mass. There are passages through the mass of wall (which is generally ten feet thick) into the towers from within. Those pointed outside form a rectangular space within; bricks are employed to form the arches; the rest is of unhewn stone. Although there are a few inhabitants within these walls, a solemn stillness reigns around them, broken only by the croaking of the storks, who sit the livelong day upon the tops of the broken towers. The fortifications run down to the river at an angle; and within the limits are the remains of a broken-down bridge.

This river, called by the Greeks Lupat, and by the Turks Oulabatsch, is the ancient Rhyndacus; it issues from the lake of Apollonia; and, joining the Sousougerlich, goes into the sea of Marmora.* Previous to our departure, we were visited by the only Turk in the place, whose office is to govern it. He facetiously displayed his brief authority; but lowered the dignity of his station, by moving his thumb over his fore-finger, as a sign for money. The Greek who had furnished us with milk and eggs appeared equally rapacious.

July 24. — I left these worthy inhabitants of the old fortress, and crossed the Rhyndacus by a wooden bridge, as unstable as the water which flowed beneath it. We were soon joined by a papas, who belonged to the large monastic establishment above mentioned. He told me the lake was six hours in length, which I found only to be three. At forty-five minutes distant from Lupathion we came to a build-

* Pliny says it was more anciently called Lycus, and that it *issued* from the pool Artynia, near Miletopolis, and received the Macestus and other streams. Strabo says it *has its source* in Azanitis, and, receiving tributary streams from Abrettena Mysia, as well as the Macestus, entered the Propontis, near the island of Bebiscus, now called Calolimno. It is evident that Pliny, by the "Stagnum Artynia juxta Miletopolin," means the same thing as Strabo, by the Απολλωνιτιδος λιμνη, or Lake of Apollonias; and although the river may have its source above the lake, yet, as it flows through it, it issues from it. Compare Strabo, lib. xii. (Phrygia), and Plin. lib. v. c. 32. On the banks of the Rhyndacus, Mithridates was finally overthrown by Lucullus.

ing of a remarkable description, which I could neither resolve to be mosque, church, or temple: its construction is too perfect for Turkish skill and masonry; and, yet, over the entrance are Arabic characters, which seem coeval with the building. The interior is divided into three regular nefs; the divisions are effected by vaults resting upon buttresses, as in a church. In the main nef are placed two pyramidical-formed pillars, reared upon four short granite columns. The only light which has been admitted into the interior is by these two "Abbaini," as the Italians call them; and, therefore, I suppose this edifice to have been erected by the Genoese, as a place for depositing stores or treasure. No other building or ruin is near. The whole of this district is inhabited by Greeks.

Continuing the journey eastward, we soon arrive opposite the town still called Apollonia *in limné;* anciently it was distinguished by the additional title, ad Rhyndacum. The inhabitants are chiefly Turks. This town is really built "in the lake," and presents a striking picture in the distance. The borders of this lake are fertile on the north side, and beautifully enclosed by folds of mountains on the south; it abounds in fish, and several smaller islands appear to float on its surface. After travelling for nearly four hours, we halted at a village; every house was closed, and all the tenants were occupied in the fields — it was the time of reaping. A solitary woman supplied

us with the two loaves she had purchased for her own use, or else we should have wanted the staff of life.

The magnificence of the territory of Broussa began to unfold itself after quitting this village: abundance of corn fields announced the fertility of the valleys and mountain sides; and, in approaching nearer, the whole plain seemed to swell with the bounties of nature. After five hours from the village, we reached the ancient capital of Bythinia. Not the temples of the gods, but the mosques of the false prophet, now rise in such profusion, that a stranger might suppose this city full of prayer. I entered the gloomy streets a little before sunset. Having passed the hot baths, so celebrated, we continued for half an hour through the most luxuriant foliage; the walnut, fig tree, vine, and mulberry, vieing with each other in verdant beauty. Although it was not seven o'clock when I entered Broussa, every shop was closed, and every street cleared, just as if the whole city had been abandoned by its inhabitants; and, had we arrived five minutes later, the doors of the khan would have been shut against us. Our good fortune secured us a repose for the night, in one of the wire cages which belongs to each room on the ground floor. We performed the journey from Sousougerlich to Broussa in sixteen hours of travelling; it is called twenty-two hours, but that means as the beasts of burden travel.

CHAPTER VI.

BROUSSA AND THE MYSIAN OLYMPUS.

As in a picture from that towering height,
The Macrian rocks and Thrace approach'd the sight;
The Bosphorus involved in rising steam,
The hills of Mysia, with Æsepus' stream.
APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

THE hotels in the large cities of Turkey, called khans, or hans, were originally intended for public institutions, — they were founded by the Mahommedan piety of the sultans, for the purpose of affording convenience to commercial travellers, and exercising hospitality towards strangers in general. They are constructed upon a large scale, and built of solid materials; and, except the mosques, are the most striking and conspicuous objects in a Turkish city. Upon the whole, they are still nearly limited to their original purpose; the reception of mere passing travellers is a secondary object. They are, indeed, principally used as depôts for merchandize, and permanent abodes of merchants. The khangee, or innkeeper,

furnishes the guests with nothing but the rooms; he delivers the key up to the occupier, who pays a trifle per diem for the convenience. Ipek Han, where we alighted at Broussa, was almost all occupied in this manner, because of the season which was at hand for the sale and purchase of raw silk. The entrance into the han is by a large, clumsy gateway, which, as soon as the sun begins to sink, "on its hinges grates harsh thunder." The interior presents a large quadrangular court, with a copious and elegant fountain playing in the middle; the rooms are disposed all round the court in two stories, and their average size is about twelve feet square; on the ground floor they are masked by wire fences, enclosing recesses which are furnished with shelves like shopboards. It was one of these to which we were reduced for a lodging. We experienced the sympathy of as many of the Turks and Armenians as witnessed our narrow circumstances, but we did not consider our lot very hard. In the middle of the court a fire was lighted for the purpose of cooking a supper. This operation soon attracted the inmates of the khan; but their curiosity was the cause of upsetting our best dish of maccaroni. The khangee repaired our misfortune, by contributing a few eggs and the fragments of a loaf of bread. In a little time all was still, and our sleep was not the less sound for being pent up in a wire cage: the great Bajazet, who once inhabited Broussa, and afterwards lived in an iron cage, was

worthy of more commiseration! In the morning the Armenian merchant appeared at an early hour, to take possession of his inner room for the day, but found it blocked up by four recumbent human figures — he started back with dismay at the sight, but soon renewed his inspection. His astonishment was turned into civility, and he entreated us not to be in haste, declaring that for the sake of hospitality he would suspend his hour of business. As there was no lodging to be found in any of the other hans, we ascended to the second story of the ipek; we were put within four bare walls, and had the covered gallery for a drawing-room — the whole not quite equal to an ordinary stable. I scarcely took time to examine the bazaar, before I began to make preparation for ascending the Mount Olympus.

July 25.—To render the ascent of the Mysian Olympus more easy, we determined to sleep half way up the mountain, and see the Turcomans. We left Ipek Han at half-past three o'clock P. M., carrying tents and beds, and accompanied by two Surgees, besides our Suliote sergeant. For the first hour, immediately after clearing the houses, the ascent is very steep, but constantly shaded by the most luxuriant foliage. Down on the right is a rich deep ravine, clothed with verdant trees and shrubs; proceeding fifty minutes further, we gained the first view of the lake of Apollonia: pines now begin, and in half an hour more

the whole assumes the appearance of Alpine scenery. The Surgees, unknown to us, turned out of the main path, with the intention of making us rest for the night in a spot chosen by themselves, which obliged us, in consequence, to take a steep and difficult ascent of an hour and twenty-five minutes, in order to reach our destination before night. Their only reason seemed to be the cold which they dreaded during the night; to counteract which, they set fire to a tree which lay opportunely near the spot which I had taken the liberty of choosing for myself. This was upon some pleasant, dry turf, and under shelter of a cluster of pines; and I soon found, from the barking of dogs, that we had got very near the tents of the Turcomans. We immediately requested one of the Surgees to fetch yaourt and milk; but he alleged they would all be asleep, and did not love to be disturbed. I put a piece of money in his hand, took him by the shoulder, and wheeled him in the direction of the barking dogs: upon this he mounted a horse, and speedily returned with abundance of yaourt. Since I left Naples I had not known the refreshment of a gently piercing air. I suppose we were elevated about 4000 feet.

July 26.— At half past four in the morning we left our tent, and proceeded against a sharp wind across the turf, which affords excellent pasturage for the wandering Turks; it is watered by many streams.

In a very little time we passed their tents, and found the women employed in milking the cows or stirring the caldron. Proceeding further we found another tribe, sheltered in a verdant valley. Our guide was a Turcoman from the tents, who showed more willingness to oblige his charge, and render the ascent easy, than the Surgees. He (probably, according to the usual custom) desired us to leave our horses at the distance of an hour and a half from the summit: but we had just met a set of horses laden with snow; from which we concluded that our horses could also reach the snow, and insisted upon breaking through the general rule. The Turcoman gladly obeyed, and sprang forward; for he saved himself a two hours' walk by my reform. Quitting our horses, we completed our ascent in half an hour more: having been nearly six hours in all from Broussa. But I am convinced that the whole might be performed in five hours, without great fatigue. The mountain near the summit presents on the east side a fearful mass of precipitous rock; snow lies in the recesses all the year round. The Sultan sells the privilege of fetching it away for a considerable sum, besides the condition of having a boat-load conveyed daily to Constantinople. The very summit of the mountain is smooth, covered with Tchingel, and dome-shaped. At seven o'clock I stood on the top, and thus surveyed the countries of Asia around me.

On the south are ranges of fertile hills, rising like

the waves of the sea: the prospect from east to west is bounded by a higher chain, for the most part monotonous. The Lake of Apollonia, with its many islands, bears W. N. W.; beyond it are the boundless plains over which we had passed, and above them stood a line of white cloud in thick array. In a N. W. direction I saw the Sea of Marmora, with the long island of Kololimni; and afterwards I caught a glimpse through the mist of some smaller isles, which I took to be the Princes' Islands. The intervening plain, with the gently swelling hills above it, is rich beyond compare. The Gulf of Modania bears north, shut in by a chain of mountains, which hide Constantinople from view: these go off in branches towards the east. A sweet level plain lies N.E., seen through an opening at the feet of the spectator. Beyond is a glimpse of the Bay of Nicomedia, and behind it is a chain of high mountains, which limits the view; at the end of this chain lies Nice, and the country which once witnessed the myriads of crusaders who invaded the Greek empire. S. E. by E. the prospect is immediately limited by some branches of Olympus itself; but when this obstruction ceases, a far distant view is obtained S. E. which was partially enveloped in mist. Down at my feet lay deep wooded valleys, and the forests, once the haunts of the wild boar, which cost the life of the son of Crœsus. All these objects I surveyed at one view; and, reflecting on

the many important events which had been acted on this splendid theatre, I remained until my reverie was destroyed by the rustling of an eagle's wings. A rustic staff on the very summit attracted my eye, and I carried it away as a simple memorial of the top of Mount Olympus in Asia.

My Turcoman guide began to descend with rapid strides; and as he walked before me, I took the opportunity of remarking his dress: it was of an inferior kind. Beginning from the foundation. I observed he wore a pair of black slippers; and his legs were enveloped in coarse woollen greaves so completely, that only a finger's breadth of nakedness appeared between the top of those and the bottom of the sack-breeches; the latter were of a russet brown, of coarse linen; the loins were girded with many a fold of sash, until it reached the waist; a short jacket nearly met it, but flew from the back, whilst the flaps in the front blew over the hilt of a long yatagan stuck in his girdle; his sleeves were of many colours, and exhibited the patchwork of poverty; his neck disdained all covering; his hair was sandy, and his beard short; stunted features, frequently drawn into a grinning smile; the whole surmounted by a scull-cap, which was once red, bound round by a dirty shred of a turban. He had scarcely descended a few yards, before he solicited me to give him his reward. I thought at first he was fearful lest I should give him nothing, when once at my tent; but the

real reason of his premature request was, I believe, to conceal the sum he received from the knowledge of our Surgee, who might have taxed him for so valuable an introduction.

In returning to the tent, which was a business of two hours and ten minutes, I was forcibly reminded of the Alpine scenery of Switzerland: the same dark pines, the same plants and flowers, appeared before me; and I only missed the granite peaks which point the way through the clouds in Switzerland and Savoy. The Turcomans soon brought us all the riches of their milky store; which were in the triple form of Yaourt, Chimac, and pure milk. We were soon visited by some of the old men, who stood at a respectful distance from the tent before they were invited to come in.

After a delicious breakfast, we bade adieu to the wandering tribes, and began to descend upon Broussa; but the view of the Gulf of Modania at the minor elevation by far surpassed that which we had from the summit of the mountain. The magnificence of the plain was more distinctly unfolded, the features of the rising grounds more evidently traced; now every hillock in the fields below was drawn with accuracy, and the white sails were clearly seen to move over the Sea of Marmora: nor was the advantage less in descending upon Broussa; the whole city lay spread like a map at our feet; the mulberry vales and gardens in the vicinity presented a scene which neither painter nor poet

could ever describe. This appeared to me to be the only country which entirely defies description, and of which nothing more nor less can be said than that it is the finest country upon earth. We arrived at our khan at half past two P. M., having been three hours in descending from the green platform; and, in all, five hours ten minutes from the summit.

Prusa was founded by Prusias, a king of Bithynia, B. C. 220; and when the kingdom was reduced to the form of a Roman province, Prusa became the residence of the governors. It is very probable that Pliny the younger wrote his celebrated letter to Trajan from hence; and we may conclude from its contents, that in the beginning of the second century Christianity was generally diffused over this fair region. Of the ancient city I find but little remaining, except some vestiges within the circuit of the more modern citadel: these chiefly consist of broken columns; some injured bas-reliefs inserted in the walls; and the materials of the Roman fortifications, subsequently used by the Genoese for a similar purpose. When Christianity finally declined at Prusa is not recorded, but it is evident that Orchan found Christian churches in it in 1326. This conqueror, the son of Othman, established here the royal residence of the Sultans or Emirs; and from that event the true æra of the Ottoman empire may be dated. The Genoese made a final effort to regain their possessions in this part of Asia, but they failed before the

vigorous arms of Orchan. From 1326 to 1453 is the period when Broussa flourished under the immediate favour of the Emirs; and perhaps its comparative decay may be dated from the capture of Constantinople. Its rich silk trade restored, and has preserved, its population; and the amazing fertility of the soil has made it the garden of the East.

The city is built at the foot of a mountain which forms part of the base of the Olympus. It stands upon the last declivity, and even reaches down into the plain; but the tendency to keep to the mountain has given it a long, rather than a compact form; so that, while its whole circumference does not exceed seven miles and a half, its length is more than three. The inhabitants are chiefly Turks: the number of their houses is estimated at 16,000. The Armenians are next in point of numbers; possessing about 1000 habitations: they have, however, but one church, whilst the Greeks, though fewer in number, have three. There are about 300 Jewish houses, and three synagogues. The Armenians, in their ecclesiastical affairs, are governed by an overseer, not equal to the rank of bishop, but exercising nearly the same functions, called a Bartabet. The Greeks have an archbishop. An Armenian school, upon their unimproving system, has long been established; four days previous to my arrival, a new one on the system of mutual instruction was set on foot. The number of scholars amounted to seventy; and al-

been opposed by the priests, it will ...ally succeed. Mr. Schneider, an American ...ary who had just taken up his residence at Broussa, co-operates with some of the more enlightened Armenians in forwarding their new institutions; but it remains to be seen whether any missionary labours will be effectual or not in this morally dark city. It is said to contain as many mosques as there are days in the year; but this seems to be a mere flourish. The true number does not exceed 200; some of them appear to have fallen into decay, and the greater number are of no use except for the minarets to glitter in the sun. The abundance of water which flows from the shady sides of Olympus, renders Broussa more agreeable in its interior than any Turkish town. Every khan has its copious fountain, and the sounds of falling streams are heard in all directions.

July 27. — At the distance of half an hour's walk from the city are some mineral baths of great celebrity. The establishment called Yeni Capiglia is the most frequented. I entered, and found great numbers of Turks swimming in a large round reservoir, which the Romans might have called a natatorium. The room was so hot with vapour, that I was deterred from going through the operation of a champoo. At a further distance of a quarter of an hour is another large establishment, called Eski Capiglia; but they are all upon the same plan. The mode of

taking the bath very much resem
that of the Romans. The Jew
to enter the Eski Capiglia: the Tu
tion that if a Jew were to bat water, it
would be turned into blood! it gushes out from the rock too hot for immediate use; but the Turks, whose delight is a sudatorium, give it but little time to grow cooler, before they devour its suffocating vapour.

I had scarcely proceeded ten steps from the baths, before I was accosted in the Italian language by a man habited as a Turk. He began by declaring himself to be the most miserable of men; but he owned that he was justly punished by the hand of an avenging deity, for his apostacy. He had been, he said, a Christian, having come originally from Trieste. He had the misfortune to fall in love with a Turkish damsel; but could cherish no hopes of ever being united to her, unless he became a Mussulman. To gratify his desire, he renounced his faith; and put on the turban and Oriental costume in which I saw him. Many months had he repented with bitter tears; but the consciousness of his crime pressed him so sore, the he had no rest by day or by night. And after delivering himself in a strain like this, he begged some relief. "If the case be as you represent," I said, "there is yet room for repentance, and I would sympathise with your sorrow; but if you are from Trieste, you are an Austrian subject, and must be known to Signor Nicoletti, the Consul. If I find,

upon inq[illegible] t your case is a proper one, you may com[illegible] am, and I will converse further with yo[illegible] subject." Nay, but if he could be relieved [illegible] here, he should not die before evening. My suspicions were increased, and I determined not to give him a single parah: and, upon inquiry of the Austrian consular agent, I found the penitent to be an Italian Jew, who, for the sake of gain, had become a Mahomedan, and acquired of the Franks at Broussa the title of a "grand Birbante!" After this painful example of depravity, I went to the house of the American missionary, and performed divine service. The congregation consisted of my young travelling companions, Mr. and Mrs. Schneider, and two Armenians, one of whom understood English. Mr. Schneider, not being an Episcopalian, did not make use of the Liturgy of the Church of England, but made no objections to my doing so; and thus was that edifying service read in Broussa to a congregation for the first time. The Armenian, who understood English, assisted in the school; and there is every reason to believe that he is a sincere Christian, and will become a valuable fellow labourer with the American missionary.

The rock on which the ancient Acropolis stood, and which is now encircled by the mouldering walls of the fortress, is a manifest marine production; the greatest part of it a coral rock. There can be little doubt that the whole plain of Broussa was anciently

a gulf like that of Nicomedia, which, also, has considerably diminished from its former magnitude during the present generation. Upon the coral rock the Romans constructed the citadel; but it probably never comprised so much space as the more modern one. The construction of that is precisely the same as the fortress of Lupathion: the same alternation of round and pointed towers; the same manner of inserting old fragments of marble in the massy rough material of the wall; and therefore we must account the whole to be the work of the Genoese, and consequently built before the fourteenth century.

I entered within the walls of the citadel by a doorway constructed of large marble cornices, and at every step saw frusta of columns strewn; a Greek cross stuck in the wall near a fountain, I regarded as a vestige of early Christianity. I proceeded straight to the mosque called Daouloo Monastir, which has manifestly been a Christian church. I observed two crosses inserted in the walls; but a more evident proof is the tesselated pavement within, which, happening not to be covered by the matting, I clearly discerned. This mosque contains the tomb of Orchan, his brother, and his children: one brother's name, written on a tablet placed at the head of the tomb, was Goskut. These are rude but simple monuments, resembling a common grave in a churchyard, providing it were conceived to be covered with plaster

without disturbing the arched form. The walls of this mosque are incrusted with marble; but in some places, where it has suffered by fire, the Turks have restored it with plaster. Some women were praying at the tomb of Orchan, which for a while prevented our access; but they easily yielded to our approaching footsteps, and with muffled chin glided round the monuments, watching our motions at a respectful distance.

Very near Monastir is another small mosque, which contains the tomb of Othman the father of Orchan; and those of his children near him. There is about the same relation in point of glory and renown between Orchan and his father, as there is between Pepin and Charlemagne, and the memory of the son appears to have the greater veneration at the place of their tombs. There is always something impressive about the graves of the mighty dead; and Othman and Orchan were the founders of an empire, which still affects the destinies of Europe, and the prospects of Christianity!

The word Daoul signifies a drum; and it was given to the mosque or monastir, because of the drum of Orchan, which the Turks used to show: it was about three times the size of a common drum; and wooden balls were rolled inside, which made a prodigious noise, and filled the minds of the listeners with astonishment: but the famous drum was burnt in a fire which took place about thirty years ago.

From hence I traced the direction of the walls to a gate— Kapaneu Kapoussee — which leads down to a beautifully wooded valley; and there ascending the batteries, I gained a view of the west end of the city, where the mosque of Mouradaja predominates: but the most splendid view is from the platform on the ruins of Eski Serai, or the old Castle, the residence of the Sultans. This place has much historical interest, but little remains to point out the magnificence of the Emirs. A pile of building is standing, which I was told not to consider as a mosque, but a school. Orchan erected a college at Broussa; and if he chose to have it near his own residence, it is very probable this may be the remains of it. I ascended to the summit of the stripped dome, and looked over the Tophanè, where the cannons, used only for salutes, point over the plain part of the citadel: it is now reduced to a garden, into which I went, and saw the view from the edge or terrace. On each side of two gates I observed some large bas-reliefs, but so injured by the action of fire that I could not tell their subjects: one, however, appeared to belong to the chace, for a dog devouring a stag might be discerned; on the others, hunting spears, and, I thought, military standards. I was accompanied by an Armenian in this survey; whose information, either local or historical, added not a whit to my own observations. He could not tell me where the prison stood, in which the Constable of France, with the renowned Sieur de Courcy, died.

The great trade of Broussa is its silk: one of the bazaars is dedicated to the raw material, which is exceedingly fine, of a flaxen white, and is brought to market in knots of about eight or ten ounces each. The working up of this silk is very simple; and no one ever attempts to deviate from the straight lines and old patterns. The dye is a failure; for the colours, which appear so brilliant when new, will be obliterated with two or three times washing. Opium is another branch of commerce at Broussa, of which I had no particular information. A very few Franks are established here. Signor Nicoletti, an apothecary, who acts as Vice-Consul for Austria and America; Monsieur Clepin, a French trader; and M. Constantine Zorab, a Swiss, whom fifteen year's residence in this most Turkish city has turned out a strange compound: the rest are physicians or quack doctors who come to astound the Turks. Two of these I conversed with: the one a native of Sicily, whose uncle had been established in Broussa in some branch of trade: his nephew, when a boy, was sent to him at Broussa; and in the course of time was sent back to Italy to study physic. Having passed through the necessary ordeal, he directed his steps back again to the capital of Bithynia; and had been then slaying the circumcised for about eighteen months. The other was a subtle Greek from Thrace, who, being displeased at the line of the new territory, which left him still among the Turks, plunged into the

thick of them by way of consolation; and, if I might judge from appearances, I should say that he will soon take ample vengeance upon his oppressors, if he obtains practice in his profession. This man, collecting an audience, plied me for news in an almost unintelligible French jargon:—"What are these fleets doing so near us? What means this business at Constantinople?—Shall we have war?"—"I really cannot tell; I have no news." But this only increased his curiosity; he thought I was a diplomatist, and insisted upon my declaring peace or war, and at what time it was to commence. I then thought it was time to twist round my watch-key, and whistle softly with a knowing air, which completely confirmed the doctor's suspicions of my political knowledge; and after winding up the curiosity of his audience, which was chiefly composed of trading Armenians, he made me declare war against Russia in three months; and they all went away to arrange their speculations accordingly. A more interesting physician, who came from Sebaste, I met the following day: he was the private doctor of the Pacha, and not ignorant of the country in which he resided. He said it had taken him 200 hours of travelling to reach Broussa from Sebaste.—The only two remaining objects of curiosity which a stranger is expected to visit, are two bridges thrown over the bed of a river which in summer is dry. The one is a covered bridge, and inhabited by silk weavers; the other open, with a single arch:

there is nothing remarkable in either of them, except as works of utility; and it must be confessed that, in great works of that description, the Sultans have generally distinguished themselves. Paved roads are sometimes to be met with extending over morasses, and long bridges across swamps, which must have cost immense labour; and that labour procured at a vast expense. It is certain the Sultan has not an inch of road in his dominions, which would not, in any civilised country, be indicted as a nuisance; but it may very much be doubted whether such provision as is made in Asia Minor for the convenience of a thin population moving over immense districts, would or could ever have been made by a representative government. Nothing can be more ugly than the interior of a Turkish city; and no habitations more wretched than those of Broussa, which, except the mosques, khans, and bagnios, are literally built of mud; and yet the tiled roofs, interspersed with luxuriant trees, and overtopped by the numerous glittering minarets and cupolas, produce a wonderful effect at a distance in the landscape. Our horses for ascending the Olympus were paid at a Spanish dollar each: we agreed to pay half a dollar each to Modania, which was two piastres a horse less than the kindness of M. Constantine Zorab would have induced us to pay.

CHAPTER VII.

JOURNEY FROM BROUSSA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Arganthonean mount with gloomy brow
Majestic frowns upon the stream below.
APOLL. RHODIUS.

July 28.—WE left Broussa at half past two P.M. for Modania, by the same road as we came from Smyrna, passing again the baths and gradually descending into the low plain. The path branches off at a cafenèt, and crosses the plain, where the beauty of it ceases. In two hours and a half from Broussa we forded a river, which I took to be the ancient Odrysses; in forty-five minutes more, we reached a village prettily situated on the site of an ancient town! I saw an altar, erected to Αγαθη Τυχη; fragments of columns, and other vestiges. This, I doubt not, is one of the many ancient "Pagi" inhabited by the Alazones, who, according to Strabo, were very particular in paying adoration to Apollo. In thirty-five minutes from this village, we arrive at the top of the passage; and gain the first view of the Gulf of Modania; then, by a delightful valley, which sometimes con-

tracts into a glen; the descending path winds among mulberry trees, olives, and vines: these intermingle their foliage more luxuriantly than a European can well imagine: it appeared to me the Val d'Arno, tenfold increased in riches. This beautiful district was anciently inhabited by a people called the Halizones. From the heights which overlook the narrow gulf they might discern the Mountain Arganthonius, another region of poetry and romance. There was the fountain into which the boy Hylas fell, and where, in future ages, the Thiades went yearly in quest of him. Like a beautiful garden, the scene continues to the very foam of the breakers. We went along the margin of the shore, and soon came to Modania, having been five hours in performing the journey from Broussa.

I agreed with some perfidious Greeks to transport us in two caïques, eight oars each, at 125 piasters, to Constantinople, and to start at midnight; but they only appeared at five o'clock in the morning, alleging that the sea was too rough. Their long light caïques, shaped like canoes, are supposed to be made in that form for the purpose of moving rapidly with oars; but I found that, rather than ply the oars, they would wait eight or ten hours to catch a breeze of the duration of two. In this manner the voyage is prolonged, and rendered so tedious, that it is far more agreeable, and often more expeditious, to go to Rhio, and round by Nicomedia.

July 29. — In leaving the coast, I saw Modania to advantage in the light of the morning sun. It is a large village, and stretches along the shore for a considerable way. It was anciently called Myrlea; but Prusias changed its name to Apamea, which was the name of his wife. There are several other villages similarly situated, but nothing very attractive in the low range of hills which rise above them. In three hours we reached the opposite coast, near the point which defines (in the distance) the limit of the two gulfs.

The Island of Kalolimni, the ancient Bebiscus, lay stretched along the blue water in front of our course: sudden gusts of wind blew the unstable boat nearly into the waves. At five minutes past eight, we touched the sea of Marmora, and then crept along the rocky shore in the Gulf of Nicomedia, — the usual expedient when a north wind blows. The first view of Prince's Islands was gained at a quarter past nine. The beautifully wooded shore sometimes reminded me of the lakes of Switzerland; keeping under the cliffs, we arrived at the village of Kalaili, at twenty minutes after eleven. Here is a good shelter, of which our boatmen determined to avail themselves; but, by an industrious perseverance and much wrangling, they were induced to start again at three o'clock P.M. The village was filled with drunken Greeks, which our boat's crew left with unwilling minds, and reluctantly drew the

oar under the rocks and headlands, which we scraped for an hour and a half. We then arrived at a hamlet situated in a quiet inlet opposite to the Prince's Islands. Behind these, extending eastward, appears a range of low mountains, which close the Gulf of Nicomedia. I was indebted to the laziness of our boatmen for a ramble over the cliffs, which command an extensive view of the gulf, and caught the first, though imperfect, view of Constantinople. From hence, behind a projecting rock, I found a sandy beach, which tempted me to a nearer contact with the sea of Nicomedia. We were detained until half an hour after midnight, and slept soundly on the shore, close by the breakers, for four hours and a half. In three hours we came, with a breeze, opposite the small island of Antirobithos.

July 30.—At five o'clock, we landed at the Island of the Prince (Prinkipo)*, having been in the boat from Modania no more than twelve hours; but the stoppages made it twenty-four hours. The town, or village, at which we landed displayed some life in the interior: it is maintained chiefly by the visiters who come from Constantinople to seek cooling breezes and get away from the noise of the city. On the

* It was called Prince's Island, according to George Cedrinus, because Justin, the nephew of Justinian, built a house in it for the reception of hermits, and it was called the suburbanum of the prince; but Zonaras says that Irene, whom Nicephorus banished into the island, built the monastery.

cliffs, which rise from the waters like walls (of a reddish, sandy appearance), stand a few houses, the cherished retreats of their owners. A house of call is perched above, where the more humble find a lodging, and some attempts at European fare: here we breakfasted, and had in view the mosques of Constantinople, and some of the other islands near us. The largest of these Islands are four,—Proti, so called because it is the first which occurs in going from the city. Chalki, or Karki (Chaleis), lies opposite Prince's Island: on it stands a large palace-like edifice, with a mosque and many cypresses running up the ascent behind it. This was intended for a college: it is now the useless ornament of the island. On the heights of the same island are two monasteries. The island which lies between Proti and Chalki, once Antigonia, has preserved its ancient name. The general appearance of these islands is naked—a nakedness which the vines hardly cover. No sooner had I left the Prince's Island, than I saw, behind a hill, columns of smoke ascending, which I found afterwards proceeded from a village on fire. Conflagrations in the East form one of the scourges which the people seem destined to undergo. The wind blew stiffly from the north, and the boatmen pulled lustily across to the shore, and then sank exhausted on the benches. A promontory, covered with cypress trees, yet concealed the city from our view, as we coasted with a land wind, in a N. W. direction; but,

having turned that promontory, the gorgeous capital of the East bursts full upon the view, and the eye comprehends at one glance the separate cities of Constantinople and Galata. It is filled with wonder at the novel aspect of the mosques, and domes, and minarets, and palaces, rising from among cypress groves, and reflected in the waters of the Bosphorus. The Cape Demetrius, bearing the golden walls of the seraglio on its margin, launches forth into the waves like the mighty prow of a ship bringing in all the wealth of Indus. The eye escapes from the enchantment, and runs past the point to catch a glimpse of the Seven Towers, and measure the intervening miles of habitations. A single motion of the caïque discovers a new world in Scutari, and the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus; but, before it can well discern the palaces which line the shore, the busy port and the gay Tophana distract the attention; and, cutting through the blue rippling of the waters, the astonished stranger is landed at Galata. Through the kind assistance of Mr. Cartwright, the British consul, we procured a lodging within an hour, next door to the house of the Greek ambassador, and nearly opposite the garden of the British embassy.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

EXPLANATIONS

OF THE ANNEXED

PLAN OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

NAMES OF THE GATES.

Modern Names.	*Ancient Names.*
1. Ghemi Iskelè, or Zindan Kapoussee.	Πυλη των καραβιων, or the Gate of the Boats.
2. Oun Kapaneu.	Porta Farinaria (now closed).
3. Djubali Kapoussee.	———
4. Aja Kapoussee.	Πυλη ἁγια, the Holy Gate.
5. Petri Kapoussee.	Porta Petri.
6. Balat.	Βασιλικη πυλη, Royal Gate.
7. Haivan Hissari.	Πυλη κυνηγιτων, Theatre Gate.
8. Egri Kapoussee.	Porta Charsias.
9. Edrene Kapoussee.	P. Hadrianopolis vel Polyandrion.
10. Top Kapoussee.	Porta, S. Romani.
11. Mevlanè Yeni.	P. Melandisia.
12. Selivri Kapoussee.	P. Quintii?
13. Kapaneu Kapoussee.	P. Attali?
14. Yedi-Koulleler Kapoussee.	Porta Aurea.
15. Narleu Kapoussee.	———
16. Psamatia Kapoussee.	Psamatia.
17. Daoud Pacha Kapoussee.	Porta S. Emiliani?
18. Yeni Kapoussee.	———
19. Koum Kapoussee.	———
20. Tchatladi Kapoussee.	Porta Condescalia?
21. Akhour Kapoussee.	———

GATES NO LONGER USED.

Modern.	*Ancient.*
a. ————	P. Eugenii
b. Tchifout Kapoussee.*	P. Neoria vel P. Navalis.
c. ————	Chiloporta vel Chilocircon.

ANTIQUITIES.

d. Hippodromus.
e. Columna Combusta
f. Columna Marciani.
g. Palatium Vetus.
h. Piscina.
k. Piscina.

ILLUSTRATIONS (*Modern*).

A. Saint Sophia Mosque.
B. Mosque of Sultan Achmet.
C. Osmanea.
D. Mosque of Sultan Bajazet.
E. The Suleimanea.
F. Seraskier's Tower.
G. Mosque of Sultan Mahomed.
H. Acqueduct (partly ancient).
K. Old quarters of the Janissaries.
L. Mosque of Sultan Selim.
M. Shad Zade Djami.

* The Turkish word for gate may be written indifferently kapoussee or capoussi.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest.
BYRON.

WHEN the waters of the Euxine Sea have flowed down the canal of the Bosphorus for about twenty miles, they break against a triangular-shaped promontory, the eastern extremity of Europe, and are distributed into the Propontis and the canal of Perami, which forms the magnificent harbour of Constantinople. The winding branches of this canal were compared by the ancients to a stag's horn, and called by Strabo* the "Horn of the Byzantines." On the left shore, from east to north (departing from the Seraglio), rise the mosques and habitations of *Stamboul*, including the Fanar, and Ortagikeu, which extends beyond the walls: if we return by the walls which enclose the north-west side of the city, and by the Seven Towers, to the Seraglio, along the Sea of Marmora, we shall have completed the circuit of Constantinople Proper. The whole is about equal to the circumference of Rome, including the Trastevere and the Vatican. On the opposite shore of this great

* Strabon. Res. Geograph. lib. vii. tom. i. p. 463. Oxon. Edit. 1807.

harbour was anciently a district, the thirteenth in order, called the Region of Fig Trees, and which also may well enough represent the solitary "regio Transtyberina." As this was considered an integral part of the city of Constantine, it has given the indisputable claim to Galata and Pera of being called, in modern times, a *suburb* of the city. The quarter now called Cassim-Pacha must, in that case, necessarily be included, which will make an additional three miles to what may fairly be called Constantinople. I estimate, therefore, the circumference of the whole (beginning from the Seraglio Point, or Cape Demetrius, to the Seven Towers, turning from the Golden Gate along the walls to Haivan-hissari, crossing the Perami at the Balat, or Jew's quarter, to the nearest point of Cassim-Pacha, and ending below the Tophanè) at seventeen miles.* Cassim-Pacha, Galata, Pera, may be reckoned equivalent to the papal city of Urban VIII. On the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, on a species of promontory pointing towards Tophanè, is Scutari. The distance across the mouth of the

* The walls running along the canal κερας Βυζαντιων must be included, to make up the seventeen miles; and, as they really exist with most of the gates in their original positions, they ought to be included. In this respect, my method of measuring Constantinople differs from that observed in estimating the extent of Rome; for, although walls did run along the left bank of the Tiber, they exist no longer, and, perhaps, never were considered in the same light as the others. If, therefore, Pera and Galata be added to Stamboul, by drawing imaginary lines across the harbour, then fifteen miles would comprise the whole circuit.

Bosphorus here, is about two miles, which is enough to exclude Scutari from the suburbs of the *European* city; in which it has often contended for a place. At the distance of three miles from Scutari, in the Gulph of Nicomedia, but which may be called opposite the Seraglio, where the ancient Byzantium stood, Chalcedonia was built: it is now a considerable town, and is called Kadikeu. The Prince's Islands form an agreeable barrier for the eye to repose upon, in wandering over the waters of the Propontis, in this world of habitations. The stately mosques, with their innumerable minarets, — the cupolas of the bagnios, hans, and bazaars, — the forests of cypress trees, which overshadow the Mussulmans' graves, — and the palaces of the Sultan, form the principal features. The Bosphorus and the Perami canal are covered with light caïques so thickly, that one might imagine half the population to be floating on the secure waters. Such is a general description of the capital of the east: but we have yet to ascend the Bosphorus, to Therapia and to the Euxine, and see on each shore the numerous towns and villages which, with few exceptions, extend for many miles out of sight of the city.

The "blind" founders of Chalcedonia led their colony from Megara, about thirty years previous to the foundation of Byzantium. 658 years B. C., the navigator Byzas, said to be the son of Neptune, with more discerning eye than Argias, es-

tablished his city on the eastern promontory of Europe. After the defeat of Xerxes, it was fortified by Pausanias, the Spartan general, who, perhaps, had no idea that he was handling a city destined to become the metropolis of the East. The first inhabitants of Byzantium were, probably, not much better than the followers of Romulus; but the situation of their city enabled them to check the kings of Bythynia, to fight successfully against Philip of Macedonia, and stop, for a while, the inundation of the Gauls when they rushed into the centre of Asia Minor.* The first Roman Emperors soon perceived the advantageous position of Byzantium, when their Asiatic conquests had left Rome almost on the borders of the empire. Augustus appears to have had some thoughts of transferring the seat of government towards the Hellespont; and not improbably the splendid ode, which proclaims the vengeance of Juno upon the daring act, was written by Horace with the view of deterring the Emperor from the enterprize.† Diocletian, in showing his imperial favour towards Nicomedia, pointed out the district where the masters of the Roman world ought to reside; and perhaps Constantine might recollect with gratitude his victory over his rival at Chrysopolis (Scutari), when he drew the line of his fortifications within view of the scene of his fortune. Byzantium oc-

* Confer. Herodot. lib. ii. Thucid. lib. i. Polyb. lib. iv.
† Hor. lib. iii. ode iii.

cupied no more than the point of the promontory. The principal edifices which Severus destroyed were the Temple of Neptune, another of Bacchus, an altar dedicated to Minerva Ecbasia, and the two inscribed "cippi" which Darius had left to commemorate his passage into Europe. When Constantine began to build his new city, he found an ample supply of materials within a few hours' reach:— the forests of the Euxine furnished him with wood; the island called Proconnesus afforded plenty of marble; the cities of Greece and Asia gave up the works of Phidias, Lysippus, and Praxitiles; and even Rome contributed a share to embellish the new capital. It was finished and dedicated in 334; and the "Notitia," a catalogue published about 150 years afterwards, still enables us to enumerate the public buildings, and helps us to feel our way in the comparative topography of the old and the present city. But, from the observations of recent travellers, it appears that Kauffer's map, with Banduri's chart, have rendered all labour on that subject superfluous: to these, however, may be added the description of M. Le Chevalier; and it may be useful to compare the present slight remains of antiquity with the objects which Gyllius saw, but have now disappeared.

Circuit of the Walls and the Gates.—There were anciently twelve gates which opened upon the port: most of them yet remain in their original sites, and retain Turkish names nearly equivalent to the ancient

Greek ones. The first was at the Seraglio Point, called the Porta Eugenii; then followed the Neoria or Porta Navalis, which the Turks called Tchifout Capoussi, but it is now no longer in use: it was from this gate that the chain was suspended which shut up the entrance of the harbour. Some of these gates about the promontory have been subject to antiquarian controversy: the remaining ones occur in the following order: — *Ghemi Iskelè*, or the Fruit Gate, called also *Zindan Capoussi*, anciently the Πυλη καραβιων, or Gate of the Boats; — and so it is at this day, for it is the great landing place from Pera. The next is *Oun Kapaneu Capoussi*, now closed, anciently the Porta Farinaria; *Djubali Capoussi*, or the Glazier's Gate; *Aia Capoussi*, or Πυλη αγια, the Holy Gate, where the people disembarked to go to the church of S. Theodosia. The Fanar gate is called by the Turks *Petri Capoussi*. This quarter of the city was designated anciently the Regio Petri.* When Mahmoud II. had transported his light ships overland from the Bosphorus, not being able to break the chain drawn across the harbour, he launched them nearly opposite the Regio Petri; that is, not far from where the new buildings of the arsenal now stand. Notaras defended this gate with great courage; but his valour is defaced by his abject submission afterwards to the Mahommedan conqueror. The gate is now, like all the others on the port,

* Procop. de Ædificiis, lib. i. c. 8.

narrow and low — a mere opening in the curtain of the wall: just within it stands the house of the Greek Patriarch, and the patriarchal church of St. George. In continuing the circuit, we now pass by the Balat, a quarter of the Jews: this word is, perhaps, a corruption of Palatium; for the gate which leads to it was formerly the Βασιλικη Πυλη, or Royal Gate: near this stood the monastery where the Patriarch Joseph was interred (1282); it is now the chapel of S. Basilius. The next in order is Haivan Hissari, or the Menagerie Gate, and it was anciently called the Cynegeton: it led, no doubt, to the amphitheatre; for so its name imports. From hence we begin with the walls which extend across the continent, from the harbour to the Sea of Marmora.

There were originally eighteen gates in this tract of wall, which are now reduced to seven, without reckoning the Golden Gate, shut up within the Seven Towers. Of these seven, however, the Chiloporta, or Chilocircon, has lost its place, although it has preserved the remembrance of its name in the Blakernes. From the supposed position of this gate, the walls begin their transverse direction towards the Propontis; the *Egre-Capoussi* has succeeded to the gate called Charsias. Soon after passing this, some lofty walls rise above those of the city, forming a large building like a palace: it is commonly called the Palace of Constantine; but ought rather, perhaps, to be called the Palace of Theodosius. The construc-

tion is alternately layers of brick and courses of stone, like the walls of the city in those places where Theodosius's name appears. I observed a cross enclosed in a mitre-formed outline, on another high edifice near; from henceforward, the *triple line* of wall begins to appear more or less perfect during the whole length. The interior wall is the highest, and, at regulated intervals, is strengthened and defended by lofty towers, indifferently circular, square, or octagonal. The second, a middle wall, is much lower, and the towers less — being generally circular; and the third, or outer wall, with a battery running along the top, serves as the barrier of the ditch which runs before it. The materials are almost invariably stone and brick, in alternate courses, and almost all bearing coëval marks. In some parts, the towers are completely clad with ivy; in others, half ruined, and half-overshadowed by the fig tree which has caused the rent. The most picturesque views are often combined with the interest which a gate or an historical breach inspires; and in turning from the ruins which time has spared, to the flourishing fields which time has yet wrought no wrinkle upon, the eye is arrested by the melancholy cypresses which stand over the graves of thousands. Sometimes, the solitude is as complete as the vicinity of the walls of Rome; and where it is not so, the dead and not the living are the cause of its being broken!

The second gate open is that of Adrianople, now

called in Turkish *Edrena Kapoussi*, and anciently Poliandrion. Here the factions of the blues and greens, under the younger Theodosius, came into envious conflict about rebuilding the walls which had been thrown down by an earthquake. The succeeding gate awakens more sympathies, and makes us linger around it, whilst we reflect upon the rise and fall of mighty kingdoms. It was here where the heat of battle took place, when the conquering Sultan pressed hard on this great prize of war. Here the last of the Constantines bravely fought and fell; and was found, after some days, under heaps of slain, recognised only by the silver eagles upon his slippers. The gate was called S. Romanus; the Turks now call it Top Kapoussi, or Cannon Gate, and they are aware of the great event for which it is renowned. Proceeding a little further, I arrived at Mevlanè Yeni Gate, called anciently Melandisia (see Miletas, cap. 244.). The top of this gate is formed by a large lintel, laid upon two supports, like consols. On the lintel is a long Greek inscription not legible from below; on one of the supports is a Latin one of the age of Theodosius.*

* The Latin inscription imports that the walls were made by order of Theodosius, and the name of Theodosius frequently occurs in the circuit. There is, however, no distinction made between the elder and younger, and yet a period of twenty years elapsed between the death of Theodosius the elder, and the accession of his grandson. I am inclined to believe that the younger Theodosius adopted the Roman method, and in-

From the Mevlanè Yeni gate, I struck off across a cemetery to Balouki, to visit a Greek church in building near the spot where the preceding one had been torn down by the fury of the Turks. Exasperated at the successes of the Greeks in the Morea, they wreaked their vengeance upon the Rajahs in the cities of Asia, and even were disposed to confound all the Franks in their rage and hatred. I returned to resume the direction of the walls, at the Selivri gate, which may be the ancient Porta Quintii, as the remaining one of Kapaneu may be the Porta Attali. Before the former, are the tombs of the famous Ali Pacha and his family, — a pompous parade which the Sultan has thought good to make of his trophies. These trophies are the heads of the rebel family, which, after being exposed at the Seraglio gate, were buried in this conspicuous place: They are mere turbaned stones, distinguished from others only by more gilding, a larger marble, and the order in which they stand, — Ali Pacha, his sons Veli and Mustafa, Veli's son and Mustafa's son, in one row, facing the high road; near them is the cenotaph of Kourchid Pacha. The Golden Gate may be descried behind the trees which hang from

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scribed the honours of his great predecessor's name on the walls, which he may have planned and ordered, but did not live to see established. Theodosius the younger was seven years old in 408, when his father Arcadius died.

the walls, and between two large square marble towers which appear to have flanked it. I discerned a column of small dimensions, and some indications of a triumphal arch. The Golden Gate was, probably, never remarkable for its elegance or richness. A statue of Theodosius stood on the top, and, after it had been thrown down by an earthquake, was replaced by a statue of victory: perhaps it was the gate by which the triumphs entered the city.

The fortress which existed at this extremity of the walls in the time of the Greek emperors, was called Cyclobion. The Latin armies who attacked Constantinople by the Golden Gate, overthrew it. John Cantacuzene rebuilt it, but only for his son-in-law to destrow anew: it was in ruins when Bajazet threatened the city: finally, Mahomet II. rebuilt it in the same place, but added several towers.* The Greeks now called them Heptapirghion; the Turks, Jedi Koulèler: but of the seven towers, I could only discern four rising conspicuously above the walls: they are all undergoing, at present, a thorough repair, but to be restored according to the original model. The one in which the foreign ambassadors were put, stands nearest to the Golden Gate. We may believe that many victims have been sacrificed to Turkish jealousy within this renowned "bastile;" but the horrors which have filled the minds of so many with consternation, were perhaps never prac-

* Nicetas, lib. iv.

tised. The well of blood, and the instruments of torture, may fairly be relinquished; and for finding ingenuity in punishment, we must still have recourse to the Spanish Inquisition. The fate of the unfortunate Brancovan, Prince of Wallachia, cannot, however, be forgotten. He, with his wife and four sons, were destroyed within the walls of this gloomy prison.* Sultan Achmet then heaped his favours upon Demetrius Cantemir, who had delivered Brancovan into his hands. Count de Bucalof, a Russian ambassador, was confined here near two years, during the last war; also the French ambassador, Rufin, who is said to have experienced harsh treatment. Sir John Arbuthnot was threatened with a lodging in the towers, but he went off and sent some men-of-war up the Dardanelles instead.

The first gate that occurs in going from the point of the Seven Towers to the Seraglio, is called, in Turkish, *Narleu-kapou*, or the Gate of the Bomb-shells; the second is received in its Greek appellation, *Psamatia Kapoussi*, or the Sand Gate; and the quarter of the city above and about it is called by the same name. Here many Greeks and Armenians dwell; and there are churches dedicated to St. Nicolas, St. Polycarp, and St. Basilius. The walls now recede, and form an angle at the gate of *Daoud Pacha*, which is supposed to be the old port S. Emiliani: from here the valley begins, which runs across the

* Hist. Ottom. par Mignot, tom. iv.

city, under the ruined quarters of the Janissaries; and in this angle or bay, was the ancient port. It is with good reason supposed that the city of Constantine ended here, and the rest, which now forms one third of the space enclosed, was added by Theodosius: the quarter above this gate, with a towering mosque, is called like the gate Daoud Pacha. It is by no means thickly peopled: the houses have gardens attached to them, and the numerous trees give the whole an appearance of a large Turkish village. The fourth gate is *Jeni Kapoussi*, or the New Gate; and then succeeds the *Koum Kapoussi*, which also means the Sand Gate. Here are vestiges of a port which has been embraced within a small bay or inlet —the walls running concave for that purpose. From this gate to the Seraglio, I could distinguish very frequently the original work of Constantine, by its well cemented brick; but the whole is now a mass of patchwork. The towers are often built upon rows of columns inserted lengthways; and numerous are the fragments of marble which start out from the crumbling heaps: sometimes an inscription on high reminds us of the Byzantine Empire; or the remains of a house, with marble windows*, of the Genoese or Venetian construction. Such I observed near the gate *Tchatladi Kapoussi*, anciently

* One house of this description is called the Tomb of Marcellus; I suppose that Marcellus who killed himself in the reign of Justinian is meant.

perhaps," the P. Condoscalia: they appear to have been built upon the walls, and the curtain made to serve as a part of the house, in which the window frames still appear. The last gate is *Akhour Kapoussi*, or the Stable Gate, because it leads to the stables of the Harem. Then begins the enclosure of the Seraglio. I passed a faded green kiosk called Balili Hane, which was built for the execution of a Vizir; and although it has now served its purpose since many years, it is suffered to remain as a monument of inflexible justice. The Turks never destroy except in war, nor build where once destruction has been. In this way, a quarter of the city once being burnt, generally remains so for years.

In passing under the walls of the far-famed Seraglio, through the deep water which has received many a victim, I observed cannon in disorder, thrown under the sheds partially tenanted by guards. Within these mysterious walls rise the hospital and the treasury, the harems for summer and winter, the kiosk called Indogouli, or the Pearl. It was now sunset, and all around began to be as still as midnight, when I crossed from the point of the Seraglio to Tophanè; thus completing my circuit of the most singular city in Europe.*

* Bondelmonte reckons from the Golden Gate to the angle at Blakernes, 180 towers; from thence to the Cape S. Demitri, 110; and he makes the whole circuit of the walls eighteen miles: a little too much, if he means to include Galata; if not, evidently exaggerated.

Circuit of Galata. — The Genoese were found settled as a colony in the suburbs of Galata and Pera after the storm of the "holy wars" had blown over; but it was not until the reign of the elder Andronicus (1282—1320), that they obtained the suburb as a fief, and fortified it with walls. Their rivals, the Venetians, at one time rendered their situation doubtful; but in 1352, the victory declared in their favour. For a century they engrossed the commerce of the East, which came to them over the Black Sea; and their wealth enabled them to overawe the enfeebled powers of the Greek Empire. They made an attempt to obtain a separate treaty from Mahommed II.; but notwithstanding their last struggle to save themselves, they were involved in the general ruin of Constantinople. The walls of their city have stood until this day, whilst their native country has been delivered into the hands of a petty sovereign. The Turks have spared the shadow of their power, but the Christian potentates have devoured the substance.

The walls of Galata run from the artillery barracks of Tophanè to those of the mariners, near Cassim Pacha, along the shore of the Perami; they then ascend the hill in a zigzag line to the Tower of Galata, and descend in the same manner to near the grand mosque of Mahmoud. In many places they are so involved in the habitations, as to form part of them: they are built of small

square stones, with plenty of fragments of antiquity filling up the voids. The towers are round or square without any rule: the gates appear to have been chiefly on the port. The colony was governed by a Podestà, as an inscription, dated 1390, which I copied, may bear witness.* I found also the name of Grimaldi upon a tower, with the date 1433: but the latest date I observed was 1447; that is, only six years before Constantinople was taken by the Turks. Justinian joined this quarter (then called συκῶν, or of the Fig-trees) to Constantinople by a bridge thrown across the harbour: he gave it the privileges of a city, with the name of Justinianopolis; but the name is now forgotten except in the pages of Procopius.† Honorius built in this "regio," which was the 13th, a forum and a theatre; and there was a Temple of Amphiaraus, and another of Diana Lucifera. A few broken columns, employed in some of the Genoese houses, or lying in the corners of the streets, are all the vestiges which can be found of those ancient monuments. The capital of the East is a melancholy city for antiquaries; they have not even the pleasure of disputing.

General Topography and Antiquities. — The best and most comprehensive view of the great city and its suburbs is gained from the top of the Seraskier's Tower, which stands within the walls of the "Old Seraglio," and on the highest ground in Stamboul.

* Spectabil. Nobil. Illarius Imperialis Potàs Pere.
† De Ædificiis, lib. ii.

From this advantageous position, I thus traced the outlines of "seven hills," on which the city of Constantine, like Rome, was said to be built. The first, beginning from the Bosphorus, may be limited by the walls of the Seraglio, comprising St. Sophia, and then returning round the promontory to the point of departure. The second may be traced from the mosque of Sultan Achmet inclusive, in a line towards the Osmanea, the two Hans (conspicuous by their quadrangle of cupolas), and the Bezestein. The "burnt pillar," stands upon the most elevated part of it, and its outline runs down towards the Propontis, at the Tchatlad-Capoussi. These two hills may be supposed to cover the whole site of the ancient Byzantium. The third hill is crowned by the splendid Solimanea and its surrounding dependencies: the line may be drawn from it, round the walls of the old Seraglio, leaving the mosque of Sultan Selim's son, on the adjacent rising ground, on the south-west: it will then comprise the mosque of Sultan Bajazet, and run down below the wall of the Seraskier's court, including the tower on which we stand, in a circuit, as far as the Valide Han, where it falls away to the canal. The fourth hill begins with the aqueduct of Valens, comprising, on the south, the ground above the old quarters of the Janissaries; it then runs up to Sultan Mahomet's mosque; and turns by the S. side of the Fanar, into the valley, W., below the old Seraglio. The fifth hill is distinguished by Sultan Selim's mosque, and com-

prises all the Fanar, down to the "Golden Horn." A mosque, now called the Kilesi-Djiami, from the circumstance of its conversion from Christian use, I take to be the St. Antony mentioned by Clodius, where the city of Constantine ended. These five hills (cut off from the rest of the present city by the almost unpeopled valley of the Janissaries' quarter) formed, no doubt, the city originally traced by the founder, ending at the gate of Daoud Pacha (S. Emiliani) on the Propontis, and the Petri Capoussi (Regio Petri) on the canal. But it remains to trace the subsequent additions of Heraclius and Theodosius.

The suburbs of the new city soon spread along the sea-shore, beyond the Porta S. Emiliani, and covered the extensive sixth hill, which now forms about one third of the entire space within the walls; extending in length from below the mosque of Sultan Mahomet, to the Seven Towers. In the year 413 Theodosius constructed a wall ample enough to comprise this space. That wall was thrown down by an earthquake thirty-four years after, and restored by the Præfect Cyrus; and to this restoration the inscription on the present walls in all probability allude. The remaining hill, if it may be placed last in order, reaches beyond and comprises the Blakernes (Blachernæ). The walls, to include the whole of it, turn abruptly from the building called the Palace of Constantine, and appear, by their tortuous direction, to be a subsequent addition. This is attributed to

the renowned Heraclius, who completed the city as it has ever since remained, and entitled it to the proud distinction of the "seven-hilled." The Meribos Sultana Djiami is the conspicuous object which marks this hill as viewed from the Seraskier's Tower. The space covered by these seven hills was divided into thirteen "*Regiones*;" and one on the opposite side of the canal made the fourteenth (although thirteenth in order). By the help of the "*Notitia*," and the measurements therein contained, we may ascertain much of the topography of the ancient city. It is true we should sometimes find an eminence too many, or a valley too undefined, to cleave to the sacred numbers of seven and fourteen; but sufficient may be ascertained by a slight survey, to illustrate the few worthy deeds of antiquity which have been acted upon this turbulent theatre.

But the topography, which no ravages of time, or war, or fire, can change or efface, brings before the eyes of the spectator the most dazzling features of history; and the view which is gained from the Tower of the Seraskier appears to concentrate all the kingdoms of the world, and unfold the pages of their history. A narrow space of water divides Asia from Europe — those two quarters of the world where man and his works have chiefly flourished; — the first, the cradle of the human race, and of those arts which adorn its existence; the other, the seat of civilisation, and the residence of those arts when grown to perfection,

The very waves which separate those two portions of the globe, the waters of the renowned Bosphorus, are immortalised by deeds consigned to the lasting page of history. Over it passed the innumerable phalanxes of Darius, the ten thousand warriors of Xenophon, and the crusading multitudes of the pious Godfrey. Upon it the celebrated Doria destroyed three hostile fleets in a single battle. Beyond it rises the first city in Asia—Scutari, the ancient Chrysopolis; near which lies Kadikeu — once Chalcedonia, the school of sacred learning, but the victim of religious disorder. Around us, and at our feet, are the hills of Byzantium, rivalling those of old Rome in number: on the first of them still stands erect the gigantic mosque of St. Sophia, which three centuries of profanation have not despoiled of every ray of reverence which surrounded its dome in the more happy days of Christianity. Below appear the walls and towers of the Seraglio, the secret depositary of the lust and cruelty of twenty Sultans. The eye runs over the magnificent port, crowded with innumerable skiffs, and half shaded by the spreading sails of the Ottoman fleet. Opposite is Galata, the work of the Genoese, once the emporium of the universe, and yet distinguished by the colossal towers which defend its precincts. The countless habitations appear never to cease, as the view extends up the Bosphorus and the splendid canal. On the south, glitter on the Sea of Marmora the sister isles of "Prin-

kipu," Akalki, Antigone, and Proti, — the alluring retreats of the idle and wealthy; and, finally, the horizon is bounded by the azure tops of a thousand famed hills, amidst which, as a sovereign among his subjects, towers the lofty Olympus.

But in descending to particularise the few remaining objects of antiquity, the Hippodrome is the first which attracts our notice. With it is connected many of the most important events in Byzantine history: upon its disfigured "Arena" we are met by the shades of Justinian and Belisarius. The Turks yet give it a name expressive of its original use — "Atmeidan," or the Place of Horses. It existed as a *Circus* before the foundation of Constantinople, having been begun by Septimius Severus in the midst of the ancient Byzantium. The Circus Maximus at Rome, no doubt, afforded the model; and the representation of a "Spina" and a race now existing on the base of the obelisk shows that the "Ludi Circenses" of the Romans were transplanted to the shores of the Bosphorus. The space which was the Arena is yet clear of buildings: the corridor of the court of Sultan Achmet's splendid mosque may mark the direction of one side; and the establishment of the army tailors may define the opposite one, and the width. From the position of the obelisk, and the built pyramid, I should suppose the "Carceres" to have been at the end nearest St. Sophia; and if we place the Imperial Palace on the site of the mosque, we shall have all

in the same relation as those things were at Rome. The four "steeds of brass," now glowing before St. Mark's at Venice, may therefore have stood nearly opposite the fountain at the end of the corridor; for they probably were placed over the "Porta Pompæ" of the "Carceres." Who can stand near the obelisk in this open area without calling to mind the glory of Belisarius, and the prosperous reign of Justinian? But the Christian must blush for the scenes which were acted here in the name of the Saviour of mankind. The Turks have never exhibited more revolting examples of cruelty and bloodshed, than did those factions of the blues and the greens within the walls of the Hippodrome.

Three monuments of antiquity remain in their original positions: *a half-ruined Pyramid of stone,* which, it appears, was covered with bronze by Constantine Porphyrogenitus; *the twisted Columns* of the bronze serpents; and *an Egyptian Obelisk:* and as these all stand in a line, I can imagine no other use for them than as ornaments of the "Spina;" and, perhaps, the bas-relief on the obelisk has been a representation of them. The pyramid of stones is a rude work, and merits no description; the twisted column is one of the most classically interesting monuments remaining. No one ever doubted that this curious relic was brought from the Delphic temple, the consecrated offering of the Greeks after the glorious defeat of Xerxes. It now stands about

eleven feet above ground: the entwining is composed of the three serpents' tails, whose heads supported the golden tripod. Mahmoud with a stroke of his battle-axe broke one of the serpents; and the other two heads have disappeared. Turkish characters are visible upon the folds, and stones are inserted in the hollow of the bronze.* The Obelisk, whether brought from Rome or Egypt, was erected in the reign of Theodosius, as appears from inscriptions still legible on the lower plinth of the pedestal.

Above the inscription, occupying the side of the pedestal, which looks toward the mosque, is seen the Emperor with his crown in his hand; and, as if in the act of recreation from the cares of government, he is looking down upon a crowd of dancers and musicians, all rudely sculptured. On the contiguous side we see an obelisk lying prostrate; the sculpture on the plinth is probably meant to represent the rearing of the one in question. The Emperor appears with his two sons, Arcadius and Honorius, to whom he seems to be giving counsel. On the west side is a Greek inscription.†

* See Gibbon on this relic, chap. xvii. note 48.

† The Latin inscription may allude to the victory which Theodosius gained over his rival Maximus, or to the later defeat of Eugenius; it is as follows:

Difficilis quondam dominis parere serenis
Jussus et extinctis palmam portare tyrannis
Omnia Theodosio cedunt subolique perenni
Terdenis sic victus duobusque diebus
Sub judice Proclo sublimis elatus ad auras.

The other two bas reliefs appear to represent the Emperor, in the act of receiving presents: on the plinth, towards the south, the "Ludi Circenses" are represented. From the stone pyramid to the twisted column, I measured 47 paces; to the obelisk, 22 paces; to a piece of a granite column, 196 paces; from thence to opposite the fountain, belonging to the mosque, where the ground begins to fall away, 69 paces: in all, 334. Behind the stone pyramid, may be reckoned 60 or 70 more. I calculated my paces at two feet and a half English, giving for the length of the Hippodrome, 1000 feet, about half the length of the Circus Maximus at Rome. The Atmeidan has recently acquired an additional his-

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The last line is now concealed under the soil, but Gyllius furnishes us with it entire. See Gyllius de Topographia Constant. lib. ii. p. 87.

On the west side of the Stylobata —

ΚΙΟΝΑΤΕΤΡΑΠΛΕΥΡΟΝΑΕΙΧΘΟΝΙΚΕΙΜΕΝΟΝΑΧΘΟΣ
ΜΟΥΝΟΣΑΝΑΣΤΗΣΑΣΘΕΥΔΟΣΙΟΣΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ
ΤΟΛΜΗΣΑΣΠΡΟΚΛΟΣΕΠΕΚΕΚΛΕΤΟΚΑΙΤΟΣΟΣΕΣΤΗ
ΚΙΩΝΗΕΛΙΟΙΣΕΝΤΡΙΑΚΟΝΤΑΔΥΩ—

vel,

Κιονα τετραπλευρον αειχθονι κειμενον αχθος
Μουνος αναστησας Θεοδοσιος βασιλευς
Τολμησας Προκλος επεκεκλετο και τοσος εστη
Κιων ηελιοις εν τριακοντα δυω.

In the east as well as in the west, we see the præfect and generals gradually rising above the honours of the Emperors. Proclus stands by the side of Theodosius as Stilicho does by Honorius; but this would not have been permitted under Tiberius, or even the Antonines.

torical interest, from the place where the contest began between the Sultan and his refractory guards, — the Janissaries.

There were in Constantinople, as in Rome, several triumphal columns, the one in honour of Theodosius, stood on the seventh and most remote hill; and though no longer existing, is supposed to be that which Gentile Bellini copied in his pictures. Near the Avret Bazaar, which is situated west of the aqueducts, there remains a pedestal sustaining the "Torus" of a column's base: this is supposed to be the triumphal pillar of Arcadius. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the Shah Zade Dgiami, or Mosque of the Sultan's Son, stands a column, called by the Turks "Kistash," or the Virgin's stone. It is now surrrounded by the rubbish of burnt houses, and has itself suffered much injury from fire. The basement and pedestal of this pillar are of marble; the shaft of granite. On the upper plinth remains an inscription now despoiled (and almost rendered illegible) of its bronze letters. The last three words may, however, be deciphered, QVOD TATIANVS OPVS. Our early travellers who discovered this monument, read more*, and concluded, from the whole, that this

* Wheeler gives the inscription thus: —

Principis hanc statuam Marciani
Cerne Torumque
Ter ejus vovit quod Tatianus opus.

was the triumphal column, erected by Tatian to the Emperor Marcian, who ascended the throne of Constantinople in 450. The pedestal, with its torus, reminded me of the pillar of Antoninus at Rome; but the capital is a curious example of the architectural ignorance of the age. A ponderous weight of marble placed on a tall shaft, and the winged figures at the angles add not a little to the caprice which has, of course, been crowned by the statue of the Emperor. On the pedestal are three Christian monograms, and below the inscription a winged female figure, reaching her hand, now mutilated, towards a centaur. I here found myself at the extremity of the city, until it recommences beyond the barracks of the Janissaries. A valley, very little inhabited, divides the six hills from the seventh, which extends to the walls and the seven towers. Those barracks were burnt down in the last famous struggle between the Sultan and his insolent guards. The houses around the barracks were all purchased by the Sultan, and set on fire, so that none of the rebels could escape; and it is said, that 10,000 fell in the flames in one day. The scene (although it is ten years since the tragedy was acted) is still one of desolation. In the midst of this great city, here is almost an unpeopled solitude, and the grass has grown over the ruins of the stronghold of the modern Prætorians. A tribunal established at the Hippodrome, put an end to the rest by a species of

trial, and many of the condemned, it is said, died the death of Romans, upbraiding the Sultan and his ministers with deserting the laws of the Prophet. Perhaps the number of 60,000, said to have perished within a few days, is exaggerated, but the most moderate calculation only reduces it one half.

After surveying the scene of modern carnage and rebellion, and having observed the features of the adjacent hills, I retraced my steps to the aqueduct, as it is called, *of Valens*. I passed over the highest part of the ruins, and saw the walls of the city which enclose it on the land side, in the distance. The aqueduct is best seen near the At Bazaar, or horse market. Whoever built the aqueduct originally, it is easy to separate the ancient from the more modern construction. The two rows of arches make it lofty, and the repairs of the Sultans give a heavy appearance; but after having seen the Marcian aqueduct in *the Campagna of Rome*, who would linger an instant, near the patched-up masses of a declining period, standing amidst the shapeless fabrics of Turks and Armenians.

Pursuing my antiquarian round, I next went to the Burnt Pillar, the monument which, after the twisted Column, appears to have attracted the special notice of travellers. It is of porphyry; the shaft composed of several blocks, and the joinings are concealed by garlands. It is now encircled, in many places, by bands of iron, to keep together the calcinated pieces

which the fires have nearly dissolved. Its pedestal is said to be square, but the Turks have hid that from the traveller's curiosity. It stands upon the second hill and is said to have been brought by Constantine from Rome. On the top of it a statue of Apollo is said to have been placed, for the first Christian Emperor still permitted that pleasant god to be revered. The statue is supposed to have been struck down by lightning in the reign of Alexius Comnenus; and one of his successors rudely repaired or disfigured the upper part, around which is an inscription mentioning the name of Manuel Comnenus as the restorer. When Constantinople was entered by the troops of Mahmoud II., the Greeks had a prophecy, that when the infidels arrived at the Burnt Pillar, they would be stopped by a destroying angel; but they waited in vain for the fulfilment of that false oracle. Pocock observes that Arius died near this column. Whilst I examined it, I was joined in the gaze by a crowd of passers-by. The Turks seem to wonder what there can be to engage attention in an object that they have passed, unheeded by, for four centuries.

The cisterns, which are subterraneous, and now used for spinning silk and making ropes in, are near the Burnt Pillar; the first into which I descended has five divisions, supported by thirty-two granite columns, of perfect regularity: the second is much larger, but the effect less striking; it is said to have 1001

columns, which I did not take the trouble to verify. The columns are small, and the objects, upon the whole, rather curious than imposing; but there is a third of those royal cisterns, which still answers the original purpose,—it is called the Batan Serai; and I think Gyllius counted in it 336 columns. It is situated not far from the Sublime Porte, and at once explains the nature and object of those large works of the Byzantine emperors. The principal antiquities have now been enumerated, but there are still the columns and spoils of edifices which have been used in rearing the mosques; and there are continual fragments and vestiges which catch the eye of the stranger in his walks through the lanes of Stamboul.*

* I use the word Stamboul to designate Constantinople without Galata.

CHAPTER IX.

STAMBOUL, SCUTARI, AND GALATA, AN HEBDOMADARY SURVEY.

———— or where the Russian Ksar
* * * * * or Sultan in Bizance
Turchestan-born. MILTON.

Monday, August 4.— The Seraglio and St. Sophia. —WE descended from the quarter of the Ambassadors to the port, through Galata, and crossing the harbour, landed near the gate called Ghemi Iskeli, we passed through the Egyptian Bazaar, traversed and ascended some of the crooked streets, and passing by the outer walls of the Seraglio, entered the Court of St. Sophia. These and the surrounding places occupied our attention for the day.

The palace called the Seraglio, seen from afar, presents a mass of building rising among trees, chiefly cypresses. There is neither method nor symmetry regarded in the construction; here a kiosk, and there a pavilion; yonder a couple of leaded domes, and further a score of smaller ones. The whole may be called, notwithstanding, magnificent, because of its extent,

and its barbarous riches. The first court is entered by the far-famed gate Baba-oumayun, or Sublime Porte —a title which is now transferred to the Grand Vizier's palace. This gate is flanked by two ponderous stone buildings, made by Mahmoud the Conqueror, and on each side is a long niche. Above the entrance is a Turkish inscription in gold letters, the most common ornament of all doorways. The heads of meaner criminals used to be exposed here. This great gate leads to the first court: on the left is the mint Taraphanè, and the depôt of ancient armoury, which was once the Church of St. Irene. Proceeding up this long open court, we arrive at a second gate called Orta-kapoussi: this leads into the second court, which is as far as strangers are allowed to penetrate. The second court is a quadrangle, encircled by a corridor: on the right side, the whole length of it, are the kitchens, which, even now that the Sultan is far removed up the Bosphorus, seem to be in full operation. The middle of this space is planted with trees, under which the Janissaries used to be paid in presence of the foreign ambassadors, who were then admitted to an audience. We were shown the state hall where his Highness saw them admitted, and the gate called Bab-shadeh, by which they passed to the presence-chamber. Near this gate the heads of unfortunate Pachas were exposed: but all these things are now in disuse, the present Sultan having abolished these vain and useless cere-

monies; but a profusion of dingy gilding still clings to the vanity of his predecessors.

Returning by the gardens, I saw under the walls a number of fragments of marbles; and having gone out by "the Ivory Gate," re-ascended to the court of St. Sophia. I was forced to content myself with an outside inspection of this renowned temple; and nothing can be less satisfactory. The dome, not of the aspiring form, is nearly concealed by the ugly buttresses and fabrics set up against it. The minarets do not recompense the ancient portico; and the mausoleums which are near it want both solemnity and grandeur. Justinian may be considered as the builder of this temple, which cost him seventeen years in accomplishing; and it would be long to recount the scenes which its interior has witnessed, from the age of that Emperor, to the last profanation by Mahomet II.: perhaps it is now standing again on the verge of another conversion. Sir John Hobhouse's description of the interior is to me the most satisfactory. Had we arrived twenty-four hours earlier at Constantinople, we should have seen the interior, under the auspices of the Mareschal Marmont. The unbeliever is equally forbid to enter the adjoining mausoleum, where the forty slaughtered sons of a jealous Sultan are said to be interred. Descending a little way by the garden wall of the Seraglio, we come to the Sublime Porte: there is nothing in the

appearance of it, or of the Palace of the Vizier, which can be called sublime. The Hall where thousands crowd for justice or arbitrary decision does not equal the room of the Conservatori, in the Campidoglio, at Rome. The Palace, built of wood, would hardly be thought good enough for a summer-house in a Parisian's garden; and the gilding above the entrance into the court is neither lavish nor cleanly. A kiosk at the angle of the Seraglio garden, where the Sultan sometimes gives audience to the Ambassadors, is more in oriental guise. It should, however, be observed that the Vizier's Palace has not yet recovered from the fury of the Janissaries; and, perhaps, the Porte will be no more Sublime.

Tuesday, August 5.— The Solimanea and its Appendages.—Proceeded from the harbour direct to the Solimanea. This mosque was erected by the most glorious of the Sultans, out of the spoils of the ancient Chalcedonia: its dome, like most of the other large mosques, is built after the model of St. Sophia. A fine quadrangular court, like the cloister of a monastery in form, is supported by ancient columns of granite and porphyry: in the midst is the fountain for the religious ablutions of the Mussulmans. We obtained permission to enter this mosque, which some, who have had the opportunity, compare to St. Sophia in every thing but the richness of material. The whole magnitude of the interior is displayed to the eye of the stranger, at his

first entrance. There are no nefs or subdivisions to obstruct the full comprehension of the whole space enclosed: in *this*, perhaps, the Mahommedan temple suggests a more sublime and simple thought than the intersected churches and chapels of the Christians. The dome, supported upon four splendid granite columns, covers the whole space on which we stand, not unlike the Pantheon of Agrippa. The lamps, suspended and crossed in all directions, add as little to the simplicity and dignity of the whole as the innumerable wax lights of the Romans add to their fine churches. On the side opposite the entrance are several windows with stained glass, reported to have been done by some artists from Persia: the colours are rich, but generally much deeper than in our cathedrals. The Keblè or Caaba * is on the same side; — here the Chief Priest delivers his prayers at the stated hours. On his left hand he has an elevated pulpit, from which he expounds the Koran. Opposite this is the Mollah's seat; not unlike those places which are constructed in the churches at Rome for the Pope's singers to chant in. On the right, but not conspicuous, is the Sultan's seat, whenever he chooses to pray at the Solimanea. Behind the pillars, and in the recesses on the sides, I saw people praying, and some reading aloud the Koran, copies of which are chained to the walls. We walked round the whole interior, accompanied by a Mollah, tread-

* A good account and description of the Caaba may be found in Bush's Life of Mahomed.

ing with shoeless feet upon smooth matting: only the Caaba is carpeted. Thirty piastres given to the priest, was the reward for violating this sanctuary of Islamism.

Near the mosque, in a garden, is the mausoleum of Soliman and his relations. The building is octagonal, and covered by a neat dome: the arches on which the dome stands are supported by ancient granite columns, and four of white marble, modern. Under the centre of the dome is an enclosed space, in which are three tombs, of Soliman, his father, and his uncle: a burnished balustrade secures them from intrusion. Without this space are three other tombs of the Sultanas; and that of the mother of Soliman stands alone. These tombs are large coffin-shaped repositories, with a turban at the head of each of the males. The same mausoleum contains models of Mecca and Medina ill-executed, but probably correct. This building is not without some pretensions to elegance and proportion. The shops where the opium-eaters resorted are now all swept away, and the space they occupied along the outer wall of the court of the Solimanea, is now vacant: a row of barber's shops, which the opium shops half concealed, now have assumed the first rank.

Near the Solimanea is a mad-house which I visited; and saw (without any other ceremony than the bribe of a piastre) the poor wretches who were confined within the cells. The cells or rooms are

airy and large; and the patients have each a couch to sleep upon: but a ponderous chain is fastened round the neck of every one, without distinction; and many of the figures which I contemplated with painful sensations, will remain engraven on my memory. The countenances of almost all were pale and haggard, and the flesh of their bodies dusky with hair and filth. One poor man sang and whistled for our gratification, beating time upon some sonorous object he had covered with canvass. Many of them asked for money to buy tobacco, and several sat smoking with apparent content. This is only one of several such asylums belonging to hospitals, which the royal founders of the mosques added as appendages. From hence I went to the old Seraglio, where formerly the women of the deceased Sultans were lodged: it is now the Palace of the Seraskier Pacha, and a barrack. In making the circuit of its ample walls, I passed the house where the "Moniteur Ottoman" is printed; and upon asking, received two numbers of that paper gratis, accompanied with politeness, from a Frenchman. Within the high walls of the old Seraglio stands the Tower from which is so advantageous a view of the whole city. The ascent to the gallery at the top is by 179 steps; the height is about 140 feet from the level of the court-yard in which it stands. The view is more extensive and complete than that from the Tower of Galata. From the Seraskier's Palace we passed through a street

of regular arcades, supported upon small square pillars. This street leads, and properly belongs, to the mosque Shahzade which was built by the son of Soliman. From hence we visited the "aqueduct of Valens."

Wednesday, August 6.— *The Tershanè.*—We visited the Arsenal (Tershanè). Hassan Pacha, the garçon of a cafè at Gallipoli, and afterwards the scourge of the Morea, gave an impulse to this institution, which its imperial founder, Selim I., could hardly anticipate: it is now under the direction of an Englishman, Mr., alias Captain Kelly. This individual has his steam-engines at work, for sawing wood and rolling copper; and it is curious to behold the thick black smoke of the chimney of a foundery, ascending amidst the painted houses and cypresses of Constantinople. The Sultan is the only man in his dominions, who takes an interest in these engines of civilisation. He is, however, attempting to "put a piece of new cloth in an old garment;" but he has nearly succeeded in building the largest frigate in the world, under the superintendence of an American. Only a few ships are built at Constantinople, and the term arsenal is scarcely applicable to a place where there are no instruments of war. The Sultan has built Mr. Kelly a house, and fails not to visit his works twice a-week. A cannon foundery will be in operation in a few weeks.

Thursday, August 7. — *Excursion to Scutari and the environs.* — The passage across the Bosphorus

from the steps of Tophanè to those of the port of Scutari, is about two miles; from hence I ascended on horseback, direct, to the top of Bourgaloue. This mountain commands a magnificent view of Stamboul and Pera, the gulf of Nicomedia, and the right shore of the Bosphorus. On the N.E. is the range of hills which conceal the Euxine Sea from view; and on the S.E. and E. are the azure-folded mountains of Asia. The Castle of Mahmoud II. bears N., and directs the eye to a part of the Bosphorus beyond; which, partially concealed by the mountains, appears like a lake. A few points more W., and we look over the fields of Europe; and, in turning round to the W., we catch the view of the Propontis. Chalcedonia bears S.W., and the rocks off Fanar; Bouron is discerned in the sea, a little more to the left. The Mount Olympus was enveloped in mist and clouds, and I could scarcely see the mountains of Nicomedia. The Prince's Islands bear nearly S. From the mountain top I descended to the Kadikeu, and entered the chapel of S. Euphemia: the name of the saint preserves the remembrance of the famous council of Chalcedon (held in 451,) when the heresy of Eutychus, which the Armenians still cling to, was condemned. The present chapel or church contains not a relic of antiquity; but, perhaps, it is built on the same spot where the original church stood. A Papas spoke of the famous synod, and pointed out to me a modern Greek inscription which

had nothing to do with it. I did not even find a relic of the Crusaders. Between the promontory of Kadi-keu, and that called Fanar Bournou, is a deep bay, which was an ancient port: in this the monster Phocas, whose "clemency" is celebrated in the Roman forum, put to death the unfortunate Maurice and his four sons. From Kadi-keu, or Chalcedonia, I ascended to the vast cemetery of Scutari, observing on the sea-coast, some fragments of columns and marbles. A forest of cypresses extends for many miles, and in the deep recesses of its gloom, lie interred the pious Turks of many generations. A true Mussulman prefers the country of the Prophet, for his place of burial. He thinks his mortal remains will be better shielded from the profanation of the infidel; and he is, at all events, a little nearer to Mecca, which generally measures the distance between earth and paradise: this predilection is the cause why the burial ground in Scutari is so extensive. Near it are some open fields, and the large barracks, built originally by Sultan Selim, and after being burnt in the Janissary war, were reconstructed, in their present magnitude, by the reigning monarch. The gaiety which reigns around those fields and barracks, contrasted with the gloom of the tombs, offers a singular spectacle to the eye of the stranger. Life and death appear to go hand in hand, and no one would say that the Turks consider there is any difference. Under the shade of the cypress tree, we

saw groups of women, in gay attire, reclining against the painted turbans, and sitting, perhaps, on the very graves of their relations: but the merry laugh went round, and not a thought of gloom appeared to cross their revelry. The gilded sentences, which bedeck the stone, and the fantastic ornaments which they weave around the more conspicuous monuments, seem intended as furniture for the place of assembly. The Arlabats, which jingle past, are saluted from the tombs as freely as from the balcony; and the grave, which has not yet grown green, awakens no solemn reflections in the thoughtless group. Thus do they become familiarized with death, and it ceases to produce any effect upon their moral or political condition: hence they shun neither sword nor pestilence, thinking that their fate is already decided. The tombs are distinguished by the form of the turban, so that it is easy to know whether the dead be Janissary, priest, noble, or plebeian; but they seldom depart from the orthodox standard, of a stone at the head and another at the foot of the grave. The inscriptions are seldom more than the name and age of the deceased, with sometimes a few words from the Koran. After surveying the extraordinary scene, we were shown a sepulchre, more dignified than all the rest, a canopy supported on some columns, covering an ample space; but this was the tomb of no distinguished Mussulman, or victorious Pacha, but only of Sultan Osman's favourite horse.

Scutari, although said to be as large as Smyrna, and as populous, offers, in its interior, the stillness of a village, except down about the port. It occupies the site of the ancient Chrysopolis; but the armies of the "pious Godfrey" have fixed a more lasting renown upon its modern appellation. An important contest was decided, upon the heights, above the port, when Constantine finally triumphed over his rival Licinius; but since that event, Europe has been more familiar with the name of Scutari. It was Thursday, and I went to be present at the awful worship of the howling Dervishes. The impression of that scene is so little likely to pass away from my mind, that my memory can afford to postpone the description of it. The mosques of the Scutari, though inferior to those of Constantinople, are constructed with some degree of splendour, and, from the houses in every direction, is an advantageous view of Constantinople and Pera.

Friday, August 8. — *The Greek Church and Imperial Mosques.* — Crossed from the marine barracks to the Fanar. Just within the gate stands the patriarchal church of St. George. In entering the court, through a very common door-way, I could not but shudder as I passed under the beam to which the aged Gregory was suspended, in his pontifical robes, on the Easter Sunday of 1821. The Jews took his body, and with much mockery and cruel insults, threw it into the canal, mutilated and

bleeding: but, perhaps, Greece owes her freedom, in a great measure, to the thrilling effect produced throughout Christendom by that horrid deed. The interior of the cathedral is cleanly, no richness of material; but the screen is in better taste than any I had seen in Greek churches. An episcopal chair of burnished wood, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, is shown, with diffidence, as the chair of John Chrysostom; but the utmost stretch of credulity which an Asiatic Greek can exercise, will not brook the tradition. The "column to which Christ was bound," appears to be held in greater trust and veneration. The frieze, under the gallery, is painted by some Italian artist, who, perhaps, followed the steps of Bellini from Venice. A coarse mosaic of the Virgin, and some ordinary Greek paintings, decorate the walls about the sanctuary, and the gilding of the screen is the richest ornament which the Cathedral Church of the Greeks, in the East, possesses. It cannot accommodate more than 600 or 700 people at once; and there is no other Christian temple in Constantinople, either so large or so well conditioned. A little above the Patriarch's dwelling, stands the mosque of Sultan Selim, and higher up the hill that of Sultan Mahomed, which occupies more space than any of the other Imperial mosques: there are seven in all. I have already spoken of St. Sophia, and the Solimanea: the remaining three are called after their respective founders, Achmed, Osman, and

Bajazet: they have all four minarets each, except Sultan Achmed's, which has six. We passed through a variety of streets, and reached the Osmanea; and within a palisadoe, which defends the entrance to the Sultan's tomb, I perceived an immense porphyry Sarcophagus, not unlike that of Constantine, now in the Vatican. This, also, has acquired the title of the tomb of Constantine, upon what authority I know not. The court of this mosque is spacious and elegant, supported upon fine ancient granite columns of one single piece. In the neighbourhood of it are the usual appendages of royal mosques. As fountains, hospitals, and Imarès. After a wearisome threading of streets and bazaars, cautiously avoiding contact, because of the plague, we descended through the Egyptian Bazaar, to the canal.

Saturday, August 9. — The Roman emperors displayed their magnificence in the construction of the public Thermæ, Porticos, &c.; the Sultans have chosen bazaars and hans for that purpose, — the mosques being of a different class of monuments. The hans were consecrated to a kind of religious hospitality, and they are yet the only secure places in Constantinople as depositories for goods. They are built of solid stone or of brick, and the compartments well secured; so that all the first-rate merchants are to be found with their goods at the hans. The rooms are disposed round a vast court, in two or three stories, not much unlike the cells of a monastery. I visited

the "Validè" han, that is, the one built by a mother Sultàna. The rooms on the ground story were chiefly occupied by Persian merchants; in the midst of the court a private mosque, and a fountain, with the striking anomaly of a Parisian tailor's shop, his sign-board announcing "au bon gout." In another, (the Yanglic han) near the bazaar, I found the rooms in the second gallery particularly clean, the largest bazaar is Ouzan Tchazan; but they all resemble one another very closely in their general economy. You either walk under rude arcades of stone, or plastered brick, or wooden sheds, amidst rows of slippers, or whole streets of shawls, caps, &c. I went to the Armoury Bazaar, called, more commonly, the Bezestein, which contains more objects of real curiosity for sale than any of the rest. The eagerness of the shopkeepers to catch the attention of passing travellers, like ourselves, shows that such are profitable customers, or else that the competition is great.

In descending from the Hippodrome towards the Koum Kapoussi, I observed the remains of a Roman wall; and near the shore of the Propontis, saw four large granite columns, almost entire, but prostrate, and half-buried in the soil. In several of the narrow streets, I found fragments continually, more numerous than in any other quarter. The granite columns, and the Roman walls, may point us to the site of the baths of Arcadius. The Armenians live

in great numbers along the shore between the Koum Kapoussi and the Yeni Kapoussi: their public places of resort are the cafenèts, which, for the sake of the cooling breezes, are thrust into the very waves. Around them float innumerable caiques; in one of those we were quickly conveyed round the Seraglio point into the secure harbour.

It is not difficult to see the interior of a non-Imperial mosque. I easily found access to the Yeni Djiami, which is situated near the Egyptian bazaar. I was accompanied by an Imam over the gallery of the dome, and he frequently called upon me for my admiration of the edifice. Several men were praying, and reading aloud the Koran: and the lamps were suspended in the order in which they are lighted during a solemn festival. I could, indeed, have expressed my admiration, if "the only name given under heaven whereby men must be saved" had been the object of such fervent invocation. I returned to Galata, and ascended the tower, from whence I recapitulated, by the setting sun, the various objects I had visited, and viewed the splendid shore of the Bosphorus.

On Sunday evening I visited the burial-grounds of Pera, respectively of the Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Franks. In the large Turkish one, which looks upon the Bosphorus, and towards Fundoukli, I observed many of the marble turbans cut off from the inscribed slab: these were the Janissaries who

found no rest from the Sultan or his partisans, even in death. The condition of a Turk is distinguished on his tomb-stone by the form of his turban. In all the burial-grounds the Janissary turban became the object of violence; and there the severed heads lie in stone, a more faithful monument of the death they died. The Protestants have also their burial-ground in this quarter, situated on the highest part of the hill of Pera. A few names are engraven on the marble slabs which awaken the Englishman's sympathies. Here lies the father of the author of Haji Baba, — the wife of an ambassador, —and the hopes of some secretaries and attachés. English, Belgians, Swiss, and French, are buried in the same place. A pathway separates their long home from that of the Roman Catholics of the same nations. I could not but indulge myself in many reflections, whilst passing through those varied repositories of the dead. With what different hopes and fears they must have died! but here their place of rendezvous. In returning, I looked over the Greek village or suburb of St. Demetrius: the tops of the hills are generally covered with barracks, the playthings of the present Sultan.

CHAPTER X.

EXCURSION UP THE BOSPHORUS, AND THE RETURN FROM BUYKDERE TO PERA BY LAND.

Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such song,
As woo'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bosphorus along.
BYRON.

THE proper hour to embark at Tophanè for Buykdere, in a summer's evening, is four o'clock. It requires two hours and a half in a caique, pulled by two men, to reach Therapia easily. We proceed close by the European shore, passing Fundoukli and a palace of the Sultan. The house of Halil Pacha had just lost all its inmates. The new-married couple had fled from a case of plague which occurred among the domestics. The windows were all set open; and in gliding past, it was easy to peep into the gaudy apartments. The eye is caught by Dolma Batche and its towering mosque; near which is the Kiosk of the Melons, by a favourite residence of Selim III.; below this, where the

Bosphorus forms a bay, was the ancient port of the Rhodians; next succeeds the village of Beshik-tash, so called, from Hadgee Beshik, the original organiser of the Janissaries. After passing the village of Ortakeu, the promontory of Defterdar immediately succeeds, and then Kourou Tschesme. We now enter the great current "μεγα ρευμα" at Arnoutkeu. It beats so strong against the quay, that the caiques must be towed through the dancing waters. After turning the promontory, Effendi Bournou, the current subsides; the retiring shore allows the stream to settle itself under the heights of Bebek. Here is an imperial domain. The next succeeding promontory of Kislar-Bournou, is more celebrated than any of the rest, both in ancient and modern history. From it Darius contemplated the passage of his army, and here the Crusaders passed from Europe to Asia. It is now distinguished by the castle (Roumeli Hissar) built by Mahmoud II.; and on the opposite shore, which is not much more than half a mile distant, stands another castle of the same age (Anatoli Hissar). The boatmen account this half way to Therapia. Turning this promontory (the ancient Hermæum) ,we again meet the current which beats strong against the quay of Balta Liman, the broad promontory of Kislar-Bournou. The scenery here on both sides of the Bosphorus increases in beauty. Stene is an excellent port, where I saw a twenty-gun frigate lying. It was anciently Leos-

tenios. The hills above Stene enclose its bay in a perfect triangle; a river runs in at the vertex. Near Stene, at the point Comarodes, the Byzantines vanquished Demetrius, the general of Philip of Macedon. This portion of the Bosphorus is called Seitan Akentisi. When I had turned the point of Neochori, I saw a hill covered with green tents, on the Asia side. A whole army of Turks lay encamped on the Selvibornou. It was a delightful scene in passing Kalendar, viewing the handsome buildings which lined the opposite shore of Buykdere. The village of Therapia I thought gloomy, as I turned from Buykdere to look into the bay, surrounded by mean habitations. The quay chosen by the ambassadors of the two civilized nations is not liable to the same objection. They gain a view of the entrance into the Black Sea, and enjoy the cooling breezes of the North, with "the Giant's Mountain" rising before them. It was sunset when I passed the deep bay (Buykdere); the moon began to throw its beams over the still waters, and I found it was a scene and time adapted to reflection, as I walked along the quay, where Godfrey of Bouillon may have trod. Who, in visiting these spots, can forget the Persian hosts, and the multitudes of the Crusaders; the great events in times both ancient and modern, which impressed a new character upon the face of the known world.

Buykdere, August 12. 1834.—At seven o'clock

in the morning, the Bosphorus was as smooth as glass; and sweet was the picture of the quay as the caique glided past the houses of the ambassadors. The mountains which nearly overhang them are richly clothed with vines and spreading foliage. The living beings which walk up and down the shore have no Turkish air; the cleanliness of the habitations, and the general disposition of this village, makes the stranger for awhile forget that he is in the land of Mahomedanism. We enter the Gulf of Sarigeri, anciently Selectrinum. This gulf is enclosed by two promontories, Mega Bornou, anciently Simas, and Milton: the latter not wooded, but yet not without beauty. Having passed the village of Yenimachala, we turn the fort, Tellitavia, pointing its guns close upon the water; we turn a crumbling rock, and come to the European fortress, Roumeli Kavak, constructed by the French engineer, Toussaint, in 1783, and enlarged by Monnier, the Genevan, in 1794. A ravine runs inland, through which descends the stream, Chrysohoas. The hill above this fortress, towards the North, was fortified by the Genoese, to respond to the old castle, yet remaining on the opposite shore. Some ruins of the former are seen among the brushwood, and in advancing up the Bosphorus, we discovered still more remains on the heights. The coast now becomes rocky, and we enter a shoal, Xeras, or ξεραι. The Bosphorus now opens wide, and an infinite waste of

waters begins to appear in front. In ancient times there stood a Pharos (Tunea) upon these neighbouring heights. The coast now grows in rocky altitude, and in one hour from Buykdere, we reached Buykliman, situated behind a promontory: this was anciently the port of the Ephesians. The fort was constructed by Lafitte * and Monnier. Here a river enters,—the Keratze (κεραλζε),—which is also the name of the promontory. Sandrocks, with imbedded stones, now succeed, and there are everywhere marks of Nature's convulsions. We come to Karipchè, a fort built by De Tott in 1773. Here are rivers, rocks, and some green strata: it was anciently the port of the Lycians. After crossing this port we come to the promontory called Papas Bournou, where the Fanar of Europe overlooks the Cyanæan Symplegades. These rocks of poetic fame are separated a little from the coast of Europe, and are also separated from one another, rising out of the waters, in five distinct heads. They are not so high, but the spray of a roaring sea may almost reach the top; and yet they are difficult of access, from the shelving nature of their surface, and the abrupt steepness of the scarcely-trodden path. I

* Lafitte, after serving in the Turkish war with much honour, and having struggled against insuperable difficulties, was forgotten both by friend and foe: he ended his days at Peripignan. Le Chevalier sought in vain for his grave, or any remembrance of his name; his "nominis umbra" only flutters on the foreign shore of the Black Sea.

climbed up the highest. On the top of it stands an altar, commonly called Pompey's Pillar, but is, in reality, an altar erected in honour of Augustus; for old travellers have read upon it this inscription: — CAESARI AVGVSTO F. CL. ARMIDIVS, L. F CLA. FRONTO. Previous to its having been turned into a dedicatory altar, it appears to have served some other purpose, for it is the "frustum" of a column, upon which ram's heads and festoons have been added at the consecration. The names of travellers are scratched all over it, and these, together with the corroding spray, have effaced the above inscription. On the shore stands the Fanar of Europe, and fortress, erected in 1765. A naked village, also, overlooks the wide waters; and the shore, becoming more dark and rugged, falls away from this Panium promontory towards Chila.

We continued along the coast, as far as the promontory of Osania; — passing some more rocks similar to the Cyanæan, and having a sullen coast on our left. Far away down the shore, I saw the azure hills of old Thrace, and a vast expanse of waters towards the N. and E. The face of the deep was calm, and many a sail slowly tending towards the Bosphorus. From the promontory of Osania we returned, steering due E. towards Asia, at half past nine, A. M. The Roumeli Fanaraki was now conspicuous, as we again approached the European Cyanæan rocks. The projecting fort seems connected with the "azure rocks," and guards well

the entrance of the straits; but the Cyanæan isles of Asia can scarcely be said to be at the mouth of the Bosphorus. They lie beyond the town of Riva, with its fort and river; nevertheless it is here where we must look for the rock, from which Jason took his stone anchor, and where the name of Medea is still remembered amongst the inhabitants. The promontory chosen for the Fanar of Asia (Anatoli Fanaraki) is properly the corresponding "jaw" of the entrance — Ancyreum. Upon this I ascended, and contemplated, in a hot sun, the lands which tradition (and now science agrees) says were rent asunder. The waters rush through the passage which they have made for themselves, as if they were resolved to connect the portion of the globe in which man was first instructed, with that which now seems more favourable for the developement of human genius. I descended the rocky shore, and scrambled along the rugged coast, to a secure recess which served me for a bath; and as soon as I had enjoyed the luxury, and the idea of bathing in the waters of the Euxine, the waves began to whiten, and the wind rolled over the water in a darksome mood.

Returning now by the Asiatic shore, we pass the promontory of Pilaf (πιλαφ βουρνε), on which is the fort Porias Liman, built by De Tott in 1773: the mountains on the coast form a harbour; next succeeds the promontory Fil Bournou (φιλ βουρνε) anciently the Κοραξιον: it has a battery behind the

point which is connected with the old Gulf of Pantichium, now called Keteli Liman: this is a fine expanding bay; above it stands the ruined fortress of the Genoese, at the S. W. end. The coast here falls into smooth hills; the trees which crown the top of the nearest mountain being the only clothing; this may be the retreat of Belisarius, although another Pantichium, on the Chalcedonia shores, contends for "the glory and the shame." The promontory which bears the Asiatic fortress (Anatoli Kavaki), with the village of the same name, now intercepts the view down the shore. The eye is soon attracted by the corresponding fort (Roumeli Kavaki), which in this first narrowing of the Bosphorus is not more than a mile and a quarter across. The ancients appear to have considered this as the proper beginning of the strait, for they generally count the length of it 120 stadia from *the Temple* to Chalcedon: that temple to which Herodotus, Polybius, and, I think, Strabo allude was the Jupiter Urius. It is generally allowed to have stood upon the site of the "Anatoli Kavaki;" and the name of the village — Ioro is supposed to preserve the memory of the Hieron of antiquity — from hence Darius took his survey of the Euxine. The Greek Emperors, no doubt, saw the importance of securing the narrow passage, and the Genoese held the keys of the Bosphorus, when they had erected these two forts on the respective shores. The French engineers who

assisted the Turks in the Russian war of the last century, were not likely to neglect the securing so important an ingress. After veering round the promontory, anciently the Cape of Bithynia, the Magiar promontory, with its castle, appears at the extremity of the crescent-formed bay. The whole lies beneath the Giant's Mountain, encircling woods, and the ruins of a monastery, relics of departed empire and religion. It was now thirty minutes P.M. when we left the caïque and began to ascend to the Genoese fortress. This monument of foreign, but now departed power, stands on a pointed hill, rearing its bleak walls amidst vines and shrubs which grow on the uneven sides of the mountain. The keep is defended by walls and towers, and a fortification wall runs down the edge of the hill to the very harbour: the materials of which the whole is constructed are brick and rude stone mingled. Viewed at a little distance, the time-worn massy walls, rising amidst fig trees and vineyards, offer a picturesque appearance; whilst the the relics of the corresponding fortress on the Europe side show with what care the Italian republicans had secured to themselves the passage of the Bosphorus. From the castle, we descend to the outskirts of the village, and then reascend by a winding path to gain the top of the Giant's Mountain. The sides of this mountain are often broken into glens thickly wooded, and the frequent glimpses of the Bosphorus, with the fortresses and villages on

its shores, invite the traveller to check his footsteps for a while to contemplate the scenes. In about an hour from the village of Iero, I reached the top, where two Dervishes, attendants upon the giant's tomb, supplied us with coffee and eagerly received our Bakchish.

The view from this celebrated top is not so extensive as I had imagined: it is hardly semi-panoramic, and bears chiefly upon the Bosphorus and a portion of the Euxine sea. The Gulf of Buykdere bears W., with its habitations lining the shore as far as Larkeu. From W. to N. E., the eye follows the canal until it reaches the wide expanse of waters: to gain the other half of the prospect we must go behind the Giant's Tomb; then, towards the south, we see the Bosphorus again running down as far as the Sultan's Asiatic palace: the castle of Mahmoud is also conspicuous. On the east is a richly wooded vale, and a broken surface of mountainous fertility. The tents which I had seen in going up the canal were now nearly at my feet on the Mountain of Oysters (Selvibourno), and the Sultan's Valley of Beikos, which is the delight of the stranger inhabitants of the Bosphorus. Therapia lies near, across the canal, but the Propontis is hid from the view. I could, however, distinguish the tops of the islands which rise out of its waters, and the minarets which stand in the vicinity of the Seven Towers.

The Giant's Grave is generally allowed to be a

second or third edition of the Tomb of Amycus. It is like an elevated flower-bed, being fifty feet in length, and hardly twelve in width. Its borders are stone: at each end is a sculptured turban. Numerous pieces of dirty linen are tied about the "grave;" the ex-votos of such as have recovered from fevers. The Dervish who guards the *Tekè*, or chapel adjoining, appeared greedy of filthy lucre, for he not only expected a reward for himself, but begged for his child and his colleagues. It is somewhat singular that the Turks should have adopted a fable of antiquity, and made it a subject of their superstitious reverence. By a steep descent of twenty minutes (which is the most frequented path for ascending also), I came to Omogheri, a village or hamlet situated *behind* the Magiar Bournou, with reference to the fortress of Asia, from which I began the ascent to the Genoese fortress. At Omogheri there is a pleasant platform close on the shore, well shaded by fine trees: here persons coming from Therapia land, and may be accommodated with horses. A column, inscribed with Turkish characters, bearing date 1158*, stands almost a solitary object on the shore. In crossing the bay of Buykdere, the Bathycolpos of the Greeks, I was struck with the propriety of the ancients considering the Bosphorus as terminated by the promontory of Argyronium, on which the Temple of Jupiter Urius stood, and where Justinian built a church to

* The Turks are now in the year of Hegira 1250.

St. Pantaleone. Between Omogheri and Tzephikeu is the widest part of the Bosphorus, which is seen in crossing the Bathycolpos: it is three miles and a half in width. The space intervening from the Selvi-Bournou to the Castle of Asia, near Jok-su, is the only part of the coast I did not pass near; but I could see from the opposite shore the Gulf of Catangium, only terminated by the promontory of Glarium, now Kandlige-Bournou. This line of shore is less peopled than the rest. From Beikos to the Castle of Asia, at Jok-su, but one or two small villages occur. Kutchuk-su brings us to the kiosk of the Sultan, and to Candele, "the supposed site of the Bithynian Nicopolis." From thence to Scutari the shore is lined with continual habitations, and thus is the Bosphorus peopled with the inhabitants of about twenty-four villages, and a great number of villas and separate dwellings; these extending along so much line of coast, has given to the astonished spectator an erroneous notion of the population. But from Foundoukli on the one side, and from Scutari on the other, comprising every village and habitation to the Black Sea, will not afford a population exceeding 70,000. I arrived at the well-conditioned inn at Buykdere at half-past three o'clock P. M., having been eight hours and a half in performing the excursion to the Black Sea. In the evening I crossed the bay, passing Tzephikeu on my right, to Therapia. The confined shore is the only place where the equestrians can take

their exercise, unless they go a good distance from their houses; but this can seldom be done by men who escape from Galata only to arrive at their sweet home by the close of the day. The movement on the shores, however, and the groups sitting under the shade of the trees, the gardens cultivated and enriched with a profusion of shrubs and flowers, all reflected in the calm mirror of the deep bay, offer an enchanting spectacle to the stranger as he glides softly past on the edge of the water.

I left Buykdere at seven o'clock A. M., August 13th, to return to Pera by land, visiting the aqueducts in the way. Hardly do we get clear of the rough pavement and houses lining the shore, before a green plain unfolds itself, having, in the midst, some plane trees of extraordinary magnitude: they seem, indeed, to have grown together and engrafted themselves; for, although united near the roots, they grow up in separate trunks. This plain of Buykdere, which runs a considerable way up the country, with branches on the right, is celebrated as the spot where Godfrey of Bouillon pitched the tents of his innumerable hosts. A French author, who has written the History of the Crusades, was at the pains of measuring the whole, in order to calculate whether the space was ample enough for containing such countless numbers as went to the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre. The spot, at all events, was well chosen; for the hungry multitudes might easily be supplied both by land and

by sea. But the pious Godfrey must have gone down the Bosphorus as far as the Castle of Mahmoud before he found the most convenient place for passing his army over into Asia.

After one hour's riding from Buykdere, we arrived at the aqueduct of Batshekeu which, indeed, is seen from the plain of Buykdere. This aqueduct crosses a valley about 400 feet in length, and is used, like the others, for conveying water to Constantinople. Near it is one of those reservoirs called, in Turkish, Bend: the design is as simple as that of schoolboys, who sometimes amuse themselves by damming up a stream to collect the waters for the sport of letting them off in a flood. The work of the Sultan's, however, is solid, and forms, at the same time, a bridge, over which we passed. Leaving this reservoir, which is called Yeni-bend and Mahmoud Bend, we ride for twenty-five minutes through woods, and come to the Validè Bend, a reservoir of the same description, but on a larger scale; in half an hour more we reach Belgrade, a village pleasantly situated on the edge of the forest, and having a vale well watered on the west. This was the residence of Lady W. Montague, whose raptures excite more surprise than the places she describes. Her Ladyship's successor, though remote, is now the editor of the "Moniteur Ottoman," Mons. Blac, or Belac, who has a house here. The inhabitants I found to be chiefly Greeks, not of the most captivating description. On each side of Belgrade is a reservoir, respectively

called Kutchuk, and Buke-bend. We passed the latter, which, seen through the thick foliage, has the appearance of a gently flowing river. The forest now becomes magnificent; no where had I seen such tall, majestic oaks. In half an hour we came to Sultan Mahmoud's Yeni-bend, one of the most splendid, owing to the quantity of marble employed in the construction. After passing under some more lofty arches of an aqueduct, we reached the village of Bourgas, or Πυργος in forty-five minutes.

It is not the village of Bourgas which could possibly attract the notice of the traveller; for it only consists of mud-houses, situated on a naked eminence, without any extent of view to recompense the dulness of it; but the aqueduct called "Cistiniani" is worthy of inspection: it is at about the distance of a quarter of an hour's ride from the village, and the corrupt appellation means it was made by Justinian. This, however, may be doubted; for it is more probably the work of Valens or Theodosius, though little remains of that period to compare with the work of Soliman the Magnificent. Two rows of arches, rising one above the other to a great height, run across a valley, which may be estimated at 2000 feet in length. In the depth of the hollow we easily distinguish some of the ancient construction, which excels in solidity, but not in regularity, the modern arches of the Sultan. This work alone would give an exalted idea of the great Soliman. His mosque

might be reared from a feeling of devotion or fanaticism, but this was a work of utility. As the ground rises from the hollow, the aqueduct, of course, diminishes in altitude, until it comes to the level of the soil. The whole is built of stone; but the channel at the top has a triangular covering, instead of a flat one like the Roman species. We returned to Bourgas, and, after some slight refreshment under the shade of a Greek cafanet, we took the road to Pera, the excursion from Buykdere having now occupied us four hours.

Scarcely proceeding fifteen minutes, we arrive at the angular aqueduct, which reaches from the top of a hill across a hollow so deep as to require three rows of arches; amongst them I observed a pointed arch. The whole may be about 400 paces (120 toises) in length.* The whole is entirely modern; but, in all probability, follows the line marked out by the Byzantine emperors. After a ride of one hour and a half across a naked and uninteresting country, we arrive at the village of Kiat-hanè. This village, so called from its paper-mills, is situated upon the river Petinocorium, which, having its source near a village of that name, not far beyond Bourgas, descends through the Valley of Sweet Waters, and forms the best portion of the Lycus. From Kiat-hanè it is conducted in a straight line through the meadow, which belongs to the kiosk of Sultan Selim, and its waters make the

* The water comes from the rivulet Hydralis.

fountains of the little Versailles, which a Frenchman planned in the time of Louis XIV. The adjacent palace was under repair: the rows of cannon stood on one side of the meadow, and a few guards were loitering about the kiosk and the bridge, which leads to the left bank of the river. I did not see this celebrated resort to advantage, for there were no Arlabats, nor groups of Turks, male and female, nor dancers, nor jugglers, which have amused former travellers! I was obliged to content myself with looking through a pretty valley, and following the windings of the river, until it almost reached the entrance of the Golden Horn. Another river, the Alibekeu, flows into the same stream at a little distance, but contributes nothing to the Valley of the Sweet Waters. These two rivers are, I believe, the ancient Cydaris and Barbysses. We ascended the heights above the Sultan's kiosk, and soon looked down upon the whole extent of the valley. The opposite hills were covered with green tents, where the Turkish troops lay encamped in great numbers. The country was naked and open; and, unless an occasional glance at the minarets of Constantinople had reminded me of the vicinity of a large city, I could have imagined myself in some remote wilderness. But, within a mile of Pera, the city, with Scutari, and a portion of the Bosphorus, bursts upon the view. It was to me like entering the city anew, and my enraptured eye, for a moment, was caught by the gorgeous city of the Sultans. I arrived

at Pera at four o'clock, having been nine hours in performing the whole excursion from Buykdere. It will thus appear, that, in three days, a diligent traveller may see the Bosphorus, the entrance of the Euxine Sea, and the aqueducts.

LETTER IV.

To Dowager Lady Kinloch, Eaton Place.

Constantinople, 14. August, 1834.

As I first saw the metropolis of the West under your auspices, (and although some years have passed away, the recollection of those days is still grateful,) I am led by one of those associations, for which we can hardly account, to introduce you into the capital of the East. I cannot, however, pretend to describe within the limits of a letter the interior of the third largest city in Europe; nor need I attempt to describe what a panomora in London will more effectually exhibit. My inclination for antiquities has, as you will easily imagine, led me over the sites of the old Byzantium and Chalcedonia, and sent me in quest of "seven hills" and "fourteen regions;" but you would, doubtless, prefer to hear something of the Sultan, the Dervishes, the slave-market, and such things as particularly distinguish this city and people from the nations of the West. Friday is the day of the week when the Sultan goes publicly to mosque. It is generally known the pre-

vious evening what mosque he intends to honour. The one he selected for the 1st of August was at the village of Candele, situated on the Asia side of the Bosphorus, and on the way from his splendid residence, near Kouskoutzoki, to one of his kiosks at Tchuksu, or Sweet Waters.

At twelve o'clock, the hour of prayer, he arrived in his barge of state, followed by a second, which was intended for a change. A gilded canopy, supported upon massive pillars, and a rich lining of silk and embroidery, together with a profusion of carving and gilding in all directions, encircled his Highness, as he sat in luxurious ease in an arm-chair-formed sofa across the boat: about twelve pairs of oars, pulled by fine stout men, in costume of thin linen, moved this floating mass of gorgeous material. Several Pachas were in attendance to wait the arrival of their lord and master. The aged Seraskier stood forward first, followed by Halil Pacha, the new-made son-in-law, the Capudan Pacha, or High Admiral, and other officers of state, who all advanced to meet his sublimity as he stepped out of the golden barge upon the rustic landing-board of the village. Two men, holding in their hands silver censers, out of which issued the smoke of sweet perfumes, advanced and bowed themselves to the earth, and then went before the Sultan. He walked between the Seraskier and his son-in-law, leaning on their arms, and appeared to discourse familiarly with them, with a

smile bordering on laughter; but this was, I understood, unusual. A Turk, standing behind us, intimated very respectfully, that we ought to take off our hats; which, without the intimation, we should have done: the act attracted his eye, and he passed a slight survey of us. His dress was simple: no turban, but the ordinary Fez, or red Tunis cap, like those of his officers. He wore very little beard; strong (rather coarse) features, black eyes, and solemn step: his under dress was adjusted with a girdle, and over this a flowing robe of a light olive colour. A row of guards on each side, between the landing-place and mosque, formed all the military parade. The band struck up, and the Muezzins began their nasal songs. He remained about half an hour in the mosque; during which I heard the voices of the Muftis and attendant priests, not unlike the notes which proceed from a chaunted mass or vespers. The Sultan returned to his boat, No. 2., and continued his way to the kiosk at Tchuksu. I followed after the train of Pachas, and found, on landing at a green, a great company of Turkish women and men; some reclining, others driving in their grotesque arlabats, drawn indifferently by oxen or horses. The whole presented the appearance of a fair in our own country, except that the colours were more varied and bright, and the distinction between the sexes more rigorously observed. By ascending a little way up this delightful vale, we

came to a river bearing the same name, Tchuksu: this runs into the Bosphorous, near one of the castles of Mahmoud II. Crossing a wooden bridge, I found myself in a still larger collection of groups and arlabats. Here the Sultan comes to divert himself and his children with bow and arrow; but I returned before his arrival, and had again the advantage of seeing him pass on horseback. He was soon followed by his two sons: the eldest, about nine years of age, shows much of European grace. He returned our salute with dignity, bowing from his horse. His brother is an infant. The tutor, a dwarf, preceded the pupils, and gave certain orders with a voice like a mosquito.

The public promenade, where I saw the Sultan, is situated near a fort on the Bosphorus, and on the opposite shore is another of more imposing aspect. The Bosphorus here makes an angle; and these forts appear to have been built by Mahmoud II. for the purpose of securing his conquest, and so far his passage to Constantinople. The round towers are covered with conical roofs, and the turretted walls run up the banks amidst thick groves and fruit trees. These forts are not more than a mile asunder, and this is reckoned half way to Therapia.

I shall now speak of the Dervishes. The Mahommedans have their religious orders like the Greeks and Romans, and, in many respects, they have both presented the same features in the two

extremes of licentiousness and devotion. The wandering Dervishes, who, under the cloak of sanctity, committed the most horrible excesses, are now abolished; their convents have been burnt and destroyed. There remain at Constantinople two classes — the Mevlevì, or dancers of the Tekiè, a splendid convent erected for them near the tower of Galata by Kalet-Effendi (the unfortunate minister who was beheaded by the present Sultan), and the Ruhanì, or howlers of Scutari. The dancers perform twice a week; but, as their establishment is now under repair, I cannot witness their revolutions. The Mevlevì Dervishes owe the foundation of their order to Mevlana Djèla-leddin, surnamed the Sovereign of the Wise. He was born in the capital of Khoracan, in the year 604 of Hegira. He taught publicly at Iconium, and founded the order in 643. His work, entitled "Mesneve," contains many things taken from the Scriptures. He died in 672, i. e. A. D. 1257. Before a Dervish of this order can be admitted into the convent, he must perform the office of a menial servant during 1001 days.

The howling Dervishes content themselves with assembling once a week; but their exertions for that once are more than equal to those of the dancers. I was present last Thursday at their revolting ceremonies. The room in which they assemble at Scutari is situated at the end of a small garden, and is capable of containing not more than 120

persons. On the walls are suspended knives, daggers, large nails, and various instruments of torture, the use of which, however, is now prohibited by a firman of the Sultan. At the upper end, on the boarded floor covered with a carpet, sits the Imam, or principal Dervish; and the candidates for the exhibition gather round him in a semicircle, kneeling and rocking their bodies, whilst they repeat, in a chaunting tone, their preliminary prayers. During this exercise the Dervishes continue to assemble. They have no particular costume, except the cylindrical white cap, and not all have this; some appeared in the European dress, one in a military uniform, who afterwards became the most frightfully devout. The Imam is properly robed, and in his air and carriage there is a marked superiority to the rest. At a signal from him, they all stand up, and dispose themselves around the room in front of a barrier, behind which a few spectators can be admitted. The Imam then, by a slight incitement of clapping his hands, gives the time for the howling strain to commence; but it is not howling, the breath is fetched from the bottom of the lungs, and emitted in a stifled groan; and the merit of it lies in increasing the rapidity, always urged by the redoubled clapping of the Imam's hands, until it exceeds the capacity of a stranger to follow in distinctive pulsations. At this pitch of excitement, and when their eyes begin to roll as if in deadly sickness, a Mufti begins to sing, in plaintive tones, some of

the most affecting passages of the Koran; and this, which seems to fascinate the whole audience, has the effect, real or feigned, of producing convulsive affections among the Dervishes; so that they fall down, or throw themselves headlong into the middle of the room, and lay senseless. This happened to the soldier, whose visage had become black with his exertions, and, after his fall, he lay with clenched fists and contracted limbs. The Imam then advances, and with the aid of some one, places the exhausted fanatic on his legs again. He then gently smooths the part convulsed, and, as by some magnetic influence, the patient appears restored, and resumes his awful task. The fury begins to subside as the Imam ceases to excite: he returns to his seat, and then are brought to him children, and others affected with pains or maladies; these are laid down before him, and receive something like a benediction. He then rises up, and walks over the body of the patient, passing his foot lightly over the parts affected; and all this with an air of solemnity, which a stranger might easily have taken for sincerity: but I discovered two things which led me to doubt of the religion of the Ruhani. The pious soldier had moved a spectator, at his last convulsions, to give him five piastres; and the faithful Mustafa, our Janissary, who is now immortalised in the society of the lovely "Ayesha," hinted that he expected a similar piece of fortune on the occasion of our at-

tendance. In walking the streets of Stamboul, a few days after, I espied the Imam eating his kebab in a cook's shop, and he too recognised his visiters at Scutari. The merry mood in which he then spake, and his different air, showed that he had thrown off the trammels of his priesthood; and, although he might be a wonder-working Dervish in Asia, it was very doubtful in what capacity he visited Europe.

I hardly know whether this scene at Scutari, or my visit to the slave market, left the most melancholy impression upon my mind; for it was but contemplating slavery in two different forms. The market is held every Saturday, in an unpaved open court, situated not far from the Osmanea. In the midst, sit groups of black females, waiting for purchasers; and many of them, with an air as gay as if they were expecting a bridegroom. The male slaves are stationed on the opposite side of the quadrangle, and appear, for the most part, as regardless of their lot as the women; but if there be a single one who appears to feel his or her situation, it brings before the mind all the sorrows and misery of the captive. It is not in looking over the enslaved many, with an average eye of good and evil that we feel; but it is seeing the iron enter into the soul of one. Thus I felt, in discovering among the white Georgians a young man, seated in irons, and leaning his handsome brow upon his hand. It is probable he had been

attempting his escape, and I wished to learn something of his history; but I was not permitted to ask him any questions. On two sides of the courts runs a gallery. Behind this, rooms are disposed for the reception of such slaves as have already acquired an additional value from previous service. Some are sent for sale by their needy masters, whom fortune may have reduced to that necessity; others have been brought for speculation by Turks breaking up their establishments, &c. The argument which has been so long used in defence of our colonial slavery is equally ready at Constantinople. The slaves, they say, are happier when they get good masters, than they would be if left to themselves: but in Turkey there is a humane law, or rather a custom, which is, if a slave serve his master faithfully, for nine years, he is made free; and it is not an uncommon thing for a man to raise himself from the chains to the Pachalic; but as long as the picture of the poor Georgian youth haunts my thoughts, no casual recompense of a good master, nor any idea of expediency, shall ever reconcile me to the doctrine of slavery.

You have often heard of the splendid and extensive view which Constantinople and its precincts present at a distance; but this deceives the eye of a stranger in two things: the idea he forms of its interior, and his first notions of its population. Although so magnificent, when seen from afar, the

whole is but a theatrical illusion as soon as the disappointed spectator enters the streets, or, rather, the lanes, of the city; and to complain of the filth and inconvenience of the streets, the meanness of the habitations, the dusky sheds which overshadow, and almost darken the very footsteps, were only to repeat the observations of every stranger in Constantinople. Secondly, although the space within the walls be so ample, yet there is much entirely unpeopled: we frequently pass by whole streets that have been reduced to ashes, and so lain for years. Open places, without habitations, or shells of buildings without inhabitants. The valley of the Janissaries, that is, where their barracks once stood, is a wide space of country without inhabitants in the very centre of the city; and the population is by no means thick over the whole of the hill of Theodosius. Upon the most liberal computation, Constantinople Proper does not contain more than 400,000 inhabitants; 160,000 more will amply comprise the population of Galata, Pera, Cassim Pacha, Tophanè, and as far as Foundoukli, inclusive: there may be 60,000 in Scutari and Kadi-keu; and a very liberal estimate would assign no more than 60,000 for the villages on both sides the Bosphorus. Thus it will appear that all the population which can be brought within the utmost limits of the capital of the East from the Princes' Islands to the Black Sea, and from Chalcedonia to the forests of Belgrade, will not

equal 700,000; and many persons who had resided for years at Pera, to whom I proposed this estimate, thought the numbers rather over-rated.

To a man who values human life, or can feel for the degradation of his species, no city on earth can be less tempting, as a residence, than Constantinople. Wherever he walks for his recreation, he must tread upon the graves of the dead, and involve his steps under the gloom of a cypress forest: in the streets, he will frequently stumble over the ravages of fire, and for some months in the year he must warily avoid the contact of plague and disease, as at the time I now write: he is condemned to witness the semi-barbarism of a people which he has no hope of contributing to ameliorate; and if he would escape from the dreary streets of the city he has no whither to go but into an unpeopled wilderness. The few honourable Franks which inhabit Pera, are too much immersed in their own business to contribute much to the amusement of the stranger, or the unemployed resident; and an intercourse with the great majority of others would only increase his disgust. On these accounts, the foreign ministers run off to Therapia and Buykdere, where they are gradually fixing their permanent habitations. The heights of Pera still affords a tolerable residence for the Consuls, and there are a few boarding-houses for the reception of strangers!

LETTER V.

To the Rev. John Hartley, at Geneva.

Constantinople, 15th August, 1834.

I HAVE now not only visited the scenes of your missionary labours in Greece and the islands; but I have followed your steps over some of the prostrate churches of Asia: and having now spent fifteen days in this great city and the environs, I am preparing to return to a land of less sun but more congenial elements. The places you have so well described in your "Researches in Greece and the Levant," still remain faithful to your descriptions. The same unbroken silence pervades the Mounts Prion and Corissus; and the "amber waves" of the Cayster "in lingering labyrinths," still creep through the naked plain as one views them from the Castle of Ajasaluk. The swarthy Arab still keeps the cafenèt near the ruins of Metropolis; and Smyrna, with its motley population, may yet occasionally hear the message of everlasting peace, although your voice is heard in another, but not less important, sphere of usefulness. I might also recal your thoughts to Sardis and Thyatira; but as you left them, so they

remain: at the latter place, however, I must tell you that I made a curious discovery of a remnant of what I supposed to be the first church ever built there. At Broussa you would now find an American missionary, and at Constantinople two others, the Rev. William Goodal and Rev. D. G. O. Dwight, whose zeal is only equalled by their wisdom and discretion. The Sultan has commenced regular schools in all the barracks, and it is estimated that about 1500 young officers, under twenty years of age, are daily receiving instruction. The avidity with which they seize the learning is remarkable; and Mr. Goodall says he can compare them only to a man who has suddenly awoke from a deep sleep to see novel wonders standing around him. The missionaries have furnished the schools with elementary books printed at the expense of their Society in the Turkish language: and they have made use of something like a pious fraud in inserting sentences from the Proverbs of Solomon, and even some from the Psalms. So that there may be seen in the school-rooms, Scripture texts suspended to be learned by heart: they are of course approved of by the Mussulman teachers, but they are ignorant from whence the words of wisdom are drawn, otherwise they would not be admitted by the side of the Koran. If these schools succeed in the capital, it is the Sultan's intention to establish similar ones throughout the kingdom. As soon as the Firman is issued to that effect,

Mr. Brewer and Mr. Jetter, at Smyrna, will be able to recommence their Turkish school. They had got upwards of seventy Turkish children to attend it, when the local authorities ordered it to be closed. In estimating the religious prospects of the East, I think we should put down these things as a large item in the account. I have also found a most favourable disposition among the Greeks to receive the Scriptures and to listen to spiritual instruction. It was highly gratifying to me to find a similar spirit in no less an authority than the Patriarch of Constantinople.

Having received an introduction from an Englishman here resident, I paid the Patriarch a visit at the Fanar. His house stands near the Cathedral, and the first access to his apartment announces the poverty of the Greek church, and contrasts strangely with the pomp and splendour of the Bishop of the West. Instead of a body of noble guards, the Patriarch has a few attendants of the sacred order who appear at the clapping of his hands. Instead of the 1000 chambers of the Vatican, he has a simple but clean room for the reception of his visiters, and another for his bed-chamber; and instead of being a sovereign prince, he is a slave or "a stranger in the land of Egypt." He is about fifty years of age, with a magnificently spreading beard and a ruddy complexion, not undignified in his manners and affable in his intercourse: he is

the same person who, when in a less elevated station, assisted Mr. Leeves, our missionary, in translating the Scriptures into Romaic. He spoke of those translations with pleasure, and expressed himself ready to aid in their circulation: he lamented the fallen state and moral degradation of the Asiatic Greeks, whom he called his children: and he appeared impressed with the necessity which exists for instruction, both amongst the priests and the people. But, like every one else, he seems to be looking forward to some speedy and great change in the condition of the Turkish empire. He had just received a prospectus from some French philosophers, styling themselves "Chevaliers de l'ordre du Soleil:" they propose to establish institutions at Athens and in other parts of Greece, and the islands, "for the diffusion of light like the sun!" they had also addressed a letter to the Prince of Samos, which he had forwarded to the Patriarch. These documents I read, and concluded from them that those Frenchmen were some emissaries, though a little disguised, from the St. Simonian school; with which idea the Patriarch coincided, and laughed most heartily at the sounding phraseology of the Chevaliers de l'ordre du Soleil!

But whilst a spirit of enquiry, and a thirst for instruction is growing up among the Greeks and the Turkish youth, there are other circumstances, trifling, perhaps, in themselves, but which conspire to bring

about the same end, viz. some great moral change in the people of the East. There is a prophecy well known among the Turks, and confided in by many,—that they were not to hold Constantinople for 400 years. Such was the prediction of Constantine, before he closed his eyes in death! It cannot be expected that we should give credence to a popular prediction of this nature; but such things, when *believed* by a semi-barbarous people, may at a critical juncture turn the scale, and decide the destiny of a nation. We must look upon our own prophecies, however, with greater veneration; and it is a remarkable coincidence, to say the least, that we should possess more than one prediction which seems to decide the fate of Turkey about the same period. You are, no doubt, aware that the four angels which "were loosed from the great river, Euphrates" have been very generally interpreted to represent the rushing forth of the Turks into Europe; and the description of the cavalry, and the colours, and the power of their tails, have been accurately applied to the Mahommedan armies. Now, they were "prepared for an hour, and a day, and a month, and a year*;" which, according to the well known language of prophecy, designates a period of 391 years, 2 weeks. And how nearly this coincides with the supposed prediction of Constantine, as the Turks have it, and believe it! But this is not all: the Turks

* Revelation, ix. 15.

entered Constantinople on the 29th of May, 1453; if to this be added the above period of 391 years, and the fraction, it will reach the year 1844 of the Christians. And this same year will be the 1260 of the Turks: now the 1260 years for the duration of a certain infidel power is frequently mentioned in the prophecies; and it is the coincidence of all these things which is so remarkable. If we call in the aid of politicians and diplomatists, who never believe any prophecies, they could hardly, I conceive, from the present aspect of things, allow the period here pointed out to elapse before the great change must take place. I say nothing more of all these prophecies and signs of the times in the East, than that they have struck me as very remarkable in their coincidence.

The various nations and languages that inhabit this city, have also occupied my attention. *The Armenians* are still considered the most respectable, as they are the most numerous, of the Frank population. About 15,000 of them (as I was informed by one of their order) now acknowledge the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome; and since their recall to the city, after the banishment of 1828, they have had a spiritual head, — a Bishop sanctioned by the Pope. *The Greeks*, rayah or subjects of the Porte, are neither considered among the Turkish nor the Frank population; but they stand alone, the original inhabitants of Roumelia, and now the most degraded portion of the community. Since the in-

dependence of Greece they have begun to seek protection from foreign ministers and consuls, and the Greek minister has justly incurred some censure by granting passports to subjects of the Ottoman Porte. Several of the better sort, who retired from the Fanar, have returned, and prefer the protection of their old masters. *The Jews* have been established in great numbers, ever since they fled from the bloody hands of Philip II. of Spain, they found a more hospitable reception among the infidels, and remain, to this day, a reproach to the spirit of the Inquisition. But their moral character is lost withal; and, making allowance for the prejudice which is every where raised against that devoted people, a native Greek is still more trust-worthy than a Jew of Constantinople. These observations do not apply to the Greeks who have come from the islands: they have the reputation of being more industrious. There is, also, a colony of merchants from *Aleppo*, whose character stands high for all the mercantile virtues of good faith and fair dealing. The appellations of *Frank* includes Italians, French, English, Germans, and whatsoever nations put on the dress of London or Paris. Formerly the Turks made no distinction, and took their ideas of the Christian world from the very refuse of Christian society; now they have got to know the difference between a Frank, born under the influence of their own institutions, and one who is guided by those principles which have given a

decided superiority to a portion of mankind. They even discriminate between French, English, and Italian; and the name of an Englishman (without any self-congratulation) inspires them, at present, with the greatest respect. The Russians they are too well acquainted with to like; the Germans are too obscure to invite their attention; the French are looked upon as too unstable and volatile. England is liable, in their estimation, to none of these defects. She appears only in her invincible fleets, and disappears only for interchange of commodity.

After enumerating the various tribes and nations which people this city, and of which the Turks form but a share, it may appear strange that such a motley population should be governed without an army and without a police. There is something wise in the system of administering justice; but that system necessarily contains in it the seeds of decay. The Turkish government relinquishes entirely the civil causes, and almost entirely the criminal, into the hands of the respective communities. A dispute or suit between an Austrian and a French or English subject, is decided by the Consuls, with an appeal to the Ambassador, which is final. The Jews refer their disputes to their own Rabbis and heads; the Armenians to their Patriarch, and Vekil, and Bishops, who constitute the Synod. This Synod has power to decide in all cases, civil and ecclesiastical, and in minor criminal cases; but the contending parties may

have recourse, if they will, to the Ottoman tribunals, which are generally venal, from the Kadi * upwards. In the same manner is justice administered among the other communities; and thus is this heterogeneous mass kept together by allowing each body to decide their own causes: in this manner, too, the direct taxes are raised by allowing each community to collect the stipulated sum total by assessing themselves. †

The reforms which Sultan Mahmoud has attempted, since the destruction of the Janissaries, are chiefly confined to the military and naval departments; but he has also abolished many of those barbarous punishments which have ever held up the Turks as an abomination to mankind. Hence there are now no more impalements, nor prolongation of a victim's sufferings; the cheating baker is no longer nailed by his ears to his shop door; the prisons are

* For a list, and signification of titles and places, see an annexed note.

† Mr. Urquhart has written a book to show the benefit of direct taxation, and of the working of the system which allows municipalities to tax themselves for the gross contributions required by the government. This system, laid down by the Arabs, and pursued in Turkey, excites the author's admiration; to it he attributes the hitherto durability of the Turkish power, and, to a contrary system, all the evils which commercial nations suffer! Mr. Urquhart has also added some excellent observations and statistical tables upon Greece. He estimates the population of European Turkey at 13,050,000, including Greece and the islands, which (now to be deducted) only makes a difference of 868,000.

not such scenes of carnage and torture; and something like humanity has succeeded to ages of cruelty. The descriptions which travellers once gave of the capital of the Turks, are now no longer true. The opium shops are swept away; the fanatic, or roguish Dervish, is no longer permitted to cut himself with knives; the tedious ceremonies of receiving ambassadors; the exposing of heads and bloody scalps, at the gate of the seraglio, takes place no more; the very turban has yielded to the fez, or red Tunis cap; and the Scheik-Islam himself, has put on a French surtout and a pair of Wellington boots. A well-dressed Turk, after the old fashion, is rarely to be met with; even the aged have found the convenience of the European costume. It is true, that sometimes we see an attempt at trowsers, which are but one remove from the flowing robe, a species of sack, split asunder from the knees downwards; but a person of the rank of Halil Pacha, turns out as well rolled up in a straight coat and trowsers as a first-rate Parisian. The red cap, it must be confessed, is a poor exchange for the turban, and certainly not sufficient to protect the shaven head of the Mussulman from the heat of a burning Eastern sun: but it was the badge of the Sultan's cause against the Janissaries, and is still the sign of the citizens' loyalty. It is, therefore, most generally worn; and the complexions of the Turks continue to suffer. The Sultan did, indeed, propose that the soldiers should wear fronts to

their caps; but it was objected, that with such a projection, they could not touch the ground, at prayer, with their forehead. His highness thought they might, during that solemn exercise, have turned the front of the cap behind; but the expedient has not yet been adopted.

It would a little surprise the travellers of the last century, to be told that the smoke of a foundery chimney now ascends from the arsenal of Cassim Pascha; and even more recent travellers than those, may wonder to hear that engines are worked by steam, and copper rolled out by machines for the Ottoman Porte, in their own dock-yards. But whilst, at a distance, these things may appear to be effecting a great improvement in the hopeless land of Mahommedanism, to a nearer inspector they are but as snow flakes falling into the ocean. The Sultan has no one to sympathise with his feelings of inferiority; not a Pascha sees the necessity, which he sees, of civilising his people or losing his throne. He stands alone on the embankment, which he himself has reared, to stem, for a while, the torrent of destruction which is coming upon him; and before he has entered upon the threshold of his regenerated fabric, it must fall and bury him under the ruins. When he has patched the old garment, with new cloth, it must rend asunder, and the fragments be divided, like the Greek empire of former days, on the plains of Buykdere. There, the ministers of the nations are already gathered about the carcass,

and why should not England divide the spoil with the strong? Sultan Mahmoud would find a better field for his exertions in Asia Minor; fixing himself at the royal seat of his ancestors, at Prusa. His son might reign, under the protection of the powers of Europe, at Hadrianople, over Thrace and Bulgaria; and the city of Constantinople, the great prize, be made an independent port, with the two keys of the Bosphorus and the Hellespont. Then might the Colossus of the North be appeased with Wallachia, and the inglorious Austria might reach her long-extended finger along the shores of Albania. The vanity of France should be satisfied with a descent upon Egypt; and England, retaining Corfu, and acquiring Candia, should give up her Ionian Isles to the new king of Greece! But after this division of territory, it is time that I take my departure from the Sultan's dominions.

I am, &c.

NOTES.

*** As several terms and titles have been used in the chapters and letters on Constantinople not familiar to every reader, the following explanations may be useful:—

Sceik-Islam. The head of all civil and religious laws, supreme interpreter of the Koran, and infallible interpreter in matters of faith; vicar of the prophet, and crowns the Sultan; but, touching the infallibility;—in 1755, the Sultan Osman, more rigorous than his predecessors, entirely prohibited the use of wine, and the Sceik-Islam decided that such was the *precept* of the prophet, and not a consilium merely. In 1828,

Sultan Mahomet permitted the use of wine, and the Sceik-Islam decided that to abstain from wine was a mere consilium of the prophet, and not a precept; so that Mahommedan infallibility, as well as some others, has a certain elasticity.

Echim-Basci. Protc-medico, generally a man of great learning, and often the person chosen to be promoted to the dignity of Sceik-Islam.

Imam or Dervish. A person belonging to a religious order; the monk of Islamism.

Mufti. An ordinary priest.

Muezzin. He who calls the Ezaan, or invitation to prayer, from the gallery of the Minaret.

Ramazan. The Turkish Lent, which generally lasts during a whole moon; it is then unlawful to eat or drink, or smoke, from sun-rise to sun-set.

Bayram. The last three days of the Ramazan, when the mosques are illuminated and all sorts of rejoicing take place.

Curbam-Bayram. A festival that follows soon after the former, when the Sultan goes out of the city to pray in the open air.

Mevlat and Mirac. Festivals destined for celebrating the birth and death of the prophet.

Emir. Title of those who are believed to descend from the prophet's stock, and are especially entitled to wear the green.

Executive.

Grand Vizier. First minister of state.

Reis Effendi. Minister for foreign affairs.

Seraskier Pacha. Acting commander-in-chief of all forces by land.

Capudan Pacha. Admiral-in-chief, and commander of all forces by sea.

Pacha. A governor-general, or a lieutenant-general.

Bey. Minor governor of a district, equal to the rank of Colonel.

Aga. A commandant of greater or less dignity.

Vaivode. A governor of a town or city.

Muzzelim. A governor of a city of greater importance, or an officer in the camp, but not responsible to the Pacha.

Nasir. A commandant under the control of the Pacha.

The Grand Vizier, the Seraskier Pacha, and the Capudan Pacha, have alone the power of ordering an execution at Constantinople.

The Turkish Alphabet renders these sounds: —

ا	Elif.	ط	Tdeu.
ب	Bé.	ظ	Zugh.
ت	Té.	ع	Ayn.
ث	Cé.	غ	Ghyn.
ج	Gim (soft).	ف	Rhè (Phè).
ح	Ha.	ق	Kaf.
خ	Xugh (guttural).	ك	Kef.
د	Dal.	ل	Lam.
ز	Zel, or Ze.	م	Mim.
ى	Ré.	ن	Nun.
س	Sin.	ر	Wav.
ش	Tschun.	ه	Hè.
ص	Sat.	ى	Yè.
ض	Tdat.		

é, as in French.

Numerals (Turkish).

١ ٢ ٣ ٤ ٥ ٦ ٧ ٨ ٩

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

١٠٠٠ 1000, Bin.

Bir	1.	Yrmi	20.
Iki	2.	Yrmi-bir	21.
Utsch	3.	Otuz	30.
Dort	4.	Kürk	40.
Besh	5.	Elli	50.
Alti	6.	Altmush	60.
Jedi	7.	Yedmush	70.
Sekiz	8.	Sekizen	80.
Dokuz	9.	Dokizen	90.
On	10.	Uz	100.
Onbir	11.	Bin	1000.
Oniki, &c.			

CHAPTER XI.

JOURNEY FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO BELGRADE.

This ended, to high Rhodopè he hastes,
And Hæmus' mountain bleak with northern blasts.
OVID.

THE distance from Constantinople to Belgrade is estimated at 184 Turkish saharts, or hours, and is divided into stages, where alone relays are stationed. These, however, are not given, except to couriers extraordinary, and other privileged persons, until the traveller gets beyond Hadrianople; so that this former part of the journey must be performed with the same horses, and it is seldom done in less than four and a half days. The reason for not allowing relays to travellers on this road seems an odd one; it is to secure a priority of intelligence to the Sultan from the northern regions. The four and a half days' journey may often be reduced to three, by going to Rhodosto by sea, and then proceeding straight to Hadrianople. The itinerary of the whole is as follows: —

	Hours, or Saharts.
From Haivan Hissari to Boadez,	10
„ Tschurlu	10
„ Bourgas	10
„ to Apsa	10
„ to Hadrianople	5
	45 *
„ Ebibza	9
„ Haskeu	9
„ Philippopolis	16
„ Tatar Bazarlich	6
„ Ilkiman	12
„ Sophia	12
„ Sharkeu	16
„ Nissa	12
„ Resna	10
„ Jogodina	10
„ Batchukina	6 †
„ Hassan-palanca	6 †
„ Hissar-gik	10
„ Belgrade	5
	184

* Forty-five saharts may be performed in three days, if relays can be obtained.

† Sometimes these two stages are put into one of twelve hours, because there are not always horses to be had at Batchukina.

The shortest time in which this journey has ever been performed is four days and seventeen hours; this Captain Dundas accomplished in the summer of 1834, escorted by the Tartar Ibrahim. The Turkish sahart is not a fixed quantity, but taken frequently according to the nature of the country; it is, however, never less than three and a half miles (English) in mountainous districts; but more frequently is equal to four and a half miles. The average may be taken at something more than four miles; and thus it will appear, that the distance from Constantinople to Belgrade may not be rated at less than 750 miles, and perhaps it would not be over-rated at 800. Couriers, with despatches, perform this journey in eight or nine days, which will allow them to sleep three nights. Some active travellers, with light baggage, have performed it in ten days; but with heavy baggage, and without the privilege of changing horses until they reach Hadrianople, twelve days (the time in which we performed it) may be considered fair travelling. An English saddle, covered with a sheep skin, and a mantle buckled on behind for support, makes the most comfortable seat for so long a distance.

The preparations for our departure were made where all British travellers find a home, at the Consulate. It would be ungrateful in me not to record the hospitality and kind attentions of Mr. Cartwright; but it would be unjust, in mentioning his name, to

pass unnoticed the high claims which he has to the gratitude of his country. His experience of eighteen years has rendered his services, as British Consul, almost indispensable to the mercantile interests at Constantinople; and such is the respect in which he is held among the inhabitants of Pera, and the people in general, that whatever the embassy may be at Therapia, he is the representative of the English nation at Constantinople, and really does the business of it. There is a certain number of Tartar couriers employed, in their turns, by the Consul, to carry despatches to and from Persia, and to Belgrade. One of these is generally chosen to conduct English travellers, such as ourselves, over the Balkan to the Austrian frontier; for the conveyance of four masters and two servants, including four baggage horses, which, with those of the Surigees, made a cavalcade of thirteen; — we agreed to pay 5000 piastres, and to provide ourselves with food on the journey, which cost about 700 more; we added 200 more in consideration of the Tartar's good conduct as *Bakshich*, making a sum total of about sixty-two pounds. A single person cannot be escorted for less than 2000 piastres. The name of our Tartar was *Fezi*, whom we can safely recommend to others.

At seven o'clock, in the morning of August 16th, we descended from the Pera for the last time, and embarked on the canal to go to Haivan Hissari — the place of rendezvous for post-horses and travellers.

The Tartar and his "Surigees" had thirteen tired animals ready packed and saddled by half-past nine o'clock: we passed through the suburb of Ortagikeu, and left the walls of Constantinople.

The road lies over those extensive burial grounds which run parallel with the walls from the canal to the Propontis; and looking back through the cypress trees, we obtain partial views of the lofty old towers and of a tall minaret rising above the now concealed city. The solitude begins already at the plain of Daoud Pacha, and is only relieved by those huge barracks and trains of artillery which appear to be nearly deserted: — bare hill and valley, often approaching to wildness, conduct the traveller on the road to Hadrianople. The lowly promontory o Agios Stephanos is seen at a distance, reaching into the sea. In three hours we gained the town of *Kutchuk Tchekmadji*, or the "Little Bridge." This is considered as a key of the Hadrianople road, and accordingly it is embellished with a custom-house. The bridge alluded to in the name of this place, is built over the end of a salt lake, which runs a considerable way inland, and communicates with the sea by a kind of natural-formed canal. The ground lying between the bridge and the sea-coast is marshy, and full of little pools which infect this neighbourhood with mal'aria: travellers are always recommended to avoid it the first night, and for that purpose to leave Constantinople in the early part of the day. At the

distance of an hour and a half from hence, on some high ground, is gained the last view of Constantinople. A wide extent of sea and open country lies on the right and left, respectively; and in a little time we come to another similar lake, formed by the sea, with a village situated upon it, and a town at a little distance on the shore, not without beauty. This is called Buyuk Tchekmadji, or Great Bridge: the bridge is indeed a continuation of four bridges built of stone, and a work "not unworthy of being looked at." The same kind of marshy ground intervenes between the lake and the coast, and which has, no doubt, been covered with water in ancient times, whereby this must have been rendered a fine harbour. I observed, before arriving at Boadez, another similarly formed receptacle for a lake, but without any water and under cultivation; but it was evident, from the flatness, that it had also been covered with the sea like the former, and it affords additional evidence that the sea has considerably retired since the days of the Roman dominion: the convenience of the harbours is therefore lost, and the situations rendered more unwholesome. Justinian built a bridge across a morass between a lake and the sea, twelve miles from the city, at a place called Rhegium: the distance and description answers well enough to Kutchuk Tchekmadji. The tents of Zabergan, who led his Bulgarian army against the capital of the East, were pitched at twenty miles

from the city, on the banks of a small river which encircled Melanthias, and although Melanthias (Villa Cæsariana) is fixed at 140 stadia only from the city; we must be in the neighbourhood of Zabergan's tents at the Buyuk Tchekmadji; but whether the supposition be accurate or not, the scene of the last victory of Belisarius (A. D. 559) could not be passed over in silence. The town on the shore above alluded to, may be the ancient Atyras, where Justinian built a castle, and its present name of Atiraglia, seems to justify the supposition. At Combourga the road joins with the sea-coast, and so continues to Boadez, which took us *six hours and twenty-five minutes* from Kutchuk Tchekmadji to perform. Boadez or Bovados, or Boidos, contains an old tower and a few good houses and a decent lodging may be secured at the Han. The moon-beams fell from behind a dark intercepting cloud upon a distant portion of the waters of the Propontis, as I arrived at this long-looked-for repose.

August 17.—We rode to Selivri in *one hour and forty minutes*. This town containing, perhaps, 500 houses, was then infected with the plague; it is the ancient Selymbria*, and is mentioned by Livy and other writers. Its large castle stands on a cliff overlooking the bay, and a wide open country is behind it: the position of the town is best seen from the

* Where the marriage of Orchan with Theodora, the daughter of the Empress Irene, took place A. D. 1346.

Hadrianople side, after having crossed a bridge and a dry marsh. Ascending a small eminence, we saw vestiges of a Russian encampment; — the advanced posts of General Diebitsch arrived as near Constantinople as this is — that is, within thirty-five miles of it. The Turks made some resistance from the opposite rocks of Selivri; but the negotiations at Hadrianople recalled the invaders. From here we can see as far as the point of Rhodosto, a port to which some travellers sail in preference to performing the whole of this tedious journey to Hadrianople by land. If the wind be fair they may easily arrive in three days, for they are furnished in that case with fresh horses at the relays.

Rhodosto, called by Herodotus, Bisanthe, and by the Romans, Rhœdestus, was, and is yet, on the high road to Thessalonica: that road branches off to the left, from the Hadrianople road, at about a league and a half distance from Selivri *; but we continued in the former direction, N. W. by W., over

* If the Tourist wishes to return to Corfù, he may proceed from Rhodosto to Salonika by land and see Philippi, Berea, and the ancient Neapolis (Act. xvi. 11.) Recommencing from Salonika, he might then see Thessaly, and descend as far as Thermopylæ, or cross by Meteora to Yannina. In my summer's excursion of 1834, I omitted the Hellespont and the Plains of Troy, Thessalonica, Philippi, the Straits of Thermopylæ, the Tempe, &c., and a great part of Northern Greece: also Chios, and the rest of the Sporades; and the coast of Asia below Samos; — all these, with a closer inspection of the Cyclades, and the south coast of the Morea, would form a delightful tour for a second summer, and would chiefly require to be performed by coasting.

a wild tract of country. I saw no object to divert the attention for a moment, save a large village, the name of which I could not learn, situated on a distant hill on the left. In four hours and twenty minutes, we arrived at the village of Kinikli, and in three hours more, at Tchorlu. Near Kinikli we saw more than twenty "eagles gathered together where a carcase was." The country in this ride of three hours, was fine, though open, and almost without inhabitants: the soil is of a sandy nature: the distant azure mountains rising over the sea now no longer visible, appear to render the prospect yet more boundless. At Kinikli we had a specimen of the "mos thracum," although exhibited in the person of our Tartar, "Natis in usum," &c. Tchorlu, the Turullus of the ancients, afforded us a lodging at a han or cafenét, where the shed in which we lay was ornamented with suspended vine branches; a good portion of the inhabitants of this place I found to be Greeks; but a towering mosque announces, also, the presence of Mahommedans. There are many remains of Roman pavement: I observed, also, a granite column and a large fragment of white marble, but without an inscription.

August 18.—At a quarter after six o'clock we left this town, in a fog; in two hours and a quarter, across an uninhabited country, came to a bridge and stream: this is, perhaps, the ancient Agrianes which flowed through the "Campus Serenus." In *two*

hours more we reached a miserable cafenét, far removed from shelter, and nearly concealed from the village of Karasintha. The mosque rising above the screen of hills, detects the habitations of men. An acqueduct is traced by the pyramidical towers which mark its course; a bridge across a stream, a branch of *the Ergene*, and a village, Messini, on some distant low hills, are all the objects that arrest the eye in this wilderness. At the distance of two hours from Karasintha, I ascended a tumulus close by the road side, and gained a panoramic view of the plains and valleys of Thrace, 200 miles in circumference: in all this space I could only count eight or ten villages, indicated by the clumps of trees, which relieve the dreary face of the country at wide intervals. These tumuli appear in every direction, not less numerous than in Asia Minor; the district of Sardis being excepted. *In three hours and a half* from Karasintha we reach Castal Bourgas. This town presents an appearance of greater prosperity than any of those I had hitherto passed in Roumelia: its manufactory of pipe bowls, and small terra cotta vases, rudely gilt, is celebrated, and contributes to its affluence: it had lately been visited with a few cases of plague. I found grapes in abundance, and a decent han: the mosque is large and ugly: the Muezzin was calling to prayer from the Minaret, as I saw the sun set through a shady, spreading tree, behind the walls of the court.

August 19.—From Bourgas the road turns off to Kirk Kilessi, to go towards Bukarest, the direction which Dr. Clarke took. We took our departure at five o'clock in the morning, and a delightful freshness exhilarated, for a while, the spirits. No sooner do we leave the town than we cross a river, by a not unhandsome bridge: this appears to be a branch of the ancient Contadesdus, which falls into the Agrianes. In four hours we arrive at the poor village of Baba-Eski; past it runs a river, which is made up of the Iena (anciently Iona), and the Dearadere, the ancient Tearus; which runs past Kirk Kilessie; the confluence is at about fifty minutes' distance from the village, and these, when united, fall into the Agrianes (Ergene); and, finally, into the Hebrus. *In two hours and fifty minutes* we come to the village of Kukeli; the chain, called the Takir Dag, now recedes far on the left towards the Gulf of Saros: from Kukeli to Apsa we went in two hours and a quarter: the lowering appearance of a storm changed the aspect of the heavens, and the black clouds began to roll over the distant hills. In this traverse, we approach within about fifteen miles of Demotica, on the left, a place which figures so often in the Byzantine history.* Apsa is a small town, with two moqsues,

* Charles XII., of Sweden, after his exploits at Bender, was conveyed to Hadrianople, and the little town of Demotica assigned for his future residence. Demotica is about twenty miles from Hadrianople, and situated on the Hebrus. Charles

and in the immediate neighbourhood more cultivation appears than usual.

August 20.—The journey to Hadrianople from Apsa occupied four hours and a half: the road lies over hills and shallow vales, and at length the Minarets of the Grand Mosque are seen beyond the last hill, at a good distance: we descend gently into the plain, which unfolds itself gradually on the left; the city is continually in view whilst passing over the deceiving plain: it offers little that is striking on approaching it; and, when entered, the meanness of its streets alone surprises the stranger. Through the kind offices of Mr. Blunt, the acting British Consul, we obtained a lodging or "ionak," near the house of the Greek archbishop. Recapitulating the hours spent in riding from Constantinople to Hadrianople, it will appear that we were thirty-nine hours and forty-five minutes on horseback; thus having gained no more than five hours and fifteen minutes upon the Turkish saharts, or upon four miles and a half per hour.

Hadrianople carries its origin in the name. The situation already consecrated by Grecian fable, and near the confluence of three copious rivers, may have tempted the imperial founder to immortalise

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was also at the little castle of Demistash both before and after his residence at Demotica.

his name there. The celebrated Hebrus, now called the Maritza, receives, a little above the present city, the Hardessus (now the Arda), and a little below, the Tonskus, now the Tonga. The city may rather be said to be seated on the latter, for the Maritza, having received the Arda, flows past it. The abundance of water which flows through the plain may have induced the poets to choose the meeting of the streams as the place where Orestes was purified from the furies; and the same imagination might float down the head of Orpheus, with the cold tongue still articulating the name of his Eurydice.

But the city founded by the emperor, although it figures but seldom in the pages of ancient history, has effaced the recollection of the fabled Oresteium. On the hill which declines towards the Hebrus, Constantine found the troops of his rival, Licinius, posted, when he arrived from Thessalonica. The battle fought on that occasion directed the eyes of the world to the plain of Hadrianople. Valens, in the year 378, was defeated, and lost his life in a conflict with the Goths in those same plains. Swasoslaus, the savage but warlike Czar of the Russians, first showed the way to this city, by penetrating through Bulgaria and passing the Balkan; his steps were followed, at an interval of near a thousand years, by the general of Nicholas I. The Turks first got a footing in Europe by their success in taking Hadrianople, where Amurath I., in 1361,

fixed the seat of his government: issuing from thence, he subdued the greatest portion of ancient Thrace, and was enabled to attempt Constantinople. Since the final establishment of the Turks in Europe, Hadrianople has shared the fortunes of the Sultan: it became the favourite residence of some of them; and the splendid mosque of Selim attests his regard for the capital of European Turkey.

The present city occupies the ascent upon which Licinius posted his troops, and an ample space of the level ground, which lies on the banks of the rivers. Its streets, branching in various directions, with such buildings as they are, cover so much ground, that in less than a circuit of seven miles the whole can hardly be comprised. The population might easily be put within one half the compass, for it does not exceed 90,000: of these, about one half are Turks, the rest are Armenians, Greeks, and Jews. There is much industry among the inhabitants in general: they export annually 400,000 pairs of slippers, and a countless number of those brooms which are used in every Turkish house; they have also for exportation wine, grain, and raw silk; and such is the value of labour, that a common carpenter cannot be found to work for less than ten piastres per diem, that is, six times the sum he can live for; and yet, with all these means of procuring the comforts and luxuries of life, there is scarcely an habitation which a European would call decent in the whole city.

The people were all agog, waiting the arrival of the newly appointed Pacha Mustapha. The day was the fatal 20th of August, the anniversary of General Diebitch's triumphant entry; but this circumstance did not appear to be dwelling on the recollection of a single soul.

There are but three objects worthy of a stranger's attention, — the grand mosque, the bazaar of Ali Pacha, and the bridge across the Maritza. The mosque erected by Selim is accounted one of the most splendid and largest of Mahommedan temples: it stands on the eminence of the city, has four stupendous minarets, with a triple spiral staircase, a magnificent court and ingress, and a dome worthy of a Christian church. The arcade, through which is the entrance, is ornamented with marble and lunettes, inlaid with Turkish characters, made of rich blue material. Several of these were picked off by the Russian soldiers, who defiled the "sacred" precincts, and have left behind them the marks of their depredation. The interior is grand and imposing. A fountain of venerated water springs up in the midst, under a species of tabernacle; the wide-spreading rectangle admits of the worshippers freely to pace under the lofty dome; the lamps are suspended in various and multiform figures; and the sacred characters, inscribed under the vaults and angles of the roof, attests the piety and splendour of the royal benefactors. I ascended to the upper gallery of the

minarets, after having visited the interior with shoeless feet. From this elevated station I had a comprehensive view of the city, the windings of the river, and the plain, which has ever been chosen for the grand assembly of the Turkish armies. The Hebrus is seen to a great distance, winding its way, in a broad bed, among mulberry trees, joined by the Tonga, which flows from a low range of hills on the North. The plain extends towards the south, continually watered by the Maritza, which is traced, in imagination, almost to the Archipelago. On all sides, except towards the plain, the city lies in a basin, the declivities around gently sloping towards the buildings. On looking down from this giddy height upon the roofs of the edifices, nothing appears conspicuous, except two or three of the next principal mosques, amongst which the Eske Djiami is distinguished, the long roof of the bazaar, the cupolas of ruined hans, and, finally, the residence of the Pacha, which stands aloof from meaner things, in a green solitude of its own. After this general view of the region of old romance, and present fertility, I descended and went to the bazaar: its length is about 600 feet; and it certainly excels, in regularity and taste, any of those of Constantinople. I found it, however, far inferior in the quantity and quality and variety of its merchandise. There are other inferior bazaars; one is dedicated to slippers, another is called the jewellers'; but these are nothing more than rows of shops under a shed.

The bridge of Sultan Mahmoud, whose upper structure is of wood, reposes on eleven piers of stone. Five trees grow on each bank of the Hebrus, affording a grateful promenade and luxurious places of repose for the inhabitants. Along the left bank of the river, looking up, I was struck with its resemblance to the banks of the Arno, as viewed from the Ponte de S. Maria Novella. The view of the grand mosque from this bridge is most splendid. Close by is a caffee, a rendezvous of the inferior class of Turks, who thus enjoy the coolness of the river and the trees. I found no vestiges of antiquity, except a piece of pentelic marble, used in my own dormitory as a hearthstone. Not far from our Conak, were some walls and towers of a venerable appearance, but cannot go beyond, in antiquity, the period of the Turkish invasion. The nearest places to Hadrianople, where we know Christianity was planted in the apostolic age, were Thessalonica and Berea: but St. Paul's expression, of "round about unto Illyricum," will amply comprise the whole of Thrace. I shall, therefore, indulge the thought that I am following the footsteps of the great Apostle, even to beyond Mount Hæmus, until they are lost sight of on the shores of Dalmatia.

August 21.—In leaving Hadrianople, the plain becomes more rich and beautiful to look upon: the course of the Hebrus is marked far away by a thick

row of trees: the country soon begins to open wide on the right, and, in approaching Mustafa Kupris (village), the river comes nearly in contact with the road, and begins to appear in a valley of its own. Some villages enliven its banks, but the rest of the scene is left solitary. In three hours and fifty minutes we came to Mustafa Kupris. In leaving this village, we cross the Hebrus, and enter a small forest of stunted oaks: the country beyond the Hebrus now appears rich. In one hour and sixteen minutes we arrive at Ebibza: the cafenèt here was served by a gipsy youth; and from here the Surigees were frequently of that race. After refreshment and repose, in the heat of the day, we proceed on our journey: the Mount Rhodope chain rises on the left, with beautiful outlines of hills; the banks of the river, on the right, are prettily wooded. In two hours and forty minutes we arrive at Hermanli: this is a cleaner looking village than usual; a large leaden-roofed han is the most conspicuous object it contains. In the names and situations of those villages that have occurred since Hadrianople, we may look for the ancient Burdipta, Subzupara Assus, in the country of the Odrysæ. This people dwelt between the Mount Rhodope and Hæmus, and their principal city was Philopopolis. After leaving Hermanli, the road gains a mountainous pass, which comes under the general denomination of Balkan; the passage winds over the tops of some wooded hills, from which is

an extensive view of Old Thrace and its mountains. The descent is by a pretty stream leading to a grassy plain, on which gipsies had pitched their tents, and their night fires had already begun to burn; the remainder of the road to Haskeu was passed in the dark, at a famous speed, which left one Tartar in the rear, and bewildered a Greek servant, who was only found the following morning. From Hermanli to Haskeu, four hours and forty-five minutes.

August 22.—From Haskeu we begin a sixteen hours' stage, with the same horses, and those very bad ones. We left this straggling town at about seven o'clock: it is situated upon the river Usum or the Grape river, and in a kind of basin, which preserves humidity. We rode across a fine country, in three hours and five minutes, to Cayalis; thence to Jenimali, in one hour and forty minutes more. Here the Balkan appears to begin to embrace the whole district which intervenes and lies beyond Philopopolis; whilst the Rhodope Mountains on the left rise boldly from the plain. The villages are now of that style called Bulgarian, and are, indeed, for the most part, inhabited by that people. They are thatched huts, of the most wretched appearance outside, but within there is much order and cleanliness: the orchards and gardens, and other signs of industry, give a totally different appearance to the poor inhabitants. Papasli is a village of this description, which we reached in one hour and fifty

minutes' riding from Jenimali, where we had reposed for four hours, under a shady tree belonging to a neighbouring cottage. Near Papasli is a splendid view of the plain, and the vale of the Hebrus: a ruined mosque is all that indicates the Turkish name here. It took us four hours to reach Philipopolis: the greater part of this journey lay over the fine plain, which is scarcely exceeded, in extent and fertility, by any other in Thrace.

The city at which we had now arrived, by moonlight, called by the Turks Filibè, was founded, as its ancient name imports, by Philip, the father of Alexander. (See Livy, lib. 39.) A group of mountains, curiously broken, rises out of the vast plain; around these the Hebrus insinuates itself, so as to form them into an island. The town is at present built upon the heights, and about the banks of the river; but the lower town is liable to much inconvenience: the streets are generally knee-deep in mud, and in winter, if it were not for the stepping-stones which are placed across them at frequent intervals, would be impracticable. The buildings placed on the heights have a striking appearance, seen from a little distance: a great portion of the inhabitants is Christian: there are fifteen Greek churches, and one for the Armenians. There is a Greek Archbishop, for whom I had a letter of introduction, which I had not an opportunity to make use of. The population is estimated at 50,000, which, I should think, was over-

rated: their manufactories are of cloth and stockings; and they have exercised their arts and industry in peace, since the alarm created by the descent of the Russians, and the army which Scutari Pacha encamped on their plains. There is a tradition in this city, that St. Paul preached the gospel in it *; and he is the patron of the place. We left Philipopolis at midnight, and when the moon-beams alighted strong upon the waters of the Maritza (Hebrus). Continuing through the plain, we arrived, after four hours and fifteen minutes, at Tatar Bazardjick, the ancient Bessabara; every thing an-

* This traditional ascendency of St. Paul may be some confused history of the Paulicians. These religionists of Armenia were transplanted into Thrace by Constantine Copronymus in the middle of the eighth century. In the tenth century, they received an acquisition of numbers and privileges under John Zimisces, the conqueror of the Bulgarians. They peopled many of the valleys of Mount Hæmus, being, with reference to the Greek church, what the Waldenses in Piedmont were with regard to the church of Rome; they finally held the city of Philipopolis, and many villages and castles in Macedonia and Epirus. The sect of Christians, whom Lady W. Montague found at Philipopolis, in 1717, calling themselves Paulines, were probably some descendants of those Paulicians, and not particular observers of St. Paul's doctrines, as she supposes. They were introduced into France and Italy in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and, perhaps, some remnants of their worship might yet be traced in the valleys of the Balkan. There are still some Paulines at Philipopolis. This city was reduced to a heap of ruins in the war of Calo-John, the Bulgarian. For the awful siege and massacre of 100,000 persons by the Goths, see *Ammian. Marcell.* cap. xxi. 5.

nounces this to be a Turkish town: the mosques are again triumphant, and, if they were not, the superstition, which I witnessed a specimen of, would be hardly worth the exchange.

August 23. — In leaving Tatar Bazardjick, we found the cemetery filled with priests, candles, libations, and the howlings of women and children: this is called the Ollai, or service for the dead. They bedeck the graves of their departed friends with flowers, pour wine upon the earth, and offer them to eat and to drink. They place lighted tapers around the borders of the grave, and a priest reads certain offices over the libation. I saw several conversing with the dead, speaking with their mouths close to the grave, and uttering loud lamentations. This is a superstition much resembling that of the Turks, who perform the same kind of ceremony, asking the dead why they died, and wherefore they left their homes? The mingling of voices, and the wailings heard from this multitude, gave me a shuddering impression of the degradation of Christianity in these unhappy regions. Tatar Bazardjick has a bazaar, and a large manufactory of vestments: it is situated in one of the finest countries of Europe. Nowhere did the scenery, and the splendid scale on which it stands, more attract my wonder and admiration. The Mount Rhodope now rises lofty on the left; and at its fertile roots are all the bounties and riches of nature. This

is the ancient country of the Bessi; the minor Goths of Jornandes. The Balkan meets its long-divided fellow-mountain, and the country is thus enclosed by the ending or beginning of the two chains. After travelling for three hours in this fair country, we came to the village of Yeni-keu, which is situated on the first declivity of the ascent of the Balkan. The passage of Mount Hæmus I found pretty, without being grand. The scenery above the road is upon a small scale, but richly wooded: our first halt, being overtaken by a thunder storm, was at Palanka, reckoned two hours distant from Yeni-keu. A few ruined habitations mark the solitary spot. From here the danger begins to be apprehended from the robbers of the Balkan; and from time immemorial the Tartars have had the custom of descending those rugged passes at an incredible speed. The traveller is still subject to this new mode of riding over rocks and loose stones; and in an incredible short time he is hurried on to Capugee, where there is a guard station, and no more danger dreaded. This place derives its name from an old brick arch which stands across the horse-path, and which has been dignified with the names of Trajan's Arch, and the Gate of Macedonia. A more appropriate place could not well be chosen for stationing a barrier. Here the limits of the ancient Mœsia and the Macedonian kingdom may be supposed to meet: but the brick arch wears no marks of an antiquity so

remote as Trajan's age: it is more probably the relic of some barrier erected by Justinian during the first inroads of the Bulgarians, more especially as this must have been the way by which that Emperor passed to his native town of Tauresium, near Sophia, which was built by him. From the brick arch of Capugee we descended in a trice to the plain. The passage of the Balkan is effected when the traveller arrives at Ilkiman. Our two stoppages might amount to three quarters of an hour, which leaves for the time on horseback, from Yeni-keu to Ilkiman, about four hours and a quarter.

We now entered upon the land of Bulgaria, and rode, before it was dark, over a beautiful green plain, as far as a ruined and deserted Greek village called Carricul. From here the road runs up and down hills, which separate the plain we had traversed from a more extensive one, reaching towards Sophia. This low range of mountains may be considered as an outwork of the Mount Hæmus. We halted at a wretched hovel, about half-past eight o'clock; and the moon had just risen as we resumed our journey over the smooth plain to Sophia. Within an hour of the city, we passed through much water, which I took for the overflowings of the Isker, or Oscius. In about seven hours from Ilkiman, we reached the closed gate of Sophia, which being opened, a rush of our cavalcade was made through the tortuous, narrow, and stony

streets. This was kept up at a furious rate, as far as the Han, without any other accident than that of a horse falling headlong down, and rolling our beds in the mud, which in all kinds of weather adorns the streets of this city.

Sophia, although one of the meanest cities I ever saw, must still be considered as the capital of Bulgaria, and as holding a high rank among the cities of European Turkey. The situation appeared to me the most unfavourable that could have been chosen for a city; sunk in a hollow, and receiving all the humidity which flows from the declivities of some hills rising behind it, it is constantly liable to be inundated, and never free from the effects of rain; and, without canals to carry off the superabundant waters of the Isker, the plain is almost lost to the labour of the agriculturist. The habitations are all made of baked mud; and I scarcely saw one which ought to be qualified with any other appellation than that of hovel. Yet we tread upon the native soil of the great Justinian. He was born at a village called Tauresium, situated in the district of Sardica, where he afterwards built the city which he called Sophia. I have, however, no doubt that the ancient Sardica stood nearer the "Mons Scomius," enjoying the advantages of the river and the plains, without their inconvenience. Tauresium became the seat of an Archbishop, and a Præfect, under the name of "Justiniana Prima;" and the town of Guistendil,

situated behind those mountains (Mons Scomius) which rise to the south of Sophia, is supposed to retain in its corrupt etymology the name of Justiniana. The history of Sophia is necessarily involved in the obscurity of Bulgarian records; nor do I know that it figures in the annals of Turkish conquest. At present it contains thirty mosques and ten churches. There was a Romish, as well as a Greek, Bishop; The former, perhaps, the successor of him originally granted by Innocent III. to the humble but subtle request of Calo John.

The kingdom of Bulgaria sprang up like a weed in the Greek empire, upon the blood of the Emperor Nicephorus, A. D. 811. His skull, enchased in gold, was used by the savage victors in their potations; but under the educated Simeon, the kingdom of Bulgaria was ranked among the civilised nations: he reigned for forty years. In the beginning of the eleventh century, this first Bulgarian kingdom was annihilated by the prowess of Basil II.; and, with the exœption of a few chiefs and their followers, the inhabitants of that wild and extensive country were reduced to the allegiance of the Byzantine throne. But a second kingdom of Bulgaria was re-established in 1186, and Calo John was seated on the throne. This savage hero awed, for a while, the empire of the East, until he sank under the arms and reputation of the Emperor Henry, A. D. 1216. The new-born kingdom gradually died away, until it passed, with the

rest of the Roman empire in the East, into the hands of the Turks.* But the limits of the kingdom of Bulgaria, when Lychnidus was its capital, extended beyond those of the ancient Mœsia. That country, the theatre of some of Trajan's wars, is well defined by the Mount Hæmus on the south, and the Danube on the north, as far as the shores of the Euxine. But the Bulgarian kingdom comprised a good portion of Illyricum, Dardania, and even Thessaly; it also included much of the modern Albania; and if such a kingdom were again established, it would be the most effectual means of securing the now tottering balance of the powers of Europe.

August 24.—We proceeded from Sophia over the wilds of Mœsia or Bulgaria to Halikeu, a ride of four hours. From thence, among mountains the wildest, and over plains the most uncultivated, in two hours and fifty minutes, to Sarabulut. The appearance of the country in this space changes: after traversing an uneven plain, we passed through wooded ravines, at a great speed: occasional pretty scenery, and at Sarabulut, an evident improvement in the habitations: the country then assumes all the characteristics of agriculture. The peasantry have the most happy appearance; and their demeanour is respectful towards travellers. As we passed through a wide valley, not unlike some I have seen among the Alps,

* See Colonel Leake's Sketch of the Bulgarian History; also Ducange, and Letters of Innocent III.

I was struck with the abundance of cattle and the comparative numbers of the population. The mountains on each side close in the valley beyond Sharkeu, and it appears to end in the form of a triangle. In three hours from Sarabulut, we arrived, in the dark, at Sharkeu.

August 25.—We left this rural town soon after five o'clock in the morning, and passed through a well-watered grassy plain, which also abounded in melons. We entered, after an hour and a half, a mountainous passage, and by a rugged road came down upon Aspalanka, where there is a large castle-fortress. It required us five hours and a quarter to reach the half-way han to Nissa. We then continue through mountain paths, amongst trees and shrubs, to the top of the pass; from whence is a view of Nissa and the plain in which it stands. After emerging from the woody passes we arrived at a four-sided building faced with human skulls: I counted about 600 on each side: this is the ferocious monument erected over the vanquished rebel Servians — a monument, however, of their present independence as well as of Turkish barbarism. After five hours of riding from the half-way han, we arrived weary at Nissa. The attention of the enquiring traveller is first awakened here by finding himself at the native place of the first Christian Emperor. It seems now to be allowed by all critics, that Constantine was born at Naissus, which is certainly a town of ancient

Mœsia: it was one of the great manufactories of arms during the reign of the successors of Constantine. Not a vestige of antiquity, that I could see, marks this now as the site of a town of antiquity. Its situation, however, was well chosen upon the banks of a clear running river, now the Nissava, and perhaps formerly called the Brongus: it was once considered as the capital of Servia, although modern geography has limited that country by the left bank of the Morava. At present this town contains about 2000 houses, and by far the greater number are Turkish. The bazaar is chiefly furnished with fur skins, which the people wear even in the oppressive heats of summer. The river, which runs through an extreme part of the town, is passed by a wooden bridge, and is defended by some inferior fortifications. Having several hours and a night to spend at Nissa, I had recourse to the "Caja" or "huisser" of the governor, to procure a "conak." A Christian woman was the victim of the billet, and was rudely ordered to put her house in order for our reception. This inconvenience I endeavoured to repair, by acting as widely different from a Turk as possible. The only time I ever heard a hissing from the Turkish boys, was in this town, which, however, I found it easy and safe to resent.

August 26.—After a comfortable night's lodging at Nissa, and the unknown luxuries of a decent meal, we proceeded across the river, and soon came

upon a moor where many gipsies were encamped. They ran out of their tattered tents, half naked, to beg, and scrambled with all their might for a few parahs. In looking back upon Nissa, I could not but admire the beauty of its situation. The mountains which rise above and beyond it, fall away on the left into a fertile plain, (perhaps the scene of Claudius's victory over the Goths in 269): this plain continues to attract admiration, whilst the country on the right is wild and uncultivated. In two hours we arrived at a cafènet, where a bridge stands over a clear stream,—a pleasant place of repose; the road soon after this falls in with the Morava, running through a rich vale, thick with trees and foliage. The forests of Servia appear on the opposite side. After *five hours* travelling from Nissa, we arrived at the village of Alexintha: wooded scenery on both sides the road continues until Resna, a small village, situated in a deep hollow, where are the ruins of a large han. This hot journey from Alexintha was performed in *three hours and thirty-five minutes*. I found Resna all alive with the continued arrivals and departures of the Servian peasants towards a village about three hours distant, called Picol. This was the eve of the great fête of the Panaghia, the Assumption; a legend received as eagerly by the Greek as it was by the Latin church. The costume of the women was the perfection of what I had witnessed ever since my approach to the Balkan. They suspend round their

breasts and down their backs long rows of piastres, strung together, and put upon cloth or velvet. Sometimes, an incredible weight of this coin is arranged in metallic folds upon the head, spread over a kind of hat, like the head-covering of a Chinese mandarin or Indian. Some of the better dressed women, especially the young women I saw, must have carried thus about their persons an amount of 1000 or 1200 piastres. I supposed it was in this manner they carried their dowries.

Leaving this grotesque and pious throng to continue their pilgrimage, some on foot, others in carts and on horses, we took our way through the fine woods towards Iogodina. The sun set beautifully behind the Bosnian hills. In *three hours and forty-five minutes* we came to Paracini by night: we passed the Morava at a village of that name, (with the addition of Kupris,) over a long broken-down wooden bridge; we continued for a short way along its banks, and saw by the pale moonlight the remains of two impaled bodies close by the road. Such disgusting sights are not yet removed from the eyes of the traveller: meanwhile, the Servians are daily becoming more independent; they despise the authority of the Turks, assume an air of boldness in the face of a Tartar, and make their own laws. In *two hours and thirty minutes* from Paracini, we arrived at Iogodina. This town is built upon a totally different plan to the Turkish towns:

the streets, instead of being uncommonly narrow, are uncommonly broad; they are roughly paved, and the habitations appear like rows of tiled shambles. A despotic-looking mosque rises above them all; but upon approaching, it is found to be abandoned, and fast falling into ruins. Here we were obliged to lower our tone or run the risk of getting no horses; it required an argument and some persuasion to obtain a little milk and a few eggs,—such are, genenerally, the first sallies of a rude independence. Through forests we ascended and descended to a village prettily situated among some cultivated fields; the road then runs through the middle of a forest, which reminds one of travelling near Fontainbleau. The next village is Batchukina, where we reposed for some hours, and changed a few of our horses; these six Turkish hours from Iogodina occupied us in riding *four hours and thirty minutes.* At Batchukina the mud houses are whitewashed, and a greater sense of comfort displayed in the interior. In *one hour and thirty minutes* we travelled through forests to the village of Radsha, and here observed the manner in which the Christians of that country delight to honour the Virgin. The inhabitants were dancing to the sound of a lyre, except such of them as could not stand upright from too copious a sacrifice to Bacchus; two of such accompanied us to the border of the forest, through which the path lay to Hassan Palancha. We rode

for three hours by night, through this gloomy region, and I seldom experienced a more expressive silence. The place at which we arrived as the moon began to rise was a straggling village, surrounded by corn-stacks; here we slept a few hours on the mats of the cafenèt, and resumed our journey through the woods at four o'clock in the morning. In *three hours and twenty-five minutes* we came to the village of Kolar. Palancha — a few huts, built on the edge of the forests, but a beautiful mountain side running behind them: a quantity of lambs were roasting, which afforded us a rare repast. After riding about two hours, we emerged from the immense forest through which we had travelled, with little interruption, from Nissa. The plains of Hungary and thè far-rolling Danube burst upon the view, and it appeared as if we had now reached another section of the globe. The Danube fills the spacious plain like a flood, and encircles the islands of its own creation, so that it is easy sometimes to fancy oneself on the shores of some great lake or ocean. In *two hours and thirty minutes* from Kola we reached Hissarjick, the last post station on the road to Belgrade. Here we found fruit in abundance, and some signs of civilization. The road strikes across the valley and mountains which are encircled by the Danube, but left untouched by its floods. The scenery is beautiful as far as Chesma, and continues such until, from the top of the last descent, we descry Belgrade and Semlin.

We descend the naked hill, and view the "rude huts" which, since the time of Trajan, have characterised the low banks of the Danube.

In *three hours and thirty minutes* from Hissarjick, we arrived at Belgrade. From an enumeration of the hours as set down in this diary, it will appear that we were nearly *ninety-five hours* on horseback, to accomplish the 139 Turkish saharts from Hadrianople to Belgrade — that is, reckoning the sahart at four miles and a quarter, we averaged six miles per hour; but the frequent delays on the road, on account of the baggage, will make our average speed nearly eight miles an hour.

LETTER VI.

To John Letsom Elliot,, Esq., Pimlico Lodge.

Semlin, September 8. 1834.

HAVING left all the Turks on the other side of the Danube, and having nearly undergone a purification of ten days' quarantine, I consider my "summer's excursion" to the East at an end. "And now instead of mounting barbed steeds," I must have recourse to the vulgar conveyance of a vehicle drawn according to the civilized regulations of Post and Police. You have already received a hasty sketch of the tour I intended to follow before I finally decided to return by Turkey in Europe; but now I can answer some of your enquiries concerning the great barrier against which so many waves of conflict have broken, both in ancient and modern times. I can also tell you, *re expertâ*, what a quarantine is on dry land; and although I cannot give you any adequate account of the state of Turkey, I may at least give you my own impressions.

The question agitated throughout Europe now is, whether Turkey contains in herself the elements of re-organisation, by which alone she can maintain her

integrity and independence in her new relations with Europe? And the answer, as generally given, is—that she has such elements, providing the Russians could be prevented from oppressing, and finally sinking her into a province of their own. From this question and answer arise others of more immediate interest, such as, whether England and France ought not at once to put forth their strength, and roll back the tide of Russian encroachment? What part Austria would take in such a case? How Mehemet Ali would be influenced? and what effect would be produced upon the rising kingdom of Greece. As mere questions of diplomacy, these may be as well discussed on the banks of the Thames, as on the shores of the Bosphorus. As far as they have been hitherto agitated, they have, like most political questions of the present day, been stamped with the exaggerated views of the respective partisans. Ambition and duplicity have been attributed to Russia which perhaps she never dreamt of; and so much has been boasted of the Sultan and his empire, that one might think we had alighted upon the best governed country upon earth; on a soil where liberty had grown to perfection, and where industry in all its branches flourished. It is now the fashion to vilify the Greeks as much as it was to extol them during their revolutionary struggle; and the government of the Turk is now unhesitatingly declared to be more adapted to the Rayah population than any

they could frame for themselves. Such are the highly-wrought pictures now presented to us by a few English travellers, who having got the Turco-mania, pique themselves upon being the first to discover that the Turks are a wise and understanding people. The wealth and strength of a nation I conceive to consist chiefly in its industry; and whatever may be said in favour of the Turkish character, or of Turkish experience in the administrative system, no one can shut his eyes to the fact, that a Turk will not work; that every undertaking which requires energy of body is committed to the Rayahs; and even the traveller is indebted for his modicum of refreshment to a Greek innkeeper, or to a swarthy Arab. In Asia, therefore, where the population is chiefly Turkish, I see no elements of re-organisation from the great source of human labour and industry. I readily admit that a person unacquainted with the language and customs of a people, and who has passed through the country at the rate of eight miles an hour, is in a sorry condition to give an opinion upon that country's resources. I do not propose to give opinions, but merely to tell you my own impressions; and the first is, that the Turks both in Europe and Asia, are indolent, and can seldom be roused to any exertion. Whenever they can, they commit the execution of their affairs to others, even to the Rayah population, which they despise. But the hopes of re-organisation in *European* Turkey are

in a Christian population; and then the question is, how far will a Christian population care to maintain the integrity or independence of an infidel government. The population of European Turkey has been estimated at something more than 12,000,000, which I strongly suspect is far beyond the mark. It may be analysed in the following manner: —

Of the Hellenic race and language there are about - - -	1,250,000
Others of the Greek Church, amounting to - - - -	600,000
Of Sclavonic race and dialect, the Bosniacs, Servians, Bulgarians,— all of the Greek Church - -	4,000,000
Making the Christian population amount to - - -	5,850,000
The Jews, Gipsies, and Franks of various denominations - -	600,000
The Albanians, who may be considered as doubtful subjects of the Porte - - - - -	1,600,000
	8,050,000
Add to this total, the population of Wallachia and Moldavia, now neutralised - - - -	1,500,000
	9,550,000

—and we shall have about 2,500,000 left, or, say a fifth part of the population, on whose devotion the Turkish government might reckon in her European dominions. The local attachments, indeed, of the Christian population are perhaps as strong as those of the Turks in Asia; but they now understand that they may remain undisturbed in those, without being subjects of the Sultan, and they have the example of Servia before them to show that it is possible to have their immunities and local interests guaranteed by independence. The Bulgarians are certainly a happy and industrious people; and the strange contrast of their cleanliness, with the filth of the Turks, living under the same government, can only be accounted for as you account for a similar contrast in the Swiss cantons, by the different influence of their respective religious systems: and it cannot be absurd to argue from these facts, that the religion of the Turks is an hindrance to that very re-organisation which is so much talked of. The struggle, therefore, in European Turkey will not be between the Sultan and his subjects, but between independence and Muscovite dominion. But the diplomacy of Russia has succeeded in misleading England upon the real course she is pursuing. Ever since General Diebitsch advanced to within a few hours' march of Constantinople, we have heard of nothing but Russia in possession of the capital of the East. Now, if such had been the intention of Russia,

why, when all the powers of Europe would have sanctioned the act, did she not enter the Sultan's capital? The Russians neither did then, nor do they now, desire such possession; but to have it believed that they do, conveniently diverts the attention of France and England from the more secure establishment of her power in Turkey. Russia does not want actual possession of Constantinople, for the obvious reason, that without possessing Asia Minor, also, she could not hold it by all the force she has the power to send. She could never be at rest with her splendid acquisition, unless, like triumphant Sylla, her eagles should at the same time fly "over prostrate Asia." It can never be the policy of Russia to do imperfectly herself what she can so well accomplish by an agent. The masterly hand of Count Nesselrode, when he closed the Hellespont against all nations, whenever it should please him, did more than as if he had sent an army of 100,000 men to take possession of the shores of the Propontis. Neither, therefore, are there the elements of re-organisation, that is to say, the means of consolidating the Turkish empire, nor does Russia want actual possession of Constantinople; rather there are the elements of a speedy dissolution in European Turkey at least,—and there Russia will and must lay her hand, unless independence is secured to the nations by the interference of France and England. Already has Servia led the way, and the controlling powers of Europe

have but this alternative — but I will not trouble you further with the politics of the East.

Belgrade. — The situation of Belgrade rendered it an important bulwark of the Roman empire; and it was considered by the Greek emperors as an extreme point of their dominions in Europe. The countries lying below it, may be considered, with reference to ancient history, as an independent portion of empire; and some of those countries have preserved that character up to the present day. Dacia the complete but not durable conquest of Trajan, is now become the almost independent principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, and the wilds of Mœsia on the right bank of the Danube, were as little under the sway of the Roman emperors, as they appear now to be under that of the Sultans. The spirit of independence which animated those fierce barbarians of antiquity against their conquerors, seems to have been transmitted to their latest posterity. Belgrade being built at the confluence of the Danube and the Save has the advantage of occupying the right banks of both those rivers; — the former, the ancient Savus, rises near the confines of Istria, not far from the top of the Adriatic Sea, and "it was considered by the early Greeks as the principal stream of the Danube." It runs in an easterly direction from its source across Croatia, and from where it falls in with the Unna to its junction with the Danube, forms the common limit of the Austrian and Ottoman empires: the

territory included between those two great rivers and the Inn, was known to the ancients under the names of Noricum and Pannonia. Dacia, which, contrary to the advice of Augustus, became a Roman province *beyond the Danube*, preserved the memory of Trajan's conquests until Aurelian found it expedient to relinquish it to the Goths and Vandals; but the Wallachians, who preserve some traces of the Latin language, still boast of their Roman descent. After Dacia had thus become an independent state, we may conceive Belgrade to have acquired greater importance as a frontier: it was the key of the Save, and consequently of Pannonia, and could not be neglected when the Gothic King, Araric, forced the passage of the Danube in the Reign of Constantine, 331. Most of the invasions of the Goths and Vandals were, however, effected much lower down the Danube, about its confluence with the Teyss or Tibiscus, and other parts of the present Wallachia. But the *name* of Belgrade, is only conspicuous in modern history. The first event of the brilliant reign of Soliman, was the siege and capture of Belgrade. The conqueror of Constantinople had attacked it in vain against the famous defence made by John Hunniades, in 1456, and Amurath II. had no better success. It was then not only regarded as the bulwark of Hungary, but the chief barrier of Christendom, against the invasions of the Turks. It was subsequently lost

and won *, but it still remains in the hands of the successor of Soliman. The banks of the Danube rise high and are covered with fortifications. The principal part of the town lies in the slope, hid from the view of the Save; but a line of new habitations has now sprung up on the banks of the latter river; near these, we embarked at half-past three, P. M., on the 27th of August.

The strong current of the Save soon bore us into the Danube: on entering that river, the view of the fortifications of Belgrade and its advantageous position, opened down the stream. Our boat was then towed along the banks, accompanied by an Hungarian sentinel, whose costume was of the most grotesque description. This descendant of a Dacian sire, was relieved by another in a more soldier-like garb: he escorted the boat along the clayey banks, up to the place where we were ordered to land. Our baggage was laid upon a grassy bank where three men, in Oriental costume, were reclining; these we found to be porters who had preceded us for the purpose of earning thirty piastres for about ten minutes of fatigue. We then passed along a gravel walk, followed by a sentinel. The town of Semlin lay on our right, and a dead flat running within the two rivers on our left: a low-roofed quadrangle of buildings announced our abode for ten days to come, and

* See further accounts of Belgrade in the "Sketch of Hungary."

at half-past four, we read (not Dante's inscription over the gate of his Inferno, but a short translation of it) "Oesterreichisches Contumaz." It requires an hour to go from Belgrade to the quarantine at Semlin.

Unfortunate travellers arriving from Turkey, supposed to be infected with the plague of the East, their baggage suspected to contain the seeds of contagion, and they themselves supposed to die in the quarantine, are shown into a room with a brick floor, from which all things liable to contagion, are carefully removed: two or three officers (inspectors) eye the new comers through a wooden cage, where they remain to interrogate them during the process of initiation. The passport being duly fumigated in an adjoining room which is eternally smoking with the infallible antidote, is presented in a pair of tongs to the man of authority. The eyes, nose, and complexion of the traveller are carefully delineated on the official paper: his birth, parentage, and education booked; the sum of money he possesses, together with his watch regularly registered, and all earthly precautions taken, ready for his passage into another world. This awful preparation is followed by a list made of all his linen, clothing, and pipe-sticks. This is meant to be made accurately; but the list, when compared, would be found very incorrect. When this tedious process is accomplished, the order issues from the mouth of the scribe to emit one grand cloud of the panacea smoke: the goods

are then all gathered up in indiscriminate bundles and carried off to the quarter which is destined for the ten days' abode. Great expectations of fees are visible in the eyes of every deputy, especially the civil gentleman who runs over the infected articles. but a wooden barrier soon delivers the weary stranger from such importunities; and to be free from interruption or the least apprehension of a superfluous visit, is the greatest blessing of quarantine.

The domain in which we (four travellers and a servant, together with a "guardiano") were pent up comprised a space of about 100 feet by 60, including the ground on which the dwelling stands. This dwelling consists of two bed rooms, fifteen feet square, a kitchen lying between them, and a disproportionate, but on that account, convenient passage. The whole is set round with a rude pallisade, except on the side where some dependencies afford additional comforts to the inmates. Breakfast and dinners are supplied by a "wirth," of Semlin, at the rate of two florins per diem a head. Every morning the rooms are fumigated by a cloud of sulphureous vapour, which the "guardiano," as he spreads around wittingly, calls the frühstück. The habiliments of every description are hung out or spread on the grass, to be blown about by the restless winds. The rest is strict confinement, and the word to all who pass by, touch not. I cannot say that I found it irksome.

September 9. — But the whole of the ten days' quarantine is not equal in quantity of vexation and inconvenience to the one day which comes after. The list of articles so carefully taken, with the *avowed* object of securing the property of any one who might die in quarantine, is delivered up to the Custom-house officers, and they enter the rooms with the proscriptions in their hands, calling first for the "heads" of books. Every thing except the poor remnants of a wardrobe, which an unfortunate Oriental tourist brings home, must be delivered up to those harpies, who hurry them away in disorderly bundles to their taxing-den, called a Custom-house. I was stripped even of my travelling map, and the only pair of old slippers I had. After a process of many hours, the trifles are made up into as great a number of parcels as they can possibly be distributed into, because, to every packet there are two stamps, which are to be paid for, as well as the papers which set them forth. They are then to be sent to Vienna, "*per transito*," at the owner's expense; and when they get there, are subject to a duty of 60 *per cent. ad valorem*. The full value of the books and articles seized for this operation could hardly exceed 100 francs; but one entire day was hardly enough to get them "protocolled," registered, certified for, declared, signed, sealed, and yet not delivered, until a Commissioner had been paid his enormous charge of twenty francs and upwards for his attendance; a great share

of which, as I was told by an inhabitant of Semlin, would go back into the hands of the Custom-house officers, and officers of the quarantine. Into such things as these do national assemblies degenerate, when they are deprived of the power of making laws which really affect the welfare of a people: thus is the "independent" Hungarian Diet doomed to sit, and consume its remaining strength in framing laws for the fettering of all commerce, and the proscribing of all foreign intercourse, of which commerce has ever been the fore-runner. A more venal Custom-house I never met with: every man, from the director downwards, expected a fee; and although I am breathing freely in a very comfortable hotel, I can hardly persuade myself that I have yet escaped out of the lion's den. There are, however, around me the elements of peace and good humour: I can now expatiate along "the banks of the dark rolling Danube," and see the evening sun-beams fall upon the broad waters; I can walk through the streets, where the civilisation which I have for some time missed, begins to re-appear; the Steeple and the Cross rise triumphant, instead of the Minaret and the Crescent, and the merry sound of the pipe enlivens the "promenade." I have now before me a journey through Hungary,—a country I have long wished to see; and to-morrow morning I shall bid adieu to Semlin, and all the circumstances of a quarantine.

I am, &c.

HUNGARY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH HUNGARY
TO VIENNA,

DEDICATED

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESS CADOGAN.

MADAM,

THE knowledge which your Ladyship possesses not only of the territorial divisions of those countries which have been incorporated into the kingdom of Hungary, but also of their complicated History, has induced me to solicit your attention, in particular, to the Sketch and Itinerary which follow; being well persuaded that if they bear your scrutiny as to the matter, I need be under little apprehension from others as to the hasty manner and imperfect style of a Diary, in which they were written.

JOURNEY

THROUGH HUNGARY TO VIENNA.

HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

THE Huns are said to have issued originally from the confines of China, and made their first conquests in Scythia; they first invaded the Roman empire in the time of Valens, and drove out the barbarous tribes which opposed them. The Huns of the Volga spread themselves along the banks of the Danube: they were established in modern Hungary under Attila, *433—453*; but the genuine ancestors of the modern Hungarians are the Turks or Magiars of 889. The first empire of the Huns was extinguished with Attila; and old Dacia, from Carpathia to the Black Sea, became a new kingdom under the Gepidæ. The empire of Charlemagne was only bounded by the Save and the Teyss; and consequently comprised much of the then undefined kingdom of Hungary. No irruptions of barbarians upon the fair provinces of Europe were ever so dreadful as those of the Huns in the tenth century: they

were at length checked by Henry the Fowler, and Otho the Great, in 934—955; and those fierce warriors were reduced to a sedentary life in 972. The house of Arpad reigned for 300 years; but the people asserted their right of choosing or deposing their kings. From the end of the twelfth century the kingdom of Hungary is continually involved in the history of Poland and Germany, and the Turkish annals. The basis of the Hungarian constitution was laid in 1222: in 1396 Bajazet defeated Sigismond at the battle of Nicopolis, and threatened Buda. The kingdom of Hungary now was looked upon as the barrier of Christendom against the Turks; and Ladislaus was induced to carry his arms as far as Sophia. He was assisted by the vigorous hand of John Hunniades, and gained an honourable peace from the Sultan of Hadrianople; but by the subtle counsel of the Cardinal Julian (Cæsarini) he broke the terms of the convention, and the result was the fatal overthrow of the Hungarians at Varna, in 1444. In that celebrated fight the king was defeated and slain. John Hunniades defended Belgrade against Mahomet II. in 1456; and at his death, which happened about a month after the retreat of the Turks, the grateful people elected his son, Matthias Corvinus, as the successor of Ladislaus.* But the eyes of Europe were intent upon Hungary, when Soliman the Magnificent pushed his conquests beyond the Danube: Lewis

* Gibbon's Decline and Fall, ch. 67.

was killed in the fatal field of Mohatz, A.D. 1526, with 20,000 Hungarians; and the conqueror entered the capital without any further resistance. In 1529, Soliman re-entered Hungary with the avowed object of adjusting the claims of contending aspirants to the throne of Lewis: he marched to Buda without meeting with any opposition; and ended by annexing the disputed kingdom as a Beylerbeg to the Empire.* At this period the sovereigns of the Austrian line succeeded to the throne of Hungary. From the year 884 to 997 six Dukes reigned. From the year 1000, beginning with Stephen I., to 1526, ending with John Zapolga, there were forty kings: of those, Matthias Corvinus, in 1457, is by far the most renowned. In 1527 Ferdinand I. ascended the disputed throne, which, through a series of thirteen Kings of Hungary, has been transmitted in the Austrian line to this day. An Hungarian war was carried on against the Sublime Porte, with little intermission, from the death of Soliman to 1603; at length a peace was concluded with Achmet I.

In 1663, when hostilities between the Porte and Austria were pending, Hungary became again the seat of war. The grand vizier, Kioprili Mehemed, besieged and took Neuhausel, Neutra, Novigrad, Leventz, and Freystadt. The result of this war was a truce, agreed upon for twenty years, and the possession of Great Varadin and Neuhausel was con

* See Robertson's History of Charles V.

firmed to the Porte. In 1683, a new war broke out between the Porte and Austria, and Kara Mustafa besieged Vienna; but the defeat of that army by John Sobieski, put an end to the terror which the Ottoman arms had for two centuries imposed upon Europe. Buda was taken by storm, and the Turks were expelled from Hungary, and the contiguous countries. The Germans even pursued their victorious career, and took Belgrade by assault; but whilst the king of France invaded the Palatinate, the Grand Vizier recovered Nissa, Widin, and Belgrade. At the congress of Carlowitz, in 1698, Transylvania, and almost the whole of Hungary and Sclavonia were relinquished to the Emperor. The peace of Passarowitz, in 1718, secured to the Porte the possession of the Grecian provinces in exchange for Temeswar, and the territory and fortress of Belgrade, which were annexed to the kingdom of Hungary. The Emperor of Germany joined Catharine in a war against the Porte, which was concluded by a treaty in the year 1739: one article of that treaty was the surrender of Belgrade to the Turks, the whole of Servia, and a part of Wallachia; by a subsequent treaty, made after the war which broke out between Russia and the Porte, in 1761, and continued until 1774; Wallachia and Moldavia were restored to the Sultan, and the Crimea declared independent: Bessarabia and part of Moldavia were only added to the Russian encroachments in 1812. These are the principal events which, in the course

of modern history, have altered or effected the frontiers of the Austrian dominions in Hungary, and finally left them as they now exist.' Wallachia and Moldavia seem to be marked out as the next rent to be made in the Ottoman empire.

JOURNEY, ETC.

Sept. 10.—The first "station" from Semlin, on the direct road to Pest, is Neu Boveze, situated at the distance of one post and a half, or thirteen English miles. The aspect of the country is dull and cheerless; a wide moor, over which are seen, at long intervals between, the large round hats of the peasants, moving across the plains. The left banks of the Danube appear, at a distance, like white cliffs; but, in approaching, they are found to be of clay. I saw from a mouldering eminence, along the Danube, the plains stretching towards Wallachia: a half-murky vapour rose over the horizon, and the face of nature appeared to me to have ceased to smile. Cultivation and corn-fields rescue, however, this country from the reproach of a wilderness, and through signs of human industry, and some habitations, we pursue our way to Betchka: but, approaching Carlowitz, the appearance of the country changes; it is broken into deep vales which are all filled with vines, and produce wine for half the table d'hôtes of Germany. The flower of this wine is mixed with inferior Tokay, and thus a specious wine is made bearing that seducing name. The

Danube flows at the foot of those vine-clad hills, and is backed by forests which darken the plain at intervals. From the top of those hills is a wide view, bounded, on the edge of the horizon, by lines of trees. We then descend to the very banks of the river, on which Carlowitz is situated. It was all alive, on account of the beginning of the vintage. The continued abundance of grapes through which we passed, together with the variety of hills overlooking the majestic river, raised once more my admiration; but it was the last elevation I experienced, before seeing the neighbourhood of Buda. Carlowitz figures in the annals of treaties, and now derives much wealth from its commerce in wine. It is the residence of the Patriarch of the schismatic Greeks, who are in great numbers throughout Wallachia, Sclavonia, and Transylvania. The Patriarch is similar to an archbishop in the Church of Rome, and he has several bishops under him.

The fortress of Peterwardein began to show itself about four o'clock, P. M., that is, about ten hours after our departure from Semlin. The garrison here seems every thing, except the 250 condemned felons who are employed in clanking chains to carry water through the streets. The Latin Church is triumphant, although there appears, to be at present, no bishop: but I saw the house of a Stanislaus, who, in former ages, had held that office. Peterwardein recalls to remembrance the terrific name of Comourgi. Here we crossed the

Danube, over a bridge of boats. The majestic stream glides under the fortress, which rises on the right bank, with a formidable aspect. A considerable population inhabits the town of Neustadt, which may be esteemed as a suburb of Peterwardein. I felt pleased with the quiet and respectful demeanour of the people, and pursued my way, by moonlight, over a flat country, to Altker. Neubovez, and the long straggling village of Kisheyges succeed, and then Topolya; after passing which, at a fair rate of posting, we came to Theresianopel.

The name of this town points out its founder or restorer; but although it be blended with the name of so great an Empress, it is doomed to eternal oblivion. A traveller may, by chance, rescue it from the sandy desert in which it stands, and point it out on the Post map, but its rank among the πολεις is but a village. I saw it, too, to advantage, a fair being held, as I passed through. At about an hour from its last hut, we stuck fast in the sand, and were obliged to send for additional horses, to drag us through to Melycut.

The costume of the peasantry, in this sandy region, is wild and fantastic. A pair of immensely wide trowsers, having, at a distance, the appearance of a large sack are drawn round the waist and rest upon the hips. A short jerkin is generally so adjusted, as to leave the waist entirely naked, and the brown skin gives it the appearance, at a little distance, of a broad belt of leather. The

hat is a large circular object, with the rim turned up all round, but which, I presume, may be unfolded at pleasure, so as to serve the purpose of an umbrella. Under this hat flows a quantity of hair, which, although like the Germans, "rutilæ comæ," I often found black. In this way the postilions appear from Theresianopel to near Pest. It is a melancholy journey from Theresianopel to Melycut. The latter is one of those large villages which characterise the whole of Hungary. On either side of a broad sandy "route," are placed at intervals (not irregular) the clean-looking whitened huts of the inhabitants. The gable end is always made the front of the house, with one or two windows in it; the entrance is along the side, and an open space, which separates it from its neighbours, serves the good housewife for the scene of her industry: trees are often planted in rows before the cottages, and some attention is paid to gardens. This manner of building their towns and villages is so universally adopted, that, even at Buda, the first objects that catch the eye, in looking across the Danube from Pest, are the gable ends of the houses. At Melycut much hemp is grown: after leaving it, the country becomes fine in its very wildness, but the sand continues deep to Holas. At this place we slept, having found a comfortable "gasthaus."

In the morning we passed a large pool, which abounded in wild ducks, and pursued our journey slowly, through sand, to Iszak: in looking over

these immense tracts of barren country, the thoughts are sometimes led to attempt an adjustment of the economy of creation: why is all this portion of Europe rendered by some operations of nature unfit for human toil? The waters appear to have rolled smoothly over that section of the globe which lies between the temperate and frigid zones, so that a traveller may go from the Danube to the confines of China, without encountering a hill. In Poland, in many parts of the North of Germany, and wherever in Russia observing travellers have penetrated, sand, or soil in the transition from sand, is the geological feature. When, therefore, those regions were not wanted for man's abode, but it was rather desirable that he should advance where nature had made a more ample provision, the whole was, perhaps, as barren and hopeless as the sandy deserts of Arabia and Africa are at present; but the tendency of Nature's operations is to recover this defect, and that, perhaps, in proportion to the wants and numbers of mankind. I observed, in journeying towards Iszak especially, many plots and hollows greener than the rest of the country; and, wherever this was the case, the effect had been caused by the greater abundance of water. Some dry pools had even perfectly formed clay, and several tracts, I observed, had already been recovered from sandy barrenness, by the unassisted operations of nature. The falling of rain, therefore, for many

centuries, will materially change the face of this country. Another operation is the effect of wind, which blows the loose sand continually from the surface, and thus aids the moisture in its recovering efforts. Whilst these things are going on, almost imperceptibly, in the sandy plains, the hard rocks are decomposing, and making still more room for man; and it is a subject not unworthy of the Christian's attention, thus to follow the provisions which an all-wise Providence has made for supplying the increasing wants of his creatures. These reflections were suggested to my mind, in the absence of every thing that is attractive in nature; and, upon turning aside from the path in which I walked, ancle-deep in sand, to see a small portion turning to clay.

At Iszak the road becomes a little better, and so continues through Szabad Szallas to Kun St. Miklos: this place contains 4000 inhabitants, and has lately got a new Stadt-haus. A wearisome stage of five hours, flowing through deep sand again, but sometimes mixed with gravel, brought us to Soroksar. We were now again on the banks of the Danube and within a stage of Pest. The mountains which soon began to appear, were as if some entirely new creation had sprung up, so long had I been looking over boundless plains. The signs of a city were visible in the increased number of vehicles, and in the activity of their motions. A

bold rock first announces the old capital of Hungary, and towering steeples soon tell the stranger that he is approaching the modern capital. We entered Pest, without passing either gate or barrier, at seven o'clock, A. M.

The journey, therefore, from Semlin to Pest was performed thus:—to Peterwardein, in ten hours (Tuesday, half-past four, P. M.); to Theresianopel, fifteen hours (Wednesday morning, nine o'clock); to Halas, eleven hours (Wednesday night, ten o'clock); to Pest, twenty-four hours (Friday morning, seven o'clock).

Pest has all the advantages of a first-rate German town: its streets are clean and commodious, and some of them, where the nobles have begun to build their palaces, will end by becoming magnificent. It is well furnished with hotels and coffee-houses, and a quantity of merchandise is displayed in the shops. The Danube flows past it in a single stream, and is crossed by a bridge of boats leading to the ancient capital of Hungary, Buda. The position of Buda is far better chosen than that of its modern neighbour. A bold rock rises over the river and conceals the city from those advancing up the Danube. In a deep valley, a portion of what is now called Offen, is situated, and beyond (still going up the stream) rises a stout hill on which the royal palace now stands; but formerly the castle of the kings defended the approach. Further up the right bank

are habitations extending nearly as far as an island which is covered with trees. Although the whole extent of this town or city, opposite Pest, is called Offen, it has other distinctive appellations: the part under the rock, about the river near it, is called the city of the "Raatz:" the part where the palace stands, is called Catharine's Stadt. I saw no remains of the ancient Buda, except a section of a bastion, and that did not appear to me very old: but there are still left the memorials of Turkish prowess, in the number of their granite balls which serve now for more peaceful purposes. On the summit of that rock is an observatory, not ill supplied with instruments chiefly made at Munich; some, however, are from London; but the institution is without a "Professor." The view of the dull flat through which the river winds, is relieved when we turn towards the west and north, and see the valleys clad with vines "so thick, that they laugh and sing." But the sun set in all the murkiness of a northern atmosphere, and I began to feel that, although I had now got to the better land of civilisation, I had lost the softness and beauty of the clime of the East.

The first public institution I saw at Pest was the "Chelsea Hospital" of Hungary. This was founded by the Emperor Charles VI., as the Latin inscription imports, for the "*milites senio confectos*," &c. The artillery barracks were erected by the Emperor Joseph: a spacious court, having four stupendous

edifices, each connected by an angular building, serves for the exercise of the artillery and the piling of balls. The Hungarian nobles have formed a literary institution which is yet in its infancy. The Casino is a handsome building, and contains several commodious apartments: a reading-room, an assembly room, billiard-room, and even a smoking-room. I was not a little surprised, in this land of embargo on intellect, to find the Westminster, Quarterly, and Edinburgh Reviews on the table, with a slight sprinkling of foreign newspapers.

The Museum, although of a most unpromising appearance, contains some things of value and interest. The "Cicerone" explains its contents in Latin, which he talks at twice the rate of a living language; and, like old Homer, has hemistichs in store, and expressions "ad obsequia." There is a series of medals and coins of all the kings of Hungary, followed by the succession of Austrian Dukes and Emperors. I only stopped for a moment at those of Matthias Corvinus, and John Hunniades: two spurious medals of Attila had nearly deceived me; and some of Napoleon's, mingled with the House of Austria, at first surprised me. A fragment of the triumphal car in which the splendid butterfly entered Paris, is preserved as a relic. We are told in a Latin inscription, that it belonged to the "Currus" of the "*Galliarum usurpator.*" Then, why not throw his medal out from among the hereditary assembly of sovereigns? A number of

"dii lares" and some few Roman antiquities are disposed in cases; all found, said our Latin interpreter, in Hungary, and being "plus mille annorum" in antiquity. A very useful collection of birds, fishes, beasts, — all natives of Hungary, — forms another department of this museum; besides minerals and fossils found or dug up within the limits of the kingdom. The library contains nothing rare or curious, except the prayer-book of Matthias Corvinus, and a few MSS. of the Scriptures, not very old. The book department has received the least attention: the librarian complained that he could get nobody to listen to his representations of the room being too small for depositing his treasures; but he lives in hopes that some relief may be at length given to the oppressed community of readers. Pest, with Offen and all the suburbs on both sides of the Danube, may contain a population of 100,000 souls. I left it as soon as the bridge of boats was joined in the morning.

After clearing the habitations of Offen, the road lies between the Danube and a range of hills whose roots are planted with vines. Sometimes those hills recede, and ascend to the rank of mountains. They are not unfrequently clothed with wood; and in going the first two stages to Vorosvar and Neudorf, there is often room for admiration. At the latter village I saw more Turkish cannon-balls of granite; and I recollected having seen similar ones at Otranto!

Europe had then reason to be alarmed, and Christianity, as it then was, might shudder. The fortresses on the Danube, like Comorn, come within sight of the traveller, but the road leaves them on the opposite bank. We travelled all night, passing Raab about ten o'clock, and turned off at Kitsee to Pressbourg.

A rock rising suddenly from the left bank of the Danube, crowned with a large square edifice, tipped at the angles with turrets; white habitations lining the shore, and studding the declivities of the hill towards the river, announce the city of Pressbourg. A bridge of boats is crossed before entering the town, and then fine open places and handsome streets rather impose upon the eyes of an Oriental traveller; but he soon finds the want of that glow which steals even over the most wretched hut in the East, and the spirit which hovers around him as he walks the uniform streets "is fluttering faint and low." The ascent to the castle is through the most offensive quarter of the city. This large edifice, which has suffered greatly in a conflagration, is now a ruin, but yet is the most conspicuous object at Pressbourg. It stands on an eminence, the first of the chain of Carpathia, about 180 feet above the Danube: it was brought into its present form by Maria Theresa, and she often made it her residence. From the platform which runs along two sides of it, is a fine view of the river, winding through a rich

country, forming a pleasing variety of scenery. The Cathedral is a venerable pile of Gothic architecture, but germanized in the exterior: it has been twice converted, but now is a Roman Catholic temple. I found it crowded with worshippers, whose demeanour showed more devotion than is often found in those who live nearer the Pope. There is but one Lutheran church, which is, however, supplied with six ministers, and a numerous congregation. A second church of that persuasion is wanted. The Diet had just finished its 233d sitting, and seemed to be left both by the King, and all supreme heads, to amuse itself with 233 sittings more. The house where these sittings are held is a long palace-like building, situated in the principal street. The proceedings are conducted in Latin, or in the Hungarian language. Pressbourg was known to the Romans by the name of Posonium: it was declared by Ferdinand, in 1536, to be the capital of Hungary; and, since that period, has been the place for crowning the Kings and holding the Diet. After spending about four hours in this town of legislation, we pursued our way to Vienna: having re-crossed the Danube we soon arrived at the frontier, where we were detained two hours and a half in an examination of papers and baggage. Haimbourg is the first stage, and calls for a tribute of admiration. It is prettily situated, under the wooded sides of mountains; and its fortifications, and old towers above, add beauty to the

landscape. There is an air of cleanliness about the villages of Regelsbrun, Fishamend, and Schwechat. After passing the latter, the suburbs of Vienna soon occur, and by a bright moon we entered the barrier at eight o'clock.

We left Corfu on the 10th of May, and arrived at Vienna on the 15th of September. If to this be added the time employed in the journey from Naples to Corfu, and the days spent in that island, the whole will amount to 150 days. Hence it will appear that a tour, such as has been traced out in the preceding pages, may be accomplished with ease in six months, even setting out from, and returning to, London. The first qualification is health; the second an active and enquiring mind. It is also well to adhere as much as possible to the plan of the tour previously marked out. A party of three or four, at the most, is sufficiently large; and if they be constituted like the four travellers who made the Summer Excursion to the East in 1834, they will not interfere with, but promote the mutual comforts, the conveniences, and the pleasure, of each other.

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

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on 17 February, 2016